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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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STORY INSIDE

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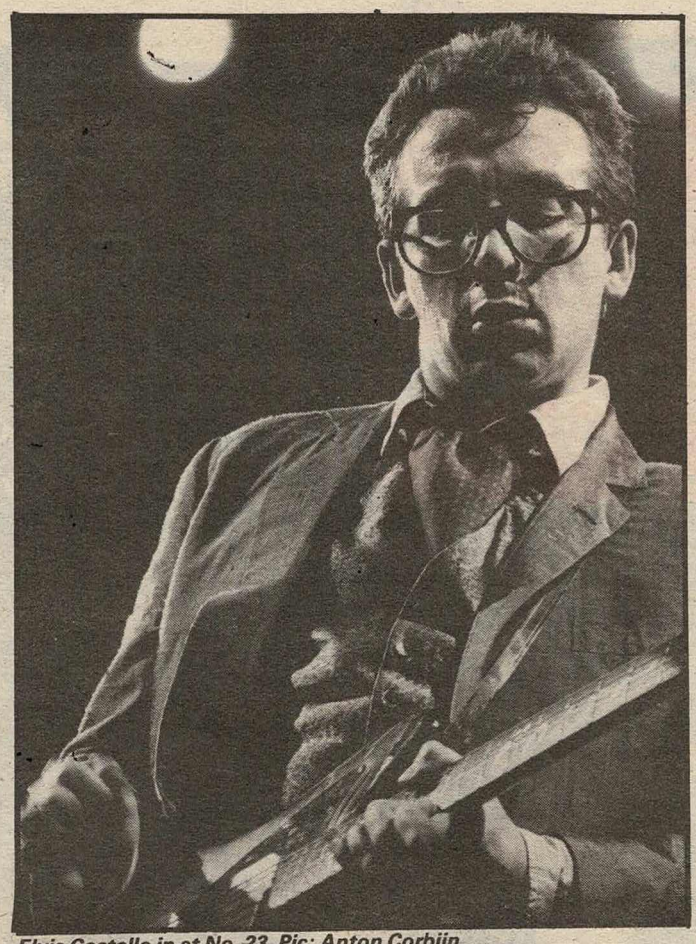
UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**PRINCE CHARMING**	**Adam & The Ants (CBS)**	5	1
2	2	INVISIBLE SUN	Police (A & M)	3	2
3	10	SHUT UP	Madness (Stiff)	2	3
4	9	UNDER YOUR THUMB	Godley & Creme (Polydor)	3	4
5	6	PRETEND	Alvin Stardust (Stiff)	5	5
6	8	SOUVENIR	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	6	3
7	4	HANDS UP	Ottowan (Carrere)	6	4
8	3	TAINTED LOVE	Soft Cell (Bizzare)	11	1
9	5	ENDLESS LOVE	Diana Ross & Lionel Richie (Motown)	4	5
10	7	BIRDIE SONG	Tweets (PRT)	4	7
11	16	JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH	Depeche Mode (Mute)	3	11
12	—	IT'S MY PARTY	Dave Stewart & Barbara Gaskin (Stiff)	1	12
13	15	SO THIS IS ROMANCE	Linx (Chrysalis)	4	11
14	12	SLOW HAND	Pointer Sisters (Planet)	5	9
15	13	YOU'LL NEVER KNOW	Hi Gloss (Epic)	5	13
16	—	THUNDER IN THE MOUNTAINS	Toyah (Safari)	1	16
17	19	IN AND OUT OF LOVE	Imagination (R&B)	4	16
18	26	WALKING IN THE SUNSHINE	Bad Manners (Magnet)	2	18
19	—	MAD EYED SCREAMER	Creatures (Polydor)	1	25
20	11	WIRED FOR SOUND	Cliff Richard (EMI)	7	3
21	—	PASSIONATE FRIEND	Teardrop Explodes (Zoo)	5	19
22	23	LOVE ACTION	Human League (Virgin)	9	1
23	—	GOOD YEAR FOR THE ROSES	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	1	23
24	—	EVERYTHING'S GONE GREEN	New Order (Factory)	1	24
25	—	QUIET LIFE	Japan (Hansa)	1	21
26	22	LET'S HANG ON	Barry Manilow (Arista)	2	22
27	14	STARS ON 45 VOL. 3	Starsound (CBS)	3	14
28	—	LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS	Slade (RCA)	1	28
29	30	SEASONS OF GOLD	Gidea Park (Polo)	2	29
30	18	HAND HELD IN BLACK AND WHITE	Dollar (WEA)	4	18



Elvis Costello in at No. 23. Pic: Anton Corbijn

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	2	**DEAD RINGER**	**Meatloaf (Epic)**	5	1
2	1	ABACAB	Genesis (Charisma)	3	1
3	(9)	HOOKED ON CLASSICS	Louis Clark/RPO (K-Tel)	2	3
4	8	SUPERHITS 1 & 2	Various (Ronco)	3	4
5	(—)	IF I SHOULD LOVE AGAIN	Barry Manilow (Arista)	1	5
6	7	WIRED FOR SOUND	Cliff Richard (EMI)	3	6
7	5	SHAKY	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	3	5
8	4	RAGE IN EDEN	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	4	3
9	(—)	GHOST IN THE MACHINE	Police (A&M)	1	9
10	3	TATTOO YOU.	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	5	2
11	10	CELEBRATION	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	3	10
12	15	PRESENT ARMS	UB40 (Dep Int)	18	1
13	6	TIME	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	9	1
14	12	PENTHOUSE & PAVEMENT	Heaven 17 (BEF/Virgin)	3	12
15	13	SECRET COMBINATION	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	19	3
16	(29)	DENIM & LEATHER	Saxon (Carrere)	2	29
17	19	LOVE SONGS	Cliff Richard (EMI)	14	1
18	(—)	BEAT THE CARROTT	Jasper Carrott (DJM)	1	18
19	18	DURAN DURAN	Duran Duran (EMI)	15	2
20	(—)	SONS & FASCINATION/SISTERS FEELINGS CALL	Simple Minds (Virgin)	3	6
21	(23)	HITS RIGHT UP YOUR STREET	Shadows (Polydor)	3	18
22	(—)	YOU COULD HAVE BEEN WITH ME	Sheena Easton (EMI)	1	22
23	(30)	THE GARDEN	John Foxx (Virgin)	2	30
24	11	WALK UNDER LADDERS	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	4	10
25	(—)	ANTHEM	Toyah (Safari)	17	1
26	28	DANCE DANCE DANCE	Various (K-Tel)	3	20
27	(—)	ASSEMBLAGE	Japan (Hansa)	1	27
28	16	DANCE	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	4	3
29	—	DISCIPLINE	King Crimson (Polydor)	1	29
30	—	VERY BEST OF ANNE MURRAY	Anne Murray (Capitol)	1	30

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(10)	**Everything's Gone Green**	New Order (Factory)
2	(1)	**Just Can't Get Enough**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
3	(3)	**Reality**	Chron-Gen (Fresh)
4	(9)	**Thunder In The Mountains**	Toyah (Safari)
5	(2)	**You Scare Me To Death**	Marc Bolan (Cherry Red)
6	(11)	**Leather, Bristles, Studs & Acne**	GBH (Clay)
7	(7)	**Holidays In Cambodia (12")**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
8	(16)	**Police Story**	Partizans (No Future)
9	(4)	**All Out Attack EP**	Blitz (No Future)
10	(4)	**Release The Bats**	Birthday Party (4AD)
11	(6)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag**	Pigbag (Y)
12	(8)	**One In Ten**	UB40 (Dep Int)
13	(14)	**She's In Love With A Monster Man**	Revillos (Super Sell)
14	(—)	**Hanging Around**	Hazel O'Connor (Albion)
15	(15)	**Kitchen Person**	Associates (Situation 2)
16	(—)	**Oh Superman**	Laurie Anderson (R. Trade)
17	(—)	**Saeta Vegas**	Nico (Flick Knife)
18	(13)	**I Don't Want To Live With Monkeys**	The Higsons (Romans In Britain)
19	(18)	**Neu Smell**	Flux Of Pink Indians (Crass)
20	(23)	**Message/Speech**	Associates (Situation 2)
21	(19)	**Resurrection EP**	Vice Squad (Riot City)
22	(—)	**Work To Live**	Multivization (Situation 2)
23	(17)	**Puppets Of War EP**	Chron-Gen (Fresh)
24	(22)	**Stretch**	Maximum Joy (Y)
25	(12)	**Inconvenience**	Au Pairs (Human)
26	(24)	**Brave New England**	Walter Mitty's Little White Lies (Hip)
27	(—)	**Barbed Wire Halo**	Annie Anxiety (Crass)
28	(—)	**Last Bus To Debden**	Epilectics (Spider Leg)
29	(26)	**Grass**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
30	(—)	**Dead Cities EP**	Exploited (Secret)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(2)	**Wise And Foolish**	Misty (People Unite)
2	(1)	**Red Mecca**	Cabaret Voltaire (R. Trade)
3	(5)	**In Concert**	T Rex (Marc)
4	(3)	**Present Arms**	UB40 (Dep International)
5	(7)	**Early Years**	Fall (Step Forward)
6	(4)	**The Last Call**	Anti-Pasti (Rondelet)
7	(11)	**Always Now**	Sector 25 (Factory)
8	(12)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
9	(22)	**The Curse Of Zounds**	Zounds (R. Trade)
10	(6)	**Cover Plus**	Hazel O'Connor (Albion)
11	(10)	**Penis Envy**	Crass (Crass)
12	(8)	**Fire Escape In The Sky**	Scott Walker (Zoo)
13	(14)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)
14	(13)	**Anthem**	Toyah (Safari)
15	(21)	**Prayers On Fire**	Birthday Party (4AD)
16	(9)	**Playing With A Different Sex**	Au Pairs (Human)
17	(23)	**Snaz**	Nazareth (NEMS)
18	(19)	**Unknown Pleasures**	Joy Division (Factory)
19	(17)	**This Heat**	This Heat (R. Trade)
20	(27)	**In A Roman Mood**	Human Sexual Response (Don't Fall Off The Mountain)
21	(28)	**Mark Of The Mole**	Residents (Ralph)
22	(25)	**Drama Of Exile**	Nico (Aura)
23	(16)	**Only Fun In Town**	Josef K (Postcard)
24	(15)	**Punks Not Dead**	Exploited (Secret)
25	(20)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
26	(30)	**Rock'n'Groove**	Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
27	(18)	**Document And Eye-Witness**	Wire (R. Trade)
28	(—)	**Lubricate Your Living Room**	Fire Engines (Accessory)
29	(—)	**Dome 3**	Dome (Dome)
30	(29)	**Stations Of The Crass**	Crass (Crass)

Compiled by *NME* from a nationwide survey of specialist record shops

REGGAE

1	**Love Me Tonight**	Trevor Walters (Ital)
2	**Magic**	D. Dubbery (SS)
3	**Fatty Bum Bum**	Rankin' Dread (Greensleeves)
4	**Have You Ever**	Dennis Brown (Powerhouse)
5	**I Like Your Move**	Karen Dixon (N.K.)
6	**Dreaming of Your Love**	Saffrice (S & G)
7	**Phone Line**	Mystic Harmony (SS)
8	**Show Some Love**	One Blood (NK)
9	**Rub & Dub**	Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
10	**Men Cry Too**	Bashara (Mass Media)

Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W2.

FUNK

1	**You Got The Floor**	Arthur Adams (Inculcation)
2	**Can You Feel It**	The Funk Fusion Band (WMOT)
3	**Studio H**	Harry Valentino (PBI)
4	**Rhyze To The Top**	Rhyze (20th Century)
5	**Get Loose**	Wax (RCA)
6	**Zulu (Remix)**	Quick (Pavilion)
7	**Nobody Else**	Karen Silver (RFC)
8	**Surrender To The Music (Instrumental)**	Tyrone Henderson (Unidisc)
9	**Happy Days**	Northend (Emergency)
10	**Express Yourself**	Exp Express (Precision)

Kevin Edwards, Spinning Disc, 15 Cross Street, Manchester 2.

INTERNATIONAL UNITED STATES

U.S. SINGLES

1	1	**Endless love**	Diana Ross and Lionel Richie (Motown)
2	7	**Arthur's Theme**	Christopher Cross (WB)
3	3	**Stop Draggin' My Heart Around**	Stevie Nicks (Atlantic)
4	6	**Who's Crying Now**	Journey (EMI)
5	5	**No Gettin' Over Me**	Ronnie Milsap (RCA)
6	2	**Queen Of Hearts**	Juice Newton (Capitol)
7	8	**Step By Step**	Eddie Rabbitt (Elektra)
8	14	**Urgent**	Foreigner (Atlantic)
9	10	**Start Me Up**	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
10	11	**Hold On Tight**	ELO (Jet)

Courtesy 'Billboard'

U.S. ALBUMS

1	1	**Tattoo You**	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
2	4	**4**	Foreigner (Atlantic)
3	3	**Escape**	Journey (EMI)
4	2	**Bella Donna**	Stevie Nicks (Modern Records)
5	5	**Pirates**	Rickie Lee Jones (WB)
6	19	**Nine Tonight**	Bob Seger And The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)
7	20	**The Innocent**	Dan Fogelberg (Epic)
8	6	**Precious Time**	Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)
9	9	**Endless Love**	Soundtrack (Mercury)
10	11	**Breakin' Away**	Al Jarreau (WB)

Courtesy 'Billboard'

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Mississippi**	Pussycat (Sonet)
2	**Dancing Queen**	Abba (Epic)
3	**Sailing**	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)
4	**Disco Duck**	Rick Dees & His Cast Of Idiots (RSO)
5	**Howzat**	Sherbert (Epic)
6	**Can't Get By Without You**	Real Thing (Pye)
7	**Girl Of My Best Friend**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
8	**Dance Little Lady Dance**	Tina Charles (CBS)
9	**Hurt**	Manhattans (CBS)
10	**I Only Wanna Be With You**	Bay City Rollers (Bell)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Maggie May**	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
2	**Hey Girl Don't Bother Me**	The Tams (Probe)
3	**Tweedle Dee Tweedle Dum**	Middle Of The Road (RCA)
4	**You've Got A Friend**	James Taylor (Warner Bros)
5	**Did You Ever**	Nancy Sinatra & Lee Hazlewood (Reprise)
6	**Tap Turns On The Water**	C.C.S. (Rak)
7	**Witch Queen Of New Orleans**	Redbone (Epic)
8	**For All We Know**	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)
9	**Cousin Norman**	Marmalade (Decca)
10	**Freedom Come Freedom Go**	Fortunes (Capitol)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

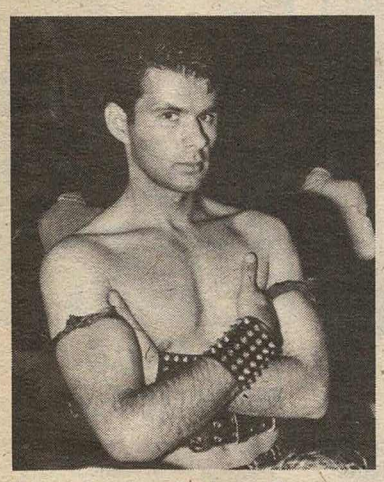
1	**Distant Drums**	Jim Reeves (RCA)
2	**Bend It**	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
3	**I'm A Boy**	The Who (Reaction)
4	**Winchester Cathedral**	New Vaudeville Band (Decca)
5	**Have You Seen Your Mother Baby Standing In The Shadow**	Rolling Stones (Decca)
6	**I Can't Control Myself**	Troggs (Page One)
7	**You Can't Hurry Love**	Supremes (Tamla Motown)
8	**Guantanamera**	Sandpipers (Pye Int)
9	**Little Man**	Sonny and Cher (Atlantic)
10	**Reach Out I'll Be There**	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Walkin' Back To Happiness**	Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
2	**Wild Wind**	John Leyton (Top Rank)
3	**You'll Answer Me**	Cleo Laine Fontana)
4	**Michael**	Highwaymen (HMV)
5	**Jealousy**	Billy Fury (Decca)
6	**Kon-Tiki**	Shadows (Columbia)
7	**Sucu Sucu**	Lauri Johnson (Pye)
8	**Hats Off To Larry**	Del Shannon (London)
9	**Wild In The Country**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
10	**Get Lost**	Eden Kane (Decca)

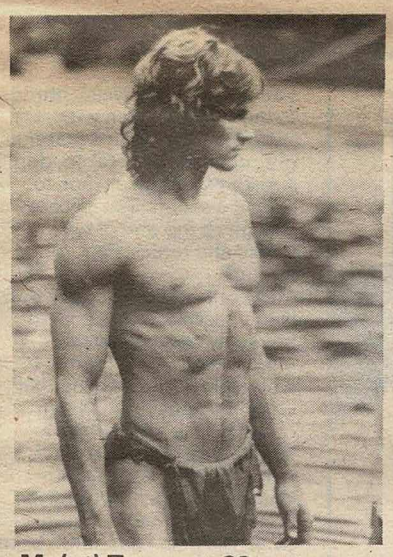
NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

INSIDE INFORMATION



Meeting Beefcake p.8

Meat Wagon, Paris p.30-31



Me(at) Tarzan p.28

Bob (35)

Gene (7)

Jello (50)

Jerry (49)

Chas (28)

Breakaway trio burst Coventry's finest into fragments

SPECIALS IMPLODE!

AFTER WEEKS of speculation, and growing rumours that all was not well within The Specials, it was confirmed this week that three members — Lynval Golding, Terry Hall and Neville Staples — have left the group. And the future of the band in its existing format must now be in serious jeopardy.

One of the four remaining members, Jerry Dammers, said at the weekend: "As the official spokesman for The Specials, all I can offer at this stage is — no comment. The fact is that, at present, we are considering our future." Which seems to suggest that even The Specials themselves don't know yet if they will continue as a group.

In fact, as meetings continued round at Chrysalis HQ, and a company spokesman was describing the situation as "very delicate", it was reported that guitarist Roddy Radiation had also left. This has not been confirmed, but it's significant that he's been recording with his own band The Tearjerkers. According to other reports, the future of drummer Brad is in doubt as well.

Meanwhile the first three defecting members — Terry, Lynval and Neville — are working together as a unit called The Fun Boy Three, and they have their debut single released by Chrysalis on October 30: it is 'The Lunatics (Have Taken Over The Asylum'/'Faith Hope And Charity'), written by the trio and produced by Dave Jordan.

Of the remaining Specials, Brad, plus Jerry and Horace (who are likely to stay together, at least) are scheduled to leave for Germany this week to accompany Rico on tour there.

Still uncertain about their plans, all Jerry would add was: "I'm disappointed, but I'm glad they stayed long enough to record 'Ghost Town'."

MEET THE FUNBOY THREE (l, to r), Lynval Golding, Terry Hall, Neville Staples.

Theatre Of Hate head west . . .

THEATRE OF HATE have lined up an extensive tour, which goes out under the banner of "Hire Them To Fire Them" — and during the course of their outing they'll have their album 'Do You Believe In The West World?', plus their single 'West World', released by Burning Rome Records. The band support The Clash at Glasgow Apollo (tonight, Thursday), Bridlington Spa (this Saturday) and St Austell Coliseum (October 15) — but their own tour, with more dates still to be announced, comprises:

Glasgow Technical College (this Friday), Bradford University (October 14), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (16), Northampton Roadmenders (17), Gillingham Central Hotel (18), Portsmouth Nero's (20), Sheffield Lyceum (22), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (26), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (27), Hull The Tower (28), Coventry Polytechnic (29), Retford Porterhouse (30), Manchester Polytechnic (31), Leeds Tiffany's (November 1), Brighton Top Rank (4), Torquay 400 Club (6) and London Strand Lyceum Ballroom (8).

Joke in Leeds

KILLING JOKE — who were forced to pull out of the Leeds Queens Hall 'Daze Of Future Past' event last month, due to the injury sustained by drummer Paul — have now set a replacement gig in the city, appearing at Leeds Tiffany's on November 8. The only other date they had to cancel was at Norwich East Anglia University, and they have now re-scheduled that gig for November 7. With Paul now fully recovered, the band start a European tour this weekend, and further UK dates may follow towards the end of the year.

Merry Willcoxmas

TOYAH is to play a short series of Christmas concerts — culminating in a major show on December 24 at London's Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, which will be televised live as BBC-2's traditional *Old Grey Whistle Test* Christmas Eve Special.

The other dates are at Glasgow Apollo (December 19), Birmingham Odeon (20) and Manchester Apollo (21), plus a matinee performance at London Theatre Royal at 5pm on December 23 for the under-16s only.

Tickets are priced £4, £3.50 and £3 for all shows, except the matinee — for which all tickets are at £3.50, and any adult wishing to attend must be accompanied by a child. They go on sale from October 15, apart from the Christmas Eve concert, where the box-office opens on October 30. The 50-minute telecast of this latter show will also be broadcast simultaneously in stereo by Radio 1.

Prior to these dates, Toyah tours Europe, including an appearance at Belfast Kings Hall on November 24 (all tickets £5, on sale now).

Toyah's newly released single 'Thunder In The Mountains' is also available in 12-inch and picture disc formats. The 12-inch features an extra B-side track titled 'Voodoo Doll', while the picture disc has a new portrait of Toyah on one side and a shot of the whole band on the other.

● **Whistle Test** screens a Rick Wakeman special on November 19, filmed in concert at Hammersmith Odeon in August, and the 1981-2 season begins officially the following week (26). This new series will be seen on Thursday nights, and will come from the Riverside Studios in Hammersmith — with, for the first time in its history, a studio audience. No bookings have yet been confirmed, but it's already known that the *Pick Of The Year* show will again be transmitted on New Year's Eve.

Producer Michael Appleton also has a second series starting in January, with the working title of **Riverside Two.** He told *NME* this week: "This will be a showcase for new and emerging bands, and will focus on the alternative charts."

Wedding dates

OUR DAUGHTERS WEDDING — the New York synthesiser outfit who made their debut here in the spring, including an appearance at the Crystal Palace Bowl open-air event — return to the UK this month to headline their own tour. Dates confirmed so far, with the likelihood of more to come, are:

Plymouth Polytechnic (October 15), Torquay 400 Club (16), Birmingham Rum Runner (20), Retford Porterhouse (23), Edinburgh Nite Club (24), Glasgow Maestro's (25), Leeds Warehouse (26), Sheffield Limit Club (27), and London Victoria The Venue (28).

To coincide with the tour, EMI America release the band's new EP 'Digital Cowboy', recorded in London during their last visit — with British drummer Simon Phillips aiding and abetting the trio. All four tracks on the EP, which comes in both 7" and 12" formats, were written by the band — Keith Silva, Scott Simon and Layne Rico.

Out the Rut

RUTS DC take a brief respite from recording a new single at Rockfield Studios — their first since leaving Virgin, and due for release next month on their own Bohemian Records label — to play two nights at London Fulham Greyhound on October 15 and 16, and these will be their only UK dates for the rest of the year. That's because they're off on a two-month European tour with French singer Valerie Lagrange, whom they backed on her upcoming album 'Chez Moi'.

TOUR NEWS

FULL DETAILS PAGE 39

NME is published weekly by IPC Magazines, Head Office King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1, England. Annual subscription $79.00 including air speeded delivery. Second class postage paid at Jamaica N.Y. 11431. Air Freight and mailing in the USA by Publications Expediting Incorporated, 200 Meacham Avenue, Elmont, New York 11003, USA.

The NME Dancin' Master Cassette Offer

AND THE HITS JUST KEEP ON COMIN'...

ASSEMBLED on this very page you see the second eight names who'll be gracing our exclusive tape compilation, the NME Dancin' Master.

Last week's batch, as you'll recall, comprised The Jam, Talking Heads, Tom Browne, Polecats, Grandmaster Flash, Ian Dury, Lloyd Coxsone and Beggar And Co.

And, don't forget, this illustrious line-up represents just instalments one and two. Next week we'll be unveiling the final contingent of what's sure to prove the most exciting list of contemporary sounds ever gathered in one pocket-sized place.

Can you wait? Got no choice, have you?

Just to be getting on with, though, here's another of our special, hand-crafted couponettes . . .

Remember, all you've got to do is save three of the six coupons we'll be printing over the next few weeks. And then, for only £1.99 *(including* p&p) the NME Dancin' Master will be yours.

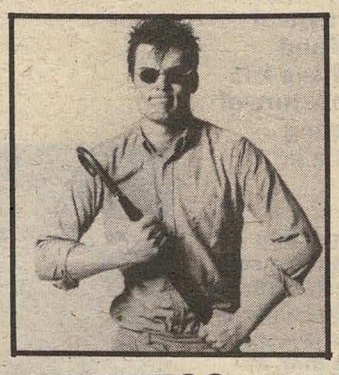
2 dancin' MASTER

HANG ABOUT: Cut the coupon out, but don't send off anything yet. We'll give you full details of how to get your cassette in the extremely near future.

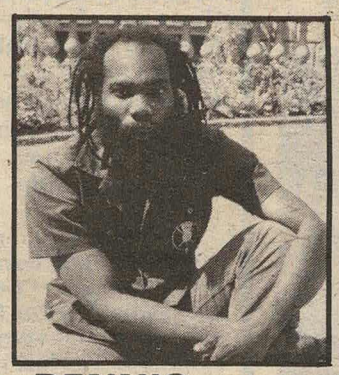
IT'S GETTING CLOSER . . .

THIS WEEK'S GREAT EIGHT:

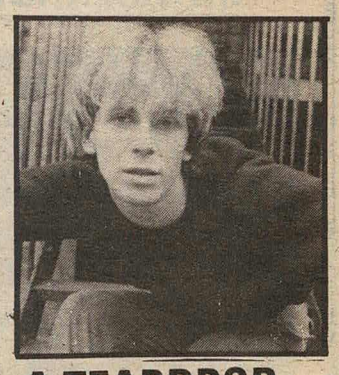
GRACE JONES:
A US mix of 'Feel Up' — hear it and you will! Guaranteed.



MADNESS:
'A Shadow On The House'. Totally new — another exclusive. Collector's heaven and danceable as the night is long.

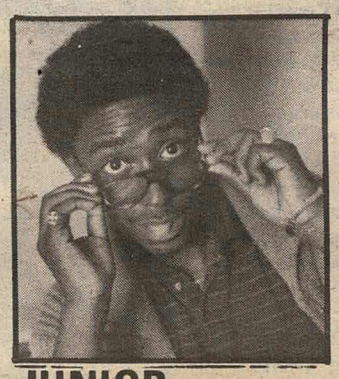


DENNIS BOVELL:
The dub wizard at his best and angry on a track called 'Better'.



A TEARDROP EXPLODES:
Julian and crew commit 'Treason' — in French! Rare and rarin' to go.

JAMES WHITE & THE BLACKS:
The NY Chancer's Classic 'Contort Yourself'. A new production by August Darnell . . . Who else?



JUNIOR GISCOMBE:
Britfunk's hottest new name weighs in with a special party mix of 'Mama Used To Say'. Hard as they come.

SUSAN:
Japanese pop sensation. '24000 Times Kiss' features members of Yellow Magic Orchestra. Blilliant.

LOUNGE LIZARDS:
Live from Paris, NY's Sultans of Sleaze contribute an unreleased 'Stomping At The Corona'.

■ That's episode two — final instalment of the track listing follows next week

Oi Against . . . well, whaddya got?

OI AGAINST RACISM, against political extremism, but still against the system — that is the bizarre banner for a gig later this month at Marples Club in Sheffield. Featuring the Business, Infa-Riot, Blitz and The Partisans, it is the major step so far in Oi's campaign to lose the racist tag which the music and its followers attracted after the Southall riot in July.

The gig, on October 19, is not to be confused with *another* anti racist Oi gig in Sheffield, also featuring Infa-Riot, which takes place tonight (Thursday) at the George IV pub. Tonight's gig is organised by Rock against Racism, who are anxious to stress that the Marples gig is not a RAR event. Yet it is a situation which has already confused Infa-Riot themselves; talking to *NME* last week, they referred to both events as RAR gigs.

The Oi against Racism Etectera gig is in fact organised by Laurie Pryor, manager of The Business — one of the bands present when Southall's Hambrough Tavern was burnt down as local Asian youths fought a pitched battle with the skinheads who had arrived in numbers to see the The 4-Skins in action.

After Southall, *Sounds* journalist Garry Bushell — Oi's tireless propagandist — approached RAR in London to set up *another* 4-Skins gig in Southall, to be sponsored by RAR and also featuring a reggae band and a local Asian band. This idea was turned down, but Bushell, Pryor and (now ex-) 4-Skin Steve Pear went along to a RAR meeting to try to persuade them to put on an Oi gig elsewhere.

Despite reservations about helping Oi to shed a tag that a number of RAR activists felt some of those involved well deserved, RAR agreed to see what they could do — even though, RAR committee member's words, "they didn't seem sorry about what had happened at Southall."

The most likely venue for an Anti Racist Skinhead gig, RAR felt, was Sheffield, where a large number of skinheads are prominently anti-racist. This summer, 500 local skinheads staged a march against police brutality, with RAR providing music on a float. London RAR duly approached their counterparts in Sheffield, who decided to go ahead. But rather than The Business or the 4-Skins, they decided to book Infa-Riot.

"We knew Infa-Riot had supported RAR long before the Hambrough," says Simon Ogden of Sheffield RAR, "so there was no question of them doing it just to redeem themselves."

Infa-Riot themselves, who've had a pretty vacant date sheet ("The agent says he can get us some gigs when I grow my hair," complains singer Lee), were only too glad when RAR called them out of the blue.

And the second gig, at Marples? "Oh, that was set up jointly with RAR," says Lee.

In fact, this is not so. RAR have no connection with the Oi against Racism gig. It was set up by Pryor in conjunction

Continues over

ERROL

DOWN AT THE CLUB

ERROL HERE, in the toilets with **Siouxsie,** earnestly discussing whether I really look right up the front of the paper. The colours this end of the paper seem to clash with my hair and I just don't feel comfortable embedded amongst these lesser mortals. Still, one must learn to set by bad example, and Sioux is in utmost sympathy with me. She and I share a deep conviction to the truth. And contradiction. We line up a team of vodka and tonics and go, if you'll excuse the low phrase, crazy.

We're at Heaven. **Divine** has spent her ten minutes on stage metaphorically creaming in and out of every orifice known to woman and she's received her £1500: She's gone off somewhere to deflate herself / He's gone off to relieve himself. Sioux wisely has nothing to say about Divine. Her drummer Budgie makes love to a Space Invaders machine.

Bassboy **Severin** kindly procures me a Southern Comfort and we discuss the running order of their overdue Greatest Hits collection. So Steve — do you still reckon you can produce? He quite rightly slaps me across the face — after all, what am I, a critic or something. Cretin! Creature! **The Creatures** prowled into the charts at number 34 and they were rewarded, obviously, with a *Top Of The Pops* slit. Slot, sorry, Budgie showed off his legs and so, I Believe, did

Illustration: Serge Clerc

Sioux. Whatever, Sioux categorically showed up Toyah to be a cheap chimp. (Did you know that in last week's fish quiz Toyah wanted to be a FROG? She was disqualified.)

And then there was **Clare** with her tame **Images** making their debut on the grand old dame of a programme! Oh, Clare, twinkle twinkle little star!!! They only got on because of a feeble witted fracas that the moronic Tight Fit had with the National Union Of Railwaymen, or was it the Musicians Union. Anyway, fate lent the fairy Images a golden glove and on they went in a shower of golddust excitably performing their first non Severin produced single. Clare blushed beautifully. Only **The Human League** — oh I love Phil so — on *Tiswas* could be a more exhilarating thing to watch. Clare is nearly twenty, I'm nearly comatose. Another Southern Comfort!

Adrian Wright of The Human League — the straightman, if you can believe it, in the group — strolls into my vision. Hey, unexpected star, how is it to be in the League these days? Phil still as good in bed? (As if I need to ask?) "Well," deadpans artful Adrian, "I might as well be in the Banshees, I spend more time with them these days." The League splitting? "Are you kidding? I'm just about to start raking in the thousands." (This last quote is made up, I think. I'm not sure. But it doesn't really matter, Adrian is HAPPY, even though you can't tell just by looking at him. He would never sue me.)

The Banshees, meanwhile, get a name check on the Human League LP 'Dare', out next week and coincidentally the best long playing disc of the year along with Heaven 17's 'Penthouse and Pavement'.

Siouxsie, while I'm thinking about it, how come your eye shadow didn't wash off while you were having those photos in the shower taken with **Budgie** — the sexiest platonic photographs ever taken, don't you know. Sioux prefers to keep it a secret. See if I care! She gives me one of her vodka and tonics. Fair enough.

My one and only conviction is to uncertainty! I refuse to have attitudes because attitudes become dogma. I will not look out into the real world because it's all been done before, and by less talented essayists than my voluptuous self. As **Oscar Wilde** didn't say, but **Evelyn Waugh** imagined he might, show me how I get home from here and pay me for the privilege of talking with me.

The Banshees are off to America. The Human League are the new **Mamas And Papas.** Altered Images may yet produce their eight LPs. I'm desperate for a Jim Beam to get rid of this hangover.

YOU WON'T be too unperturbed to hear that I also made it over to New York last Monday. Oh thank the Pernod dripping heavens for that Concorde thing-ee. There was a loft-warming (cute, huh) party celebrating Stiff (I never ever thought I'd mention that clumsy label in my sacred column) America's move from their old mid-town office (they got tired by being surrounded by lawyers and accountants and Mary Tyler Moore) to a phunky downtown (cuter, huh) SoHo location. Amongst other things, I spotted **Nina Hagen** (we were both hard to miss), **Garland Jeffries,** all of **Pigbag, Jerry Harrison, Andy 'Coati Mundi' Hernandez** — "great to hear about **August** and **Penman"** — members of **Manhatten Transfer** (before their time, that group, and after the rainbow) and **Any Trouble** (yuk), **Willie Deville,**

Continues over

Portrait Of The Artist As A Consumer
Joey Ramone

Joey puts the jinx on Joey Stevens' camera.

SOUND

Pleasant Dreams — Ramones
When I'm Dancing I Ain't Fightin — Slade
Obsessed — 999
Swinging Madisons — Swinging Madisons
I Will Follow — U2
Is That Love — Squeeze
I Got It Right — Iggy & The Stooges
Who Sell Out, Happy Jack — Who
Womp That Sucker — Sparks
Buzzcocks — All 3 albums. Singles — Going Steady, Love Bites, A Different Kind Of Tension
Love It To Death — Alice Cooper
Greatest Hits — Phil Spector
Heartbeating — Rattlers

VISION

Hard Days Night
One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest
All Clint Eastwood films
Tami Show
Martin
African Queen
The Kids Are Alright
Taxi Driver
Clockwork Orange
All Roger Corman films (Little Shop Of Horrors, Bucket Of Blood)

MIND

Let's Eat Right To Keep Fit — Adele Davis
Night Shift — Stephen King
The True Story Of The Beatles — Billy Shepard
The Illustrated Man — Ray Bradbury
Up And Down With The Rolling Stones — Tony Sanchez

DISLIKES

David Bowie clones.
All this technical synthesizer bullshit (not to say it's all bad) . . . Have people forgotten about guts and soul?
Condemnation of guitars calling them obsolete — the ones responsible for rock's sterility.
MOR-isation of the radio.

LIKES:

Hangin' out collecting records.
Going to the pub.
Going to the Ritz.
Hangin' out with Graham Gouldman, Phil Spector and Clem Burke.
Going to see my brother's band The Rattlers perform.
Going to movies.
Going to the country in the summer.
Our fans.
Strawberry Studios, Indian Food.
Hangin' out in England with the cows and sheep.
England's awareness for somewhat good taste.

Lowry

IF YOU'RE SPENDING £200 ON DISCOUNT HI-FI . . .

It seems that the "Surplus" in our name is a puzzle to many — may we sort that one out first?

Hi-Fi Surplus is neither a repository for the equipment that Bird's Eye rejected, nor an oriental cheap-import scam. Hi-Fi Surplus is, quite simply, the UK's number one store specialising in ex-demonstration, surplus and reconditioned hi-fi equipment. Every item we sell, old or new, is fully guaranteed for a year (or 6 months on secondhand). Our reputation extends to India, Poland, Russia or even Brixton and we mean to keep it. That means we give, as well as phenomenonally low prices (check 'em), a genuine service. If you're a Londoner, see your dictionary for definition. Service to us means small but important items such as on-the-spot repairs, cheap tapes/accessories, a "wanted" list, and technical know-how to get the best matching of equipment.

Now a few fax . . . our systems (deck, amp & speakers) start at £109, complete and guaranteed. Deck and speakers will be ex-demo — but if we didn't tell, you probably wouldn't know. System prices finish around £550 so you won't find nuclear fusion amplifiers, solid gold stylii or £600 speakers here — or the gold cufflink show-rooms to go with them.

Where we excel is at squeezing every last drop of audio quality out of your pounds — there's no pretentiousness, and you don't have to pay more for "The Latest Model Sir" because it's been revamped with more LED effects.

So when you leave here with your new system in your arms you'll know every penny could not have been better spent.

What else can we offer? 'Speakers run from £20 (pair) to around £250, and they all sound different. So it's up to you to either know what sound you want, and listen, or be prepared to take our advice. Speaker demo facilities here are shockingly rudimentary — we usually change the subject — but it's worth asking, if only for the chance to see John entwined in yards of heavy speaker cable, trying in vain to conceal his instruction books. Once seen, never forgotten. Or be like our real favourites — the Monday morning glassy-(or red-) eyed refugees who suggest: "I'll just take one speaker and get a walnut hi-fi rack instead."

Let's talk cassette decks.

The most popular price is £50-£80 and these days, what with chips, a gloomy yen and the infuriating Japanese habit of replacing entire product ranges every New Moon, sixty quid or so will buy a very respectable deck. You'll get Dolby, probably 'Metal' tape facility and hard heads. Go up a few pounds and you can add extras like 'touch' controls (kinder to tapes!), 'peak' recording meters or even (a la Marantz 1020/3020) a high-speed option for top quality. And from £100 up you can choose a 3 head deck with off-tape monitoring.

Remember — £100 spent here can equal £150 in a conventional store.

I could dwell at length on our turn-tables which, if you consider that for under £30 we have an electronic belt-drive deck and a couple of direct-drives for £39 (Akai reconditioned, virtually new) are pretty amazing value. Or our amplifiers, including NEW Akai slimlines for £39 and up. Or receivers — 73 WPC Marantz SR4000L, £99, for example — or TDK and other tapes at silly prices — or . . .

But I won't, so there's no need to turn over yet.

I'll just remind anyone who's still thinking about it that the Tensai Rhythm Machine is in stock (not for long though) at £69.95. If you missed the ad (2 weeks ago) it's a Rhythm Box/Guitar or mic mixing practice amp/2 track (synchronised) recorder and all in a portable batt/mains format with FM/AM radio. It's incredible.

That's it! Space is too short, like life. So why wait to buy?

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BERKOFF: "I use grotesque working class language and experiences, and ARTICULATE them. Punk's just a howl of impotence."

THAT'S SOME SHAKESPEARIAN HARD-NUT THAT STEVEN BERKOFF

"THE films I do are totally irrelevant crap, dirt under my thumbnail," says Steven Berkoff.

His normal occupation is to write, direct and star in his own plays, and he isn't too pleased about his knife-wielding bit part in *Outland* which is currently going round the ABCs. Last year he felt much the same about *McVicar:* he played a fictitious part, though the basis for it was the criminal Charlie Richardson.

On set Berkoff completely over-awed Roger Daltrey who was doing his best with the title role. But no scenes were stolen: Berkoff's charisma didn't translate fully onto celluloid. He's a man for the stage, for physical presence.

There's nothing quite like the work of his company The London Theatre Group: a mixture of performance art, mime, gymnastics, verse, cursing and cabaret. The drybones drama critics have given up on it: they weren't trained at Oxbridge to deal with this kind of daring theatrical experience. However, four years ago they heaved a brief sigh of relief when they lazily hit on a 'punk' tag for *East,* Berkoff's obscene-poetic, cruel-nostalgic portrait of working-class life in the East End of London, a sort of surrealist Alf Garnett down the Mile Hell Road.

Still a 'punk', then, Mr Berkoff, or are you more of a 43-year-old Oi boy now?

"I'm a Shakespearean writer. I take violence and put it on the stage and, through energy and power, metamorphose it into art. I use grotesque working-class language and experiences, and *articulate* them. Punk's just a blast, a howl of impotence.

"Mind, I had a lot of sympathy for its anti-authoritarianism. There's too much authority in this country. You can't go out of the house without seeing a uniform or getting a ticket, being told that you can't do this or that, that you can't come in here or go there, or buy this or drink that, or bring kids — all that kind of stuff. People's energy is suppressed and violence is the result: milk turns to gall.

"I wish the riots had done more damage to the streets, where there's nowhere to go, nothing in the way of decent gyms, theatres, cafes or cinemas. People get kicked out of horrible rotten smelly pubs and there's only a couple of crummy discos to go to. On top of that you've got your Boots and Woolies and no feeling at all that the street should be alive for people. That's what I like about the best rock 'n' roll: it's like uplift, walking down the street — shouts of joy, not squibs of misery."

Berkoff sees his own work in terms of music, "as arias or long songs". He listens to music while he writes, though surprisingly for someone who finds John Lydon a "stunning performer" and describes his own work as "mad, lyrical, subversive, revolutionary, attacking the system through outrage and anger", the accompaniment tends towards the tame — Eno, Terry Riley, King Crimson and Tangerine Dream.

Earlier this year he left The Who's Wembley gig in disappointment.

"They should do more opera. They've allowed themselves to be led up their own arseholes; they and other bands could've been the Verdis and Mozarts of the twentieth century. As it is, rock 'n' roll might be at a dead end."

I think Berkoff's programme for rock would lead to even deader ends, but never mind: his own work is alive and kicking. *Decadence* is packing out the New End Theatre in North London and is soon to transfer to the Arts Theatre near Leicester Square. He describes the piece as a "grotesque satire after Swift". During the show he and actress Linda Marlowe (formerly a Sadista Sister) use every gesture, muscle and vocal pitch at their disposal to act out caricatures of the upper-class lifestyle: foxhunting, public schools, elegant gastronomic blowouts and civilised sexual infidelities will never be the same again. The play — Noel Coward meets Lenny Bruce — moves out from its obsessive detailing of a particular milieu into a version of society based on repression and the maintenance of the master-servant relationship.

The next Berkoff production will be a staging of *West,* a play which the BBC commissioned but then rejected. It's set in the East End — where Berkoff was raised — but is based on the Anglo-Saxon poem 'Beowulf' about the heroic slaying of a monster. He's already torn up *Hamlet,* Poe and Kafka short stories, and Greek tragedies, and made them fit for contemporary consumption. He also has plans for adaptations of *Frankenstein* and *Wuthering Heights.* I think Berkoff fancies himself as a bit of a Heathcliffe, but I can't see him roping in Kate Bush to play Cathy.

The theatre may be Berkoff's profession, but it's absolutely the last place he'd go looking for entertainment.

"If I didn't exist there'd be no theatre in this country. I don't think it's good to attack fellow artists, but I've held in my spleen long enough, having had to sit sweating in pain through all manner of putrid things, in this dirty slough pond of London, at the British theatre. It gives me piles, and I pay taxes for that bloody National Theatre. Apart from two weeks four years ago I've been kept out of that space, stopped from having a platform: they've stopped my uniqueness out of fear of the new."

He also believes that he's had a raw deal out of the literary establishment. *Gross Intrusion* (a collection of short stories, now a Calder paperback at £2.95) got pretty indifferent notices. Superficially, the stories — most of them about an out-of-work actor whose cock is bigger than his consciousness — resemble Ian McEwan's more risque sexual material, but they have much more in common with American writers like William Burroughs, Charles Bukowski and the Hubert Selby of *Last Exit To Brooklyn.* Middle-class reviewers don't like work in this spirit.

"The idiot Press — biggest bunch of perverts, perverting the natural use of sex! They don't live in the now of their emotions and sexuality, they live in the past tense. One of them effectively stopped people reading my book — slut slag! I write in loneliness and seperation and anger and she goes and rubs it all in her own filth. At least the puffs sometimes support my work."

By now Berkoff is arching out of his chair: he loves a good snarl. He's fierce but not morose. His moods might swing low but, like his theatre, they're living, exuberant.

"Without imagination we're fucked. All around is a volcano spewing out crap, yet there's a hunger for people with vitality. People need art like food."

Apart from its best pop music, a couple of writers, comedians and film makers, British culture has been devoid of soul for years. If you want some, Steven Berkoff has some spare.

— **PAUL TICKELL**

ERROL CONTD

From page 4

happened to that quarter of a million deal you offered me with Factory, Ton-ee). **Lene Lovitch** played, but me and Nina couldn't get near enough so I don't even know if she still has braids. Who cares, hey lovers.

Tuesday it was Club left (NY Branch). Dustin Hoffman put me up at his place. Nice place! Some bar! Club Left is what the reggae club Negril becomes on Tuesday nights. It was supposed to be a party for **Rusty** 'I've got my poodle parlour, I've got my face lift' **Egan,** but so very very luckily he left early — claiming in his own sour way that he didn't like the music. **Keith Levine** liked the music so much he was still on the dance floor at 4 am when everyone else had gone home. I, of course placed cotton wool in my ears and concentrated on the drink. Music? A strange organisation of sounds that I've never seriously come to terms with. Whisky sour! I can come to terms with that whenever you like, oh beautiful ones.

Down the road Pigbag were at the Mudd club, and everyone was there as well. Everyone includes me, Dustin, members of New York rhythm bands **Konk** and **Liquid Liquid** (stars for tomorrow), **Arto** and **Tim** of **DNA, Jane** of the **Modettes, Paul** of the **Au Pairs** (oh if only I could spill drunken beans about those two.)

Friday Au Pairs were at the Ritz: Lesley and I resumed whrre we always leave off, surrounded by bottles of bourbon. Adele and Cathy of the Bloods were there (a New York acquaintance cheerfully labelled THEM the Mick and the Keef of the '80s), and we went and collected the **Bush Tetras** from the Mudd Club and invaded AM/PM, the after hours, before morning, during hallucination club where the NY people hang themselves after the bars close. When you're faced with New York, who'd live in Carlisle? And don't forget, **Lydia Lunch's** 'pornographic novel' is contracted to America's Grove Press already. And **John Lydon's** New York lease (2 year lease) is 'shared' with **Ari Upp's mum,** who never seems to get mentioned by name.

I CAN UNDERSTAND those of you moaning about the lack of **Anabella** flesh last week, but honestly there are so many sensitive sensibilities around this place. Meanwhile the Greater London Council have mysteriously refused to renew the license for Anabella's tutor — nothing sexual I trust — who has been with her on the American tour. Thursday's Lyceum concert is apparently in jeopardy, but you'll know more about it by now. RCA would like to hear from any graduate unemployed teachers who would be interested in filling the post ... I know, when it comes to Anabella, what I'd like to fill, but honestly, darlings, that really is neither here nor there nor anywhere. Ooops!

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

STUDENTS AGAINST NUCLEAR ENERGY (SANE) this month build up their biggest head of steam yet with a national speaking tour of 100 universities, colleges and Polys.

Subject matter is the nuclear establishment — power and military wings — and its vampiric use of college research facilities and budding young labour fodder.

The tour is a new thrust in a campaign that began January '81 whose intention is to divert research funds into "socially useful projects" and "the consequent provision of socially useful jobs for school leavers".

A specific SANE target are British Nuclear Fuels Ltd (BNFL) who, they say, are contravening UN rulings on two important counts.

BNFL are part of a three nation consortium called URENCO, (also involving Dutch and W. German firms), that in 1976 was contracted to supply Brazil with enriched uranium.

But the contract, says SANE, is in direct contravention of the Nuclear Non Proliferation Treaty and was the cause of such widespread opposition among the Dutch public that the authorities there were forced to embargo the arrangement.

BNFL, however, were quick to pick up the Dutch hot potato and in the last 18 months "it is almost certain", says SANE, that 1,000 tonnes of enriched uranium have been supplied to Brazil from the firm's Capenhurst plant.

BNFL takes further UN liberties, says SANE, in that a substantial proportion of their raw uranium supplies come from Rio Tinto Zinc's Namibian mining operations. And uranium from "occupied" Namibia has been expressly ruled illegal by the UN and is liable to confiscation.

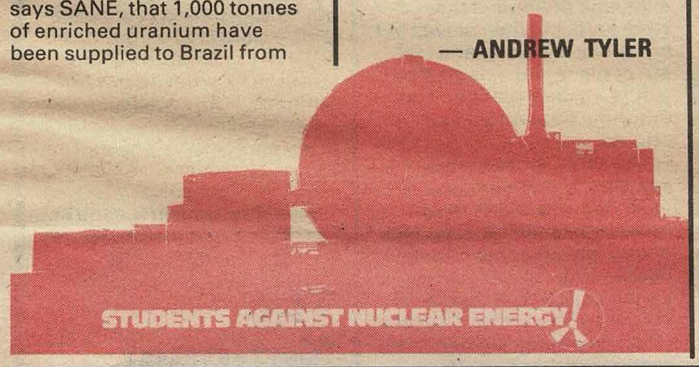
A BNFL spokesman told *NME* this week that yes, the firm were supplying Brazil with "low enriched" uranium, and yes, raw materials were coming from Namibia under an agreement signed in 1968.

But, they say, all transactions and shipments involving uranium must first be approved by the British Government and it was a Labour regime that first approved the '68 Namibian deal. Successive governments to this day have given it the nod. Likewise the Brazil deal has received official backing.

SANE, meanwhile, pledge to go full tilt at the nuclear establishment in places of higher learning and say "many student unions have already pledged to follow through the campaign with the use of direct action, if necessary."

This week's dates for No Nukes Music's Total Exposure tour: 9th Derby, Lonsdale College; 10th York, Nunthorpe Grammar School; 11th Edinburgh, The University; 12th Middlesbrough, The Crypt; 13th Liverpool, Mr Pickwicks.

— ANDREW TYLER



BLUE GENE BABY

NEXT MONDAY, October 12, is the tenth anniversary of the death of Gene Vincent — a day when every self-respecting quiff should hang at half mast.

Once upon a time, Sweet Gene Vincent — the limping, greasy US sailor who cut the classic 'Be Bop A Lula' and a have of other rockabilly classics — was the living spirit of original rock'n'roll, and his stance and dress have been extensively lifted by everyone from Jim Manson to Ian Dury. Even so, it was his European fans who sustained the black leather king through the '60s. In France especially, his image made him a cultural icon.

Above, Vincent is pictured above the The Vernons Girls, at the height of his popularity, and right, on his 1969 visit to England, after being signed by John Peel's Dandelion label.

The resulting album is destined to be re-issued shortly; several 'best of' collections remain on the EMI catalogue.

— LITTLE SHEILA

From page 4

with Sheffield promoter Marcus Featherby after "me and a few others went to meet RAR and was going to sort out a RAR gig. But we didn't want to be tied down by RAR's rules," — such as objecting to sexist comments on stage — "so we decided to do it ourselves. We want to establish once and for all we are no way racists. No way.

"We are also doing some Right to Work gigs — which presently I believe is a more pressing problem."

Sheffield RAR's response to the Oi Against Racism etcetera situation is decidedly mixed. "I'm glad to see any band standing up against racism," says Ogden, "but I'm dubious about the basis for this gig. The history of the people involved makes me doubt their sincerity."

Laurie Pryor for his part, is hoping to designate a Business/Infa-Riot gig in Manchester next month with the same Oi against Racism etcetera banner. The Business and Infa-Riot are in fact playing a series of shows together, at Bristol Granary (Oct 12), Scarborough Taboo (16th), Leeds Branigans (17), Sheffield Marples (Oi Etc, 19) and Manchester Mayflower (Nov 7).

Both groups have singles due for release: "Harry May" — 'National Insurance Black List' by The Business and, on Secret, 'Kids of the Eighties' from Infa-Riot.

— PHIL McNEILL

THE JUKELEAR THREAT

The box lives, she plays, she speaks

THE JUKEBOX has always been a beacon-like symbol of the Sound of the City; it was also the first installation in what's now become an onslaught of push-button entertainments. Originally they drew their name from the West African 'juke' meaning "wicked or disorderly", and vintage coin-ops are spectacularly lurid, with their fluorescent tubing, ruby plastic, and the 'glamour lighting' they lent to an environment.

The heyday of jukebox design has been lovingly preserved in the new, mostly pictorial *Jukeboxes: The Golden Age* (Thames & Hudson, £4.50). These exotic creatures are not the ones which survive, by and large, but those replaced when juke joints gave way to fast food empires and Muzak became *the* background music.

But jukeboxes are still around and they certainly help rather than hinder the music biz. After all, they *buy* records (which get changed every two weeks), and have always served as star-makers . . . Just check out the original and famous 'jukebox mafia' scenes in 1956's *'The Girl Can't Help It'* with Jayne Mansfield. (The first 'satire and attack on the music biz' movie, it's visible at London's Scala Cinema from October 16-19; remember it inspired *The Great Rock And Roll Swindle*).

Jukes still add collective class to a joint; your 10p amuses everyone within hearing. And they reinstate those elements of choice and taste which Muzak pre-empted. Despite what *The Golden Years* says in print ("Of all the major manufacturers . . . only Rock-Ola still produce jukeboxes"), the four majors of the business — Rock-Ola, AMI, Rowe and Seeburg — will ship 30,000 new machines in '81-'82. The 9% increase in singles sales just announced by the BPI (see *Record News*) can't hurt either.

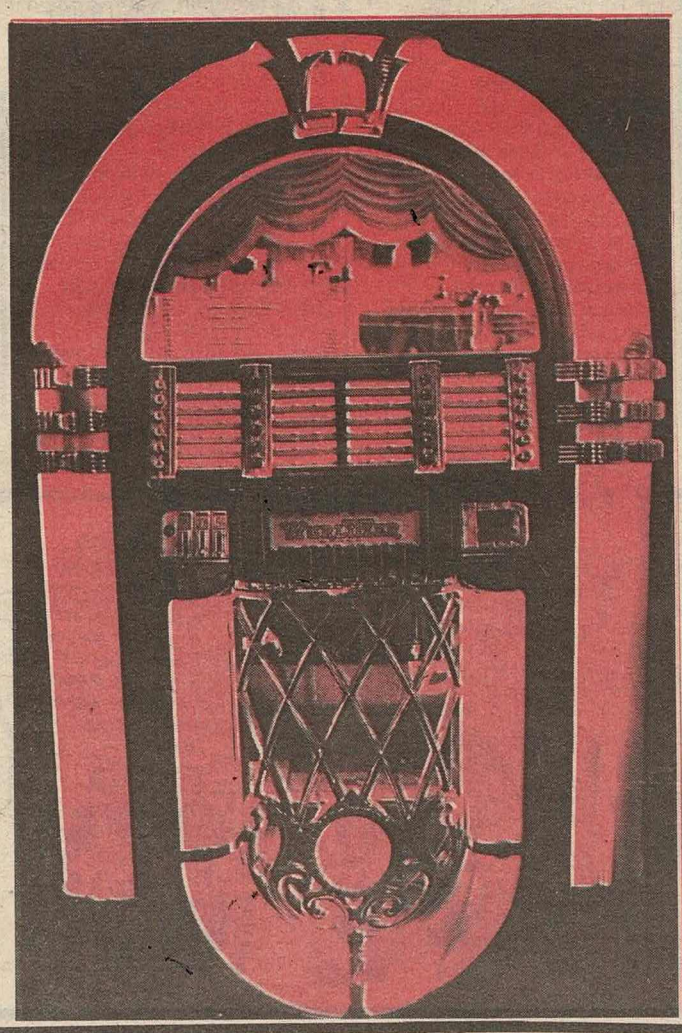
Modern boxes sport all sorts of devices to mitigate against the extinction of their species: Random Play Stimulators which activate records to 'remind' listeners they can invest; reset buttons to correct wrong settings (very popular with drunks who confuse their digits); and 'Popularity Meters' which let you know how often a selection gets played.

The best insurance of survival, however, comes from something which has never needed updating: the enthusiasm these wondrous creations arouse in the breasts of music and machine lovers. People like Rob Edwards, who took to them obsessionally while still at school, rooting out models from dumps and ex-diners, then digging up manuals which taught him how to repair them.

After almost ten years of working from his parents' garden shed (and a couple of locked garages), Rob's now opening his own shop on October 19, at 108 Thornton Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey (684-6239). "The older machines are harder to find now," he concedes. "Most of my stock comes from private owners rather than from the trade; they haven't got any left."

Rob is already known to many of London's juke fiends, for his repair expertise ("I have a reasonable stock of spares with which I try to help people") and for the loving, lifetime guarantees of servicing he gives when he installs a juke. But the passion which informs 'The Golden Age', the rapt attention audiences pay when the Girl Can't Help her mojos spinning a disc, the extent to which you can still judge a good bar by its box, mean just one thing: the juke lives!

CYNTHIA ROSE



The Enola Gay of the Juke world. Pic: Pennie Smith

THE CACKLE MARKET

Pix: Peter Anderson

Andrew Logan's Alternative Miss World 1981 — A case of tainted love?

BACKSTAGE AT OLYMPIA Miss Lamort is changing from daywear to swimwear. Later it'll be eveningwear. Whatever wear she'll be popping out of a coffin as her assistants (aides de-camp, snigger snigger) wheel her down The Alternative Miss World catwalk.

Right now, though, Miss Lamort is having difficulty squeezing those private parts into tight tights. Miss Lamort is Stephen Chamberlain, a frightfully well-spoken chap who normally works at the exclusive L'Escargot restaurant in Soho.

He's one of the thirty hopefuls bitching it out on the kitsch, camp, bad taste and bizarre stakes and trying to become that Alternative Miss. The event isn't annual, happening only when it suits its organiser and MC Andrew Logan, sculptor.

How languid, how laid back, Logan makes it all sound, two days before the big night, sitting sewing in his studio — a fantasmagorical glass structure atop a warehouse overlooking Liverpool St Station. It's crammed with pieces of bric-a-brac and sculpture, many of them testimony to Logan's obsession with ancient Egypt. Sculptured plants and trees spout speakers and megaphones. A bust of Divine, in pre-laxative mood, copper and goldleaf, sits on top of a TV.

Logan is cool and camp: thoroughly, naturally. He throws questions back gift-wrapped. He makes you feel at home: pretty nice. You don't learn much.

The first Alternative was back in '72, a smallish party affair which was basically an extension of after dinner charades and eccentric Fellini-esque imagination running riot. Over the years the parties got too big: when 200 metropolitan socialites, careerists, exhibitionists, art groupies and their gods, butterflies and bogshites are all gathered together (you know the kind of 'monde' — Molly Parkin, film director Derek Jarman, painter Duggie Fields, actress Jenny Runacre etc) then the other 2,000 people in London who aspire to this status want to get in on the action.

In '78 the Alternative went public in a circus tent on Clapham Common and was filmed. Although the film *The Alternative Miss World* appeared last year, it's been little seen since: not because of an injunction on behalf of the Morleys, the organisers of the straight event, which means that 'Miss World' was expunged from the title (this only applied to the film's premier), but because Tigon, the company who own the rights are, claims Logan, sitting on the film and trying to play it as *Gay Confessions* when they do put it out.

The actual Alternative is far from being purely gay male and transvestite. People of either sex or any proclivity can enter. Not anbody, though: Logan chooses the judges and vets the contestants. And what a boring shower they were this year, especially the women who competed the cheap way. Like Miss Easy Rider — whose swimwear was leather jacket and boots, and evening wear nothing but tattooes. It's Jen Binnie and her ambition is to own a motorbike and her boyfriend already has one and she's a performance artist. Ask me another.

Miss Windsurfer took a similar option to Easy and exploited obvious capital assets: big uns. Miss Aphrodite was badly miscast, too close to a 'real' Miss World. Miss SAS Whitebait was simply cuckoo — real name Yelinor Lakovich, she mistook my surprise at her SAS handle for ignorance and informed me that "Zey are toughest kookies in British Isles, zif not in the world".

But targets of mild ridicule often turn out to be objects of desire, cases of tainted love. This was certainly so with the winner Miss Aldershot (Michael Haynes, a designer with craft workshops Wandsworth Rd way) whose take-off of the royals and the military was closer to homage than parody. The audience

loved her full choir, the genuine Irish Guardsmen, her twenty-foot crinoline and the persons which went with it — Thatcher as Widow Twankey as the Queen in Wonderland. Chris Sullivan, of Blue Rondo, choked with emotion.

Yes, I was frontstage, backstage and at the bar, seeing who was there specially for you. Steve Strange, a judge, refused to speak to me. Spandau Ballet left for the Beatroute after shouting gerremoff! to Miss Conception (Howard De Haviland, an interior decorator). Rusty Egan went red with rage and forty-looking as he told Richard Strange what a great guy the other Strange is. Tom Dolby was there, and Alix of Stimulin, so was Perry Haynes encouraging people to take advantage of a shivering out-of-it Windsurfer.

Actress Jill Bennett showed up. Biddie and Eve joined the victory procession. Fenella Fielding assisted ringmaster Logan. 70-year-old Ma Logan waved a wand about, and Janet Logan (a personnel officer for a textile firm in Milton Keynes) kept it in the family with her entry as Miss Egypt Revisited.

Rula Lenska took her judging role very seriously, while the rest of her colleagues, like Zandra Rhodes, were pretty blase about it, obscured from proceedings by a video crew and eager onlookers. It was all pre-arranged anyway: Miss Potato (the wife of painter Hamish McAlpine) came second, and third was Miss Camille, an angel-winged study in romantic agony with white cowled assistants and an S/M cruiser beefcake bearing her aloft. Miss Camille is Ian R Webb is an employee of Zandra Rhodes.

It's a small world but it was open to all, provided you had £14 to spend on a ticket. The bar closed at midnight and the affair lasted til 3pm, and every second person was an upper class twit or the spawn of the famous a few years into their personal evolution, and everyone was a voyeur and pretended they weren't, and everyone pretended they were enjoying themselves but hundreds left early, and I felt out of place and was glad but would've been gladder if an Exterminating Angel had arrived.

The most apolcalyptic, spectacular moment was when a crane raised Miss Aldershot to the roof and she nearly fell out of her crinoline descending. Earlier Andrew Logan had bitchily savoured one or two awkward moments of the crowning, smiling in his costume, the male half created by Tom Gilbey, the female by Zandra Rhodes. Who needs an Alternative Miss when Logan is the Queen Bee and the workers in his kingdom are all helping to realise his own coronation fantasy and satisfy his monarchy complex?

The bog in Logan's studio is crammed with Charles and Di memorabilia. Kitsch maybe, but he's just the sort of camp goon who will turn round and say that the royals have terrific style. Well, I go in for puritanical Cromwellian kitsch: guillotines are my idea of an alternative coronation. Taint it black.

— PAUL TICKELL

Andrew Logan in this year's coronation gown.

★ ★ ★

The National 'Zine

A QUARTET of Leamington Spa-area fanzines — *Alternative Sounds, Adventures in Reality, Damn Latin* and *Stringent Measures (Thrills 22.8.81)* — are planning a bumper NATIONWIDE 'zine.

They're hoping for contributions from all over the UK and from "any manner of 'zine: funk romantics, heavy metal, futurist, jazz, industrial music, pop, etc"). Each contributing publication is asked to provide an already-designed page or feature arranging with their usual printer to have a couple of thousand copies printed and distributed (the idea is 100 to each contributing fanzine then specific numbers to pre-arranged distibutors such as Rough Trade, Better Badges, and their like).

Interested publications contact *Stringent Measures* at 4, Comston Rd, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire CV32 6PQ; they'll let you in on page sizes and details. They're after local band interviews, articles on all aspects of fashion / music / art / politics and articles on local scenes. Also ideas for a name!

★ ★ ★

THRILLS DESK: CYNTHIA ROSE

Not Only Rock And Roll — Ray Lowry

THE DENNIS HEALEY BAND ARE PLAYING A DISASTROUS GIG IN BIRMINGHAM!!
LISTEN TO ME!!
LIAR!!!
BOO!!!
LIES!!
BOO!!
GERROFF!!
Boo!!!
HISS!!
GERROFF!!
OFF!!
THAT'S THE LAST TIME I PLAY FOR THOSE ANIMALS!!
IGNORE THEM DEN: WE'LL EXPEL THEM FROM OUR PARTY!!
HA! HA! HA!
HOORAY!!
BACKSTAGE-IN THE LIGGERS ENCLOSURE..
DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART, DENNIS, IT'S NOT BECAUSE PEOPLE ARE SICK OF THE SAME OLD SONGS FROM A PAIR OF EMPTY-HEADED WINDBAGS LIKE YOU AND I....
WHAT WE SAW HAPPENING OUT THERE WAS SOMETHING MUCH MORE SINISTER, A CONSPIRACY!!
THAT WASN'T SPONTANEOUS, IT WAS A HAND-PICKED AUDIENCE FULL OF HELLS BENNITES!!
HELLS BENNITES! SHOCK! HORROR! ROCKISTS!
POST MODERNIST BENNITES!

SQUEEZE

"In songwriters Glenn Tilbrook and Chris Diff… Wave has finally found its own John Lennon and Paul McCartney."

David Fricke, ROLLING STONE ★

"…Difford and Tilbrook are the Gilbert… …ey and Leiber & Stoller of the '80's…and material isn't the band's only weapon. Tilbrook is an especiall… …aul McCartney's ability to move from the delicate to the intense without sacrificing an Everyman ch…

Robert Hilburn, LOS ANGELES TIMES ★

"Without resorting to empty… …evoke the buoyant pop of the 'Revolver'-era Beatles, with subtle bows to the Kinks, the Who, the Anim… …es of that era."

Richard Harrington, THE WASHINGTON POST ★

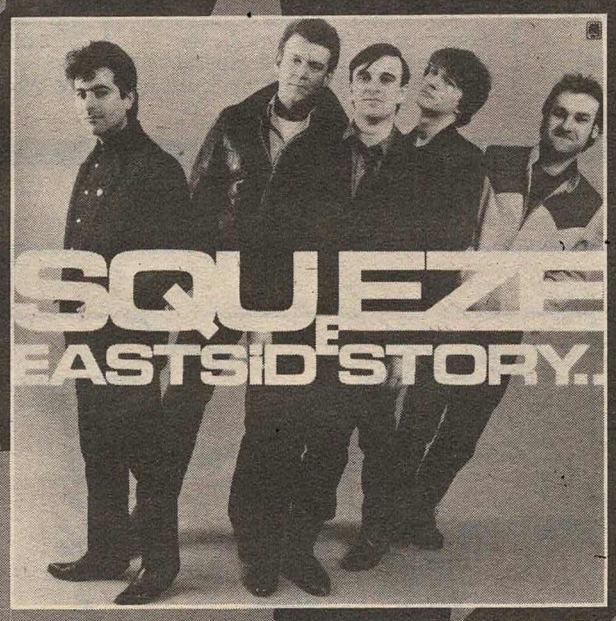
"If the names Tilbr… …e tongue quite as trippingly as Lennon and McCartney, well, consider them roses by another name. Fo… …Squeeze's Glenn Tilbrook and Chris Difford prove their tunesmithing is sweet, and for diversity, charm… …comparison to the early works of John and Paul."

PEOPLE MAGAZINE ★

"…any list of today's fir… …ters should include Mr. Difford and his partner, Glenn Tilbrook."

Robert Palmer, NEW YORK TIMES ★

Tomorrow DEPT FOR…?



AMLH/CAM 64854

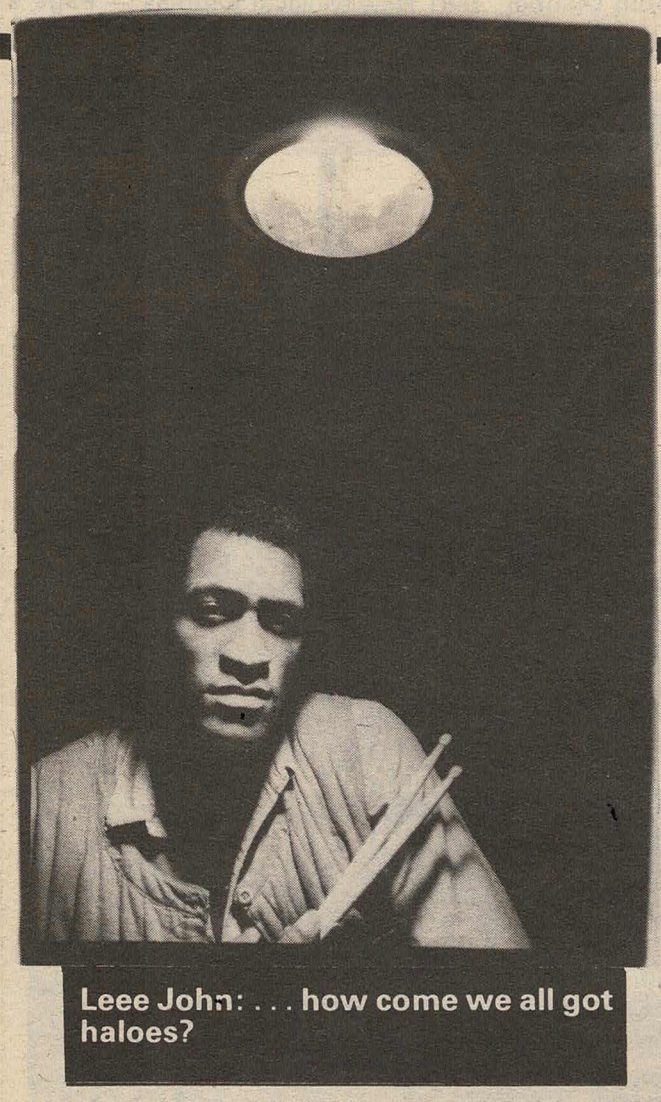
THE ALBUM . . . EAST SIDE STORY

Produced by Roger Bechirian and Elvis Costello

THE NEW SINGLE . . . LABELLED WITH LOVE

LEWD BOYS

IMAGINATION reflect on themselves



Leee John: . . . how come we all got haloes?

Ashley Ingram: Like, if we're 'satyrs' . . .

Errol Kennedy: hey, what's with this 'lewd'?

SCEPTIC SCRIPT

PAUL RAMBALI

PHOTOLOGY BY

DAVID CORIO

VIEWERS of *Top Of The Pops* over the past few months could hardly fail to have raised an eyebrow or two over the appearances of a group of uncompromisingly lewd black satyrs called Imagination.

Their single, 'Body Talk', has been in the charts longer than any other single this year and has apparently sold almost half a million copies. The follow-up, 'Body Talk pt. 2' (artfully re-titled 'In And Out Of Love') charted higher than the new Lynx single and ploughs the same damp furrow as its predecessor. They are the kind of records visitors from the Gulf buy in droves because they think them some sort of aural aphrodisiac.

In fact, Imagination's PR man, Brian Longley, tells me there is nothing better than 'Body Talk' for getting a girl in the mood. Brian Longley is in International Personality And Beauty Promotions. Apart from Imagination, he handles, if that's the right word, 20 top beauty queens, including a former Miss World.

Imagination's record company, R&B records, is an independent label owned by Red Bus recording studio in London, where Imagination's records are made. The head of the label, which has so far scored two hits out of two releases, says Imagination are the first move in an attempt to develop homegrown soul and sell it back to the States. The girl on reception says Imagination are "a lark".

Imagination are a trio. Errol Kennedy on drums. Ashley Ingram on keyboards, guitar, bass and percussion. Leee John on vocals. They work in collaboration with two producers, Tony Swain and Steve Jolley. Their image is the result of another collaboration, between Leee John and Brian Clarke, who designs high fashion menswear for Paul Howie among others.

"I like to be daring," says Leee, "but Brian's more the quiet type. I'd want to wear a gold jock-strap with sequins down the front, but he'll come along and tone it down."

Tone it *down?!*

"Who wants to see something ordinary? I love to turn on the TV and see something crazy and different. Or a bit of theatre. Theatre is what Britain's noted for, and it needs to be gotten into by youths. Through us, and through others."

Imagination are just the sort of publicity the RSC could really use . . .

"My favourite phrase is 'glamour will never die'. In the war, Lionel Blair and his sister used to perform all through the Underground, when the air-raids were going on. They dressed up and they did it, they put on a show!"

Everyone around them and even they themselves refer to Imagination as an act — with no noticeable quotation marks. Imagination are tinsel and they don't seem remotely ashamed of it. They're making a gaudy showbiz bed and, suitably unclothed, they're going to lie in it.

The three members of Imagination have all enjoyed their fair share of musical anonymity, Ashley Ingram and Leee John in session work, and Errol Kennedy as the drummer in TSB, which later gave rise to Light Of The World and Central Line. To their credit, 'Body Talk' isn't a disco record, and it was popular on the radio long before Imagination appeared on *Top Of The Pops*, where their idiotic pretentions were worth a dozen of everybody else's.

"When we started Imagination, it was all funk, funk, funk," says Leee. "That's all you heard. Bass riffs going on for days. There was no melody. So we thought, pull it right back. The melody's the thing. Let people wait for us."

Leee is an admirer of craftsmanship in songwriting. He has even developed his own compositional method.

"I got mirrors all over my place," he confides. "You can't look anywhere without seeing a mirror. I was told long ago by someone — I won't mention his name — that for you to create your image, always have lots of full-length mirrors around. Every mirror's got a different plane, each one is slightly different. Sometimes it helps you to create.

"I look into the mirror and try and identify with myself."

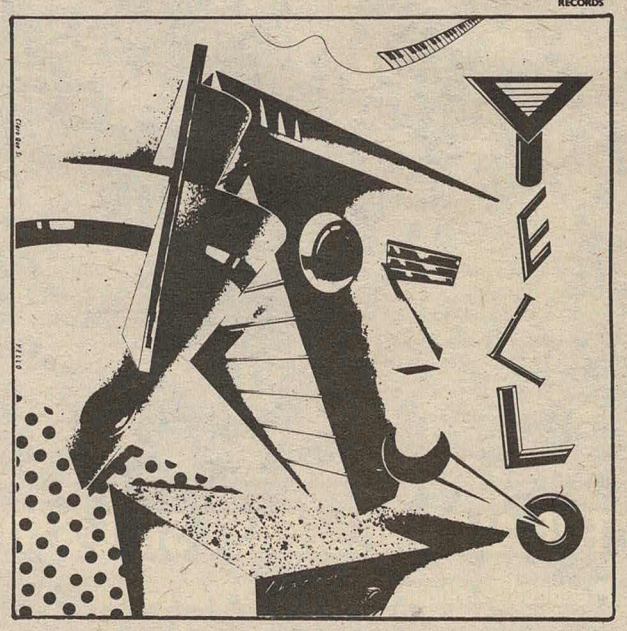
You do?

"Yeah! Positively. That's how 'Body Talk' was created. It was serious shit! It may be the flimsiest of lyrics, but it means a great deal. Remember, we have to perform it."

Frankly, I'd rather forget.

YELLO

THE ALBUM RIDE 8

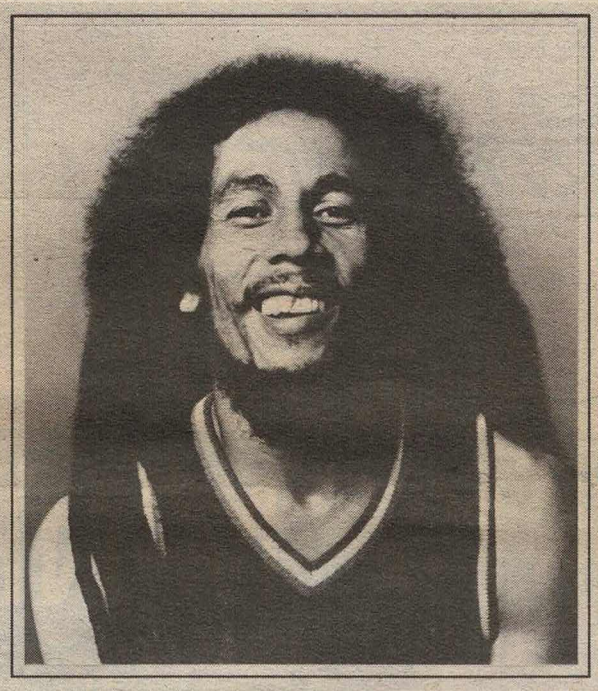


DOIT RECORDS

CLARO QUE SI

BOB MARLEY

'CHANCES ARE'
RECORDED 1968 - 1972



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Kate Fahy as Roger's girlfriend Rose

Not so jolly, Roger!

DANGEROUS VISIONS

PAUL MORLEY is completely underawed by this week's attempts at TV humour.

JUST HOW much longer will the heroically hapless Gilbert Latham last as the Terence O'Neill of *Crossroads?* But seriously . . . Richard Stilgoe and Matthew Kelly! From the galling to the appalling! Yes, inside a week, offensive and insupportable beyond the bounds of cultism, bleating Richard Stilgoe in **A Kick Up The Eighties** and gruesomely giddy Matthew Kelly in **Game For A Laugh.** The kind of individuals that sit next to you on a bus — dribbling, muttering, feverishly scratching — and you always think to yourself "Why do they always pick on me?"

Are we British really so doggedly flippant, so morbidly unfunny, so desperately determined to transform the human spirit into a huge lime jelly? Is Richard Stilgoe human? Only *Nationwide* — that grand old symbol of the BBC's superciliousness — could nurture such a rigid, smug, allegedly humorous mutant talent. Indeed it seems to be only the BBC — where John Craven and *Blue Peter* still bore into the nation's children the values of Enid Blyton and Johnny Morris — that unfettered stiffs with a disposition towards obsequious condescension can actually make some sort of a name for themselves. At least Frank Bough doesn't pretend to be a humorist. Humorist? That's a laugh.

The macabre Stilgoe is in manner a mundane, hen-pecking Neil Innes, and *A Kick Up The Eighties* is all ways a prostrate follow up to *Not The Nine O'Clock News* — a further dilution of the station's 'satirical' spirit. (Only Mike Yarwood left now.) If Rowan, Pam, Mel and Griff had an idle charm, Stilgoe and his colleagues exude a fulsome smarm. Very content, no contempt, BBC breezy.

The great plated differences between BBC and ITV is as much A Fallacy But True as the English North-South polarisation: ITV is common-North-bingo, BBC is discerning-South-scrabble. On similar reasoning did the Tories take over a nation. In 1981 the distinction is as great between BBC and ITV content/character as it must have been in the early '60s. The BBC offers unto the nation Stilgoe, Bough, Vine, Baker, Rippon, *Call My Bluff* and sheep-in-wolves-clothing Sir Robin Day. ITV lets us have, made in Hong Kong on cheap offer, Steve Jones, Matthew Kelly, *Cannon And Ball,* Lennie Bennett and *Game For A Laugh* (I generalise for effect).

Game For A Laugh takes its generous 50-minute place in ITV's startling Saturday evening Circus of Cruelty — *Pyramid Game, Game For A Laugh, Punchlines, Take A Letter Mr Jones.* An asinine cringe-studded celebration of Britain's protected eccentricity, benevolent vulgarity and profane foolishness: by some neurotic twist of fate the commercials are the sage, tasteful part of an ITV Saturday evening.

Between 5 and 8 on Saturday, LWT has become a force-fed freak show. Outside of all this warm jollity the world could be dead. Inside three hours, mouths and morals the nation over must drop as Steve Jones, Bill Oddie, John Inman, Katie Boyle, Matthew Kelly, Roy Kinnear (shame!), Ted Moult, Bernie Flint, Charlie Williams, Lulu, Lennie Bennett, Di Dors and Joe Brown do as much as Beckett has ever done to tabulate the disintegration of language and pinpoint the nature of a purposeless world. Of course, I'm addicted to some of its parts.

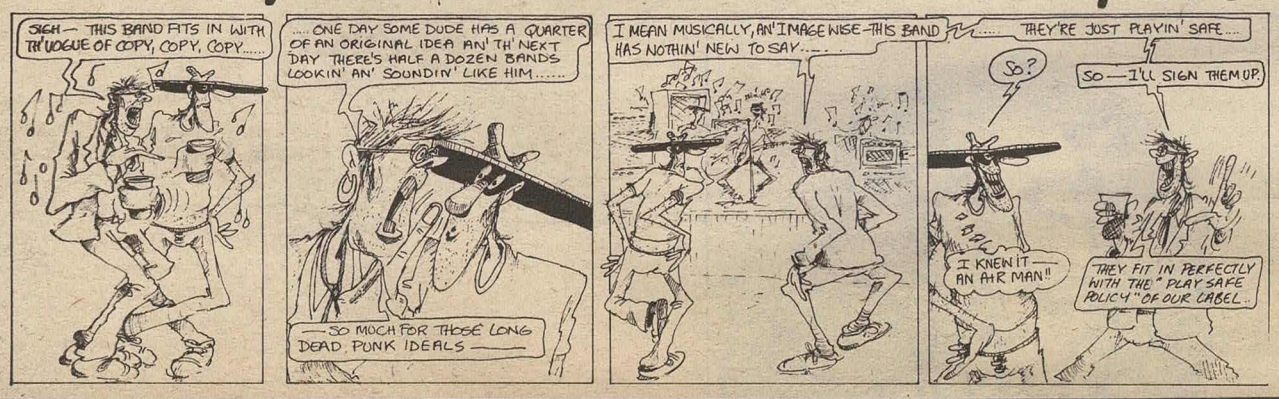
No one, for instance, except maybe Mel Brooks, is as aweless as Ted Moult at communicating the incommunicable. His delivery in last Saturday's *Punchlines* of the clue 'dog' was tender and instructive; it was his third masterful television spot of the year, following Dame Edna and Everest Double Glazing. Surely Wogan must respond to Ted's linguistic resources and get him on the right hand side of the back row, next to Beryl and above Sandra. If Pinter conceived *Blankety Blank,* then Benny Hill — or Johnny Carson — conceived *Punchlines.* (Why does *Blankety Blank appear more stylish than Punchlines?* Perhaps because it's on the BBC.) How many times can a snobby boy laugh at Di Dors saying gooseberries? Why did the chicken cross the road? Well, it all depends what came first — the gooseberries or Miss Dors. (The Answer, you knew it, is Wogan: a prisoner of conscience.)

Game For A Laugh is the commercial discipline's soul-bruising retort to the unfluent and unwordly *Generation Game* — game for a laugh at the vulnerabilities, nervousness, inadequacies, fickleness of your fellow sufferers in this TV recreated world? Tune in to Matthew Kelly and his peculiar pals doing all but plucking the eyes out of a corpse!

The next step on from *Game For A Laugh* is a show which married couples use to achieve a messy, gloriously public divorce and during which each week's presenter commits an exotic suicide. Stilgoe could be the first presenter, Matthew Kelly the second, Noel Edmonds the third etc etc.

Still, for all the Stilgoes and Kellys — and tell me, what else

The Lone Groover — Benyon


SIGH— THIS BAND FITS IN WITH TH'VOGUE OF COPY, COPY, COPY.....
.....ONE DAY SOME DUDE HAS A QUARTER OF AN ORIGINAL IDEA AN' TH' NEXT DAY THERE'S HALF A DOZEN BANDS LOOKIN' AN' SOUNDIN' LIKE HIM.....
—SO MUCH FOR THOSE LONG DEAD PUNK IDEALS—
I MEAN MUSICALLY, AN' IMAGE WISE—THIS BAND HAS NOTHIN' NEW TO SAY.....
.....THEY'RE JUST PLAYIN' SAFE.....
So?
SO—I'LL SIGN THEM UP.
I KNEW IT— AN AIR MAN!!
THEY FIT IN PERFECTLY WITH THE "PLAY SAFE POLICY" OF OUR LABEL..

MINK DE VILLE

NEW ALBUM

COUP DE GRÂCE

NEW SINGLE

'YOU BETTER MOVE ON'

ON TOUR NOVEMBER

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6th	Friday	MANCHESTER, University
7th	Saturday	BIRMINGHAM, University
9th	Monday	EDINBURGH, Coasters
10th	Tuesday	YORK, University
11th	Wednesday	BRADFORD, University
12th	Thursday	NORWICH, University East Anglia
13th	Friday	LONDON, The Venue
14th	Saturday	LONDON, The Venue

ATLANTIC

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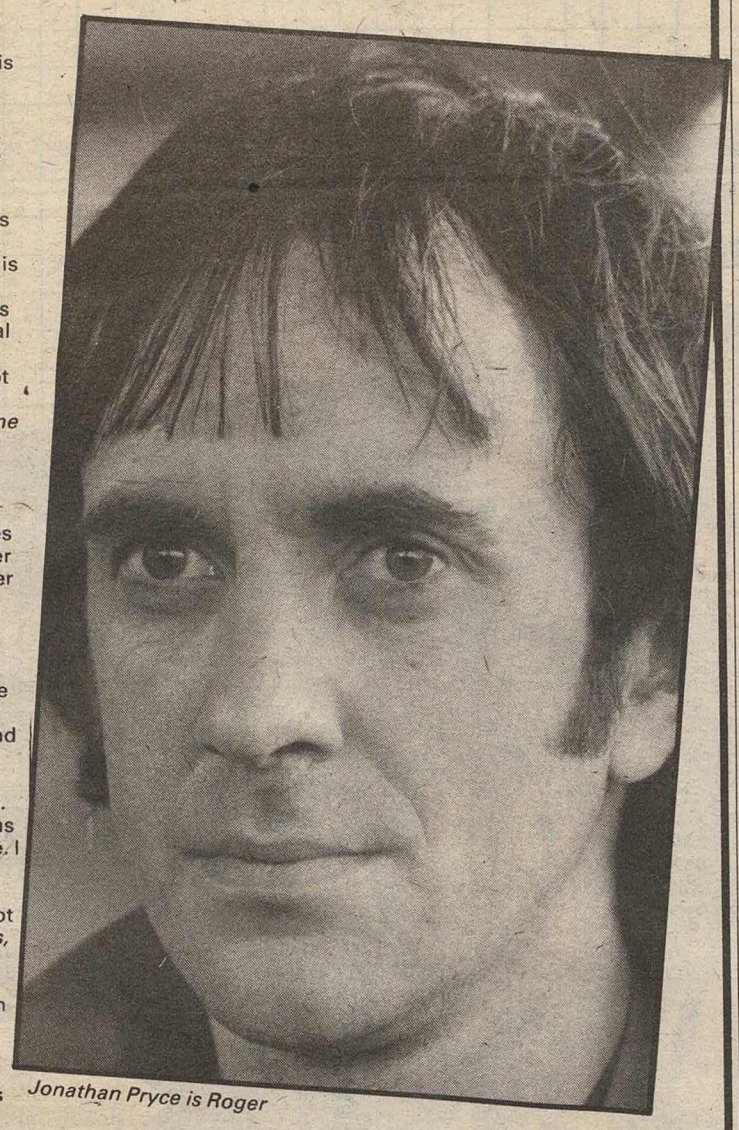
derek block artists agency

is television for but to bring fictional *bete noire's* into our homes? Moral relief? — there is George Melly, tastefully and with entertaining affection — using up five minutes of 2's time to explain away the mass appeal of a particular print or poster **(Art Unlimited)**. And there is a Peter Bowles. Bowles as the perpetually offended shyster and attempted martyr is as much a choice attraction in **Only When I Laugh** as James Bolam's classic unsentimental malingerer.

Only When I Laugh has crept up on me — not least because when you sit through *Pig In The Middle* or *Roots* or *The Paul Squire Show* you notice more the slight cunning at play, the obstinate rougish interplay between sullen socialist James Bolam, SDP fretter Christopher Strauli, uncharitable Tory Peter Bowles and dejected doctor Richard Wilson. As the surroundings have become more abstract, the hospital ward more claustrophobic, the comedy has become less considerate, more devious, and tells us more about the British scandal than *A Kick Up The Eighties* or *Game For A Laugh.*

In last week's story there was a dog called Throbbing Gristle. I laughed more at Throbbing Gristle than I did at Diane's gooseberries. I also laugh at lot of Hildegard Neil in *Diamonds,* but that's another fetish altogether. (Peter Bowles is great in *Vice Versa,* too. Watch it!!!)

I made sure that it was my spiked self commenting on John Fortune's comedy series **Roger Doesn't Live Here Anymore,** but now that I'm here I have very little to say. I wish that I'd bagged Johnny Carson (BBC has Parkinson with David Niven, ITV — LWT at least — has Johnny Carson spraying shaving foam into the groin of Burt Reynolds *and* rubbing it in. The first hint of Carson's isolated genius!) I could have written a hot page on Carson's arrival, but a colleague picked a higher card.



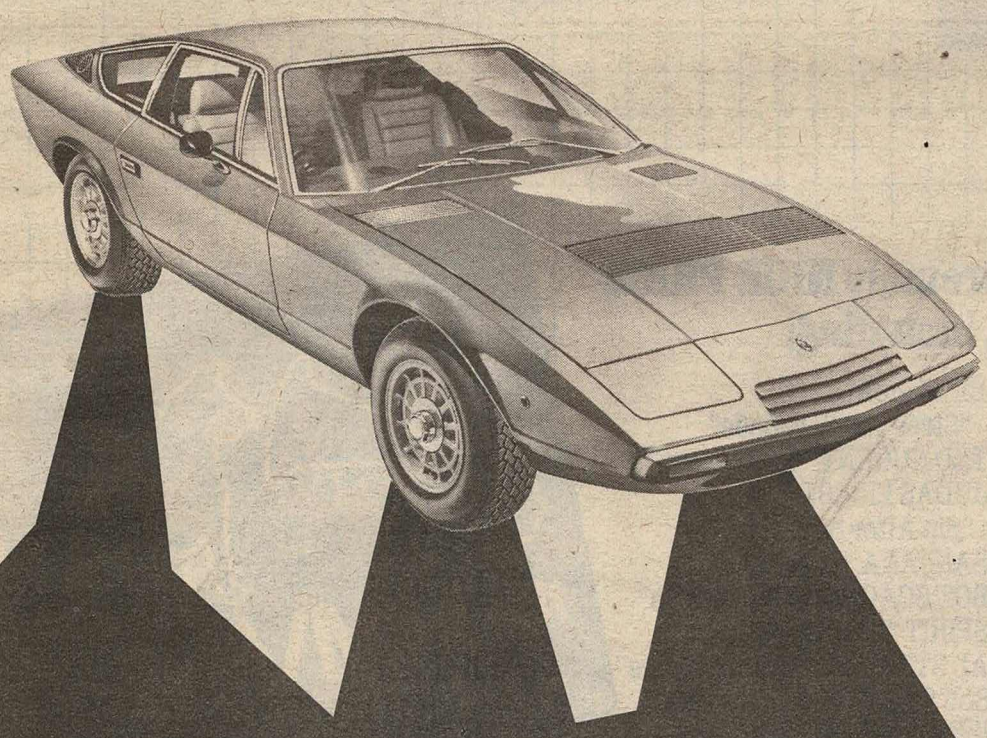
Jonathan Pryce is Roger

Roger Doesn't Live Here Anymore is the kind of series that cannot be fully appreciated until it's unwound. It's subtle, snug, softly jaundiced, everything donnish I didn't expect, considering the explosive Jonathan Pryce is starring.

I ungratefully anticipated some kind of nasty thorn in sitcom's flabby flesh, not this almost sociable subversion. I'm enjoying it, and will enoy it more when timid Pryce (timid, that's what's thrown me) begins to deal more thoroughly with his upsetting, upside down predicament. The best time to start watching is about now, I would think. The savage twists of reason are about due, or something.

And don't forget — it's Noele Gordon and Larry Grayson on *Blankety Blank* tonight. Seriously?

ILLEGAL IMMIGRANT



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	5	NEWCASTLE University
	6	Heriot Watt University EDINBURGH
	7	Strathclyde University GLASGOW
	8	Coatham Bowl REDCAR
	9	LANCASTER University
	10	DURHAM University
	11	Lyceum SHEFFIELD
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	18	LIVERPOOL University
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	20	Aston University BIRMINGHAM
	21	Leas Cliff Hall FOLKESTONE
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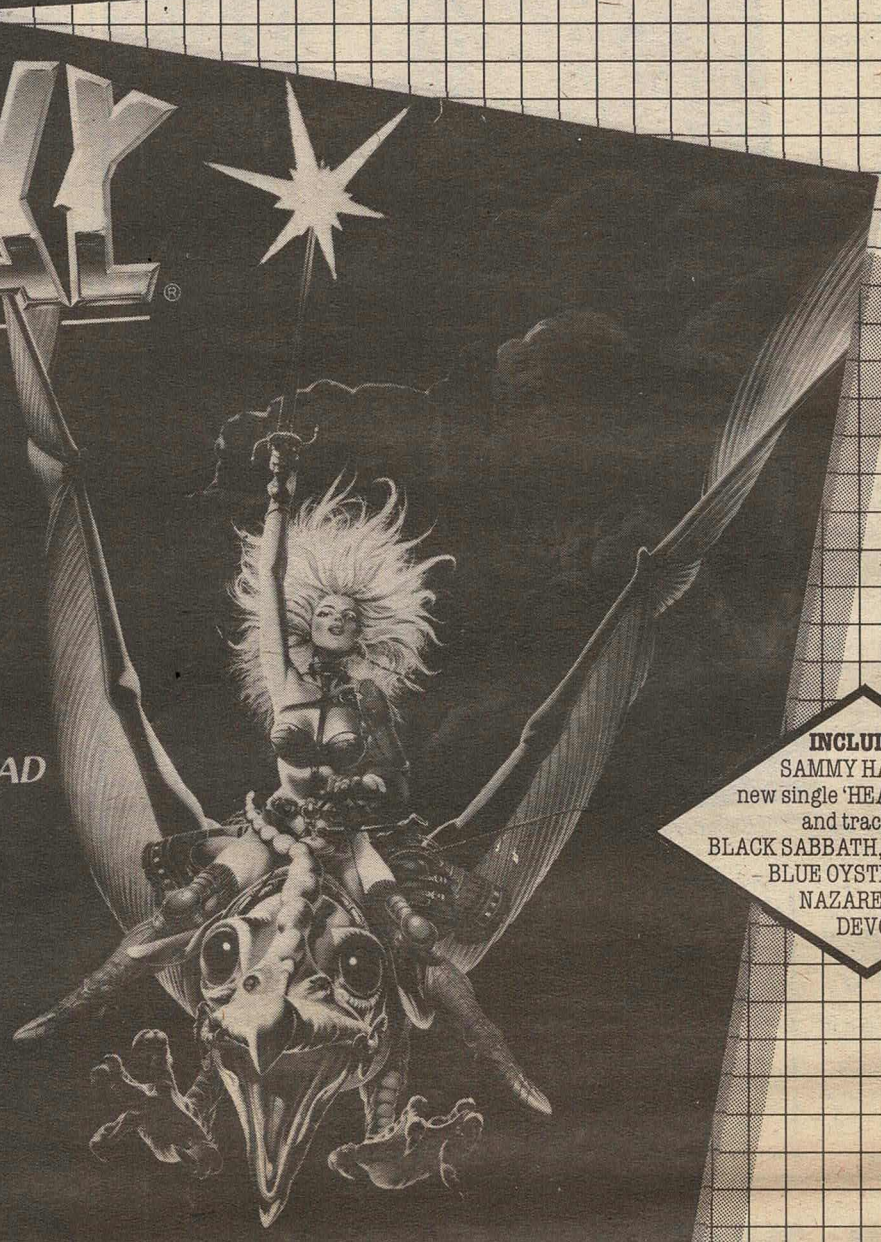

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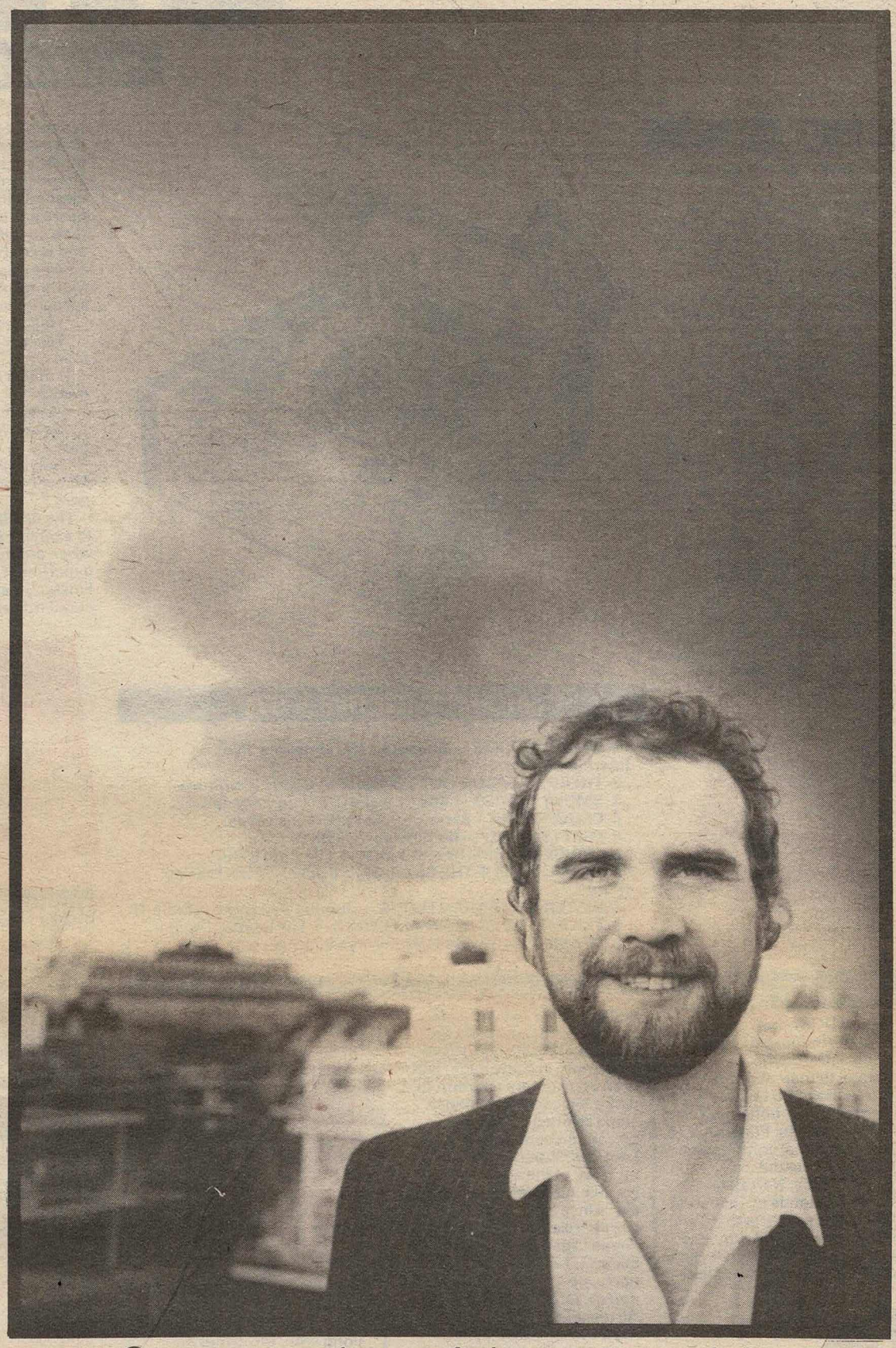
JOHNNY DONE BADLY



Over a wee dram o' champagne, John Martyn meditates on life, loyalty, loneliness and love's labours lost.
Sympathetic ears: ***Chris Salewicz***
Eyes: ***Jean-Bernard Sohiez***

DRINKING CHAMPAGNE and orange juice, a belated present for his 33rd birthday two days previously, the bright-faced John Martyn flails every way about his end of the sofa like a passenger in a rowing-boat on a stormy loch in his native Scotland.

Or perhaps like a drunken man on calm waters.

Somewhere in between is John Martyn's actual reality. Despite his habitual joviality, there is a tense, slightly haunted edge, the sense that at any moment he could turn. He says the only time he attains clarity is when fishing.

Yet his pained, pleading, singing voice, his unique guitar style, and the poetic songs that for the past 13 years this purist has been writing are the very definition of *cool.*

But be wary of any pigeon-holing of John Martyn as an esoteric near-jazzer: that kind of categorisation is why he is now sitting in an office at Warner Brothers' Soho HQ, rather than at Island Records, his home for 14 years.

"Chris Blackwell," he mentions the Island boss in an amicable tone, "said to me at our last meeting that he considered I had a jazz niche which I had succeeded in manufacturing for myself, and that that was where my career lay.

"I don't see it that way, and I never did. When his minion made me an offer of money with which to make my next record, the amount was so paltry and made in such a bad way that I put the phone down on him — I'm not exactly known for my rudeness. I'm not known for my avarice, either: I've always been something of an idealist, and I will maintain that position.

"But quite simply I was not offered enough money to make the record I wanted to. It's odd: I've always sold plenty of records, and I'm not in debt to Island at all. In fact, *they* owe *me* money.

"I'm a very loyal person: if I fall in love with someone," he makes the first mention of a theme which will continually recur with near-obsessiveness, "then I'm *there.* But I wanted my career to expand rather than remain static."

APPARENTLY THE SPLIT with Island isn't because they delayed by a year the release of John's last album, 'Grace And Danger' — an open-wound account of his break-up from his wife, Beverley, with whom he recorded two albums.

"I was in a *dreadful* emotional state over that record," he sighs, deliberately matter-of-fact, in a voice that veers between English and Glaswegian accents. "I was hardly in control of my own actions. The reason they finally released it was because I freaked: *'Please get it out!* I don't give a damn about how sad it makes you feel — it's what I'm about: direct communication of emotion'."

More than ever this communication of emotion now must be tempered by commercial considerations. The divorce means Martyn is no longer financially independent. Perhaps he has reasons for seeming edgy: under the terms of what sounds like a crippling financial setttlement, he must earn £280 a week — "Before *I* start eating any of the spuds . . . I have four children in wedlock all of whom I maintain. But, in fact, the children have little to do with this settlement: it's all for Beverley, whom I still like.

"I don't see why it should have to be so acrimonious. I didn't even want the fuckin' divorce in the first place: unreasonable behaviour on my part, apparently.

"Basically, what is being said is that not only have I got to support my former wife, but they're also going to cut off my fucking nuts!"

To compound his financial problems Martyn is no longer a solo performer: he now has three full-time musicians backing him onstage, necessitating a total working unit of 12 people.

"When I was solo I earnt a *great* deal of money. I had no overheads, and I was selling out large gigs. But now it's not just for the sake of my own ego that I need to sell more records than I do!"

AS A MAN with a considerable jazz background, John Martyn is hardly impressed that jazz is suddenly hip; he positively foams at the mouth in disgust at the notion. *"Oh shit!* The other day I saw some prick walking around like Lester Young, one of the finest saxophonists *ever,* dressed in a zoot suit and porkpie hat. *What a fucking monkey!* He's walking around trying to be somebody else. It's like someone dressing up as Jesus, man.

"It's been *done.* I *love* style. I *hate* fashion.

"I actually saw a quote by some band: 'All-boy bands don't *look* good'. *Dig that . . Shit!*

"It's verging on the absurd. In fact, it is absurd already!

"Shit, man: the hip dressers in Glasgow make these wallies walking around the West End look *stupid.* But they don't pretend to play instruments: they look sharp because they want to pull."

John Martyn lives in Moscow, he tells me delightedly. Moscow is a hamlet of eleven houses 17 miles south-west of Glasgow. He moved back to Scotland two years ago to care for his ailing father, a near-tragedy that closely coincided with his marital split.

"My father is no longer terminally ill, though he *was.* He's surviving, and given a fair breeze will be alright."

He far prefers the honesty of the area's "hard-nosed" inhabitants, he says.

"Before I was living in Heathfield in Sussex, where my ex-wife still lives — a sensible girl, so I don't know how she can stand it. Though," he adds, opening himself wide open, "I suppose she's learnt to live with middle-class ponces.

"Glasgow's wonderful — if they're going to rip you off, they do it neat, sweet and *petite.* It's very straight like that, Glasgow.

"I *hate* deception, although I've used it in my relationships with women, simply because women get ludicrously jealous if they find you fucking outside whatever it is they think they have on you. So I've had to use duplicity. I'm not in the *least* ashamed. I've used it all over the world!

"Actually, I've fallen in love three times in my life, and to those women I'm utterly faithful . . . I *love* women, I must confess. They *are* my weakness . . . But then I'm a romantic . . ."

The phone rings on the table in front of John Martyn. He picks it up: *"Go away!* I've no idea *who* you are or *what* you want. I'm in here grooving. *Now get off my case!* Goodbye.

"Shall I switch accents to Glaswegian for the rest of the interview? More champagne? It's not every day I'm 33. Actually, this year has been very good for me, though the last two were pretty shitty."

"GLORIOUS FOOL' was produced by the highly talented Phil Collins. As with most aspects of his life these days, there was a Martyn matrimonial connection in their meeting three years ago: Collins also had split up with his wife; the two assisted each other through their divorces.

Martyn is surprised when I compliment the Collins production, mentioning that it was particularly impressive considering it was the Genesis drummer's first time for another artist — John Martyn had assumed that Collins had produced *lots* of other people.

The oddly innocent Scot is similarly stumped when I give him the past history of his new manager, Sandy Robertson: he'd never considered what Robertson had done before.

In such a vein, indeed, Collins had told me he didn't think Martyn has the least idea as to just how good is his music. He does have a massive ego, the drummer had pointed out, though that almost certainly is not linked to artistic self-esteem.

"I *do* have a massive ego," he admits. "I *have* to. It's *huge.* I can be wrong, though . . unlike most women I've been involved with."

He pauses. "The problem is they're so beautiful, aren't they? They've caused *all* the problems in my life. Every single problem can be put down to women. Dreadful things. It makes me sound like a misogynist."

De Maupassant became a total misogynist, I mention, though this was probably due to his incurable syphillis.

"Well, this would tend to bias one, wouldn't it?" John Martyn guffaws loudly. "Actually, I've never caught the clap in my life. Never once. So far I've got away without having to pay to learn.

"*Ohhh* . . . Women *are* beautiful.

"Children even more so: that's the hang-up with me. I'd love to have loads more. I'd like to *surround* myself with children — they genuinely *are* such an inspiration . . . *Ohhh* . . ."

JOHN MARTYN talks little about 'Glorious Fool', his best album in several years, with a title-track dedicated to Ronald Reagan.

The album was made at London's Townhouse, where Martyn stayed for the whole of the recording, in the rooms on the first floor. Phil Collins told me that he and the other musicians would be packing up around three in the morning from laying down backing tracks when Martyn suddenly would reappear in his dressing-gown, demanding to put on lead vocals.

John Martyn doesn't talk about this, however. Instead, he speaks of a song on the LP entitled 'Amsterdam'.

"It's about a friend of mine who hanged himself in Amsterdam. He hanged himself for the love of an expensive hooker. If I could have had any brothers I would have chosen that man."

It almost seems odd that the quietly tormented soul that is John Martyn had started off the day by gifting huge bouquets of flowers to each of the girls in the Warner Brothers press office.

Perhaps it isn't surprising at all, though.

by penny reel

singles

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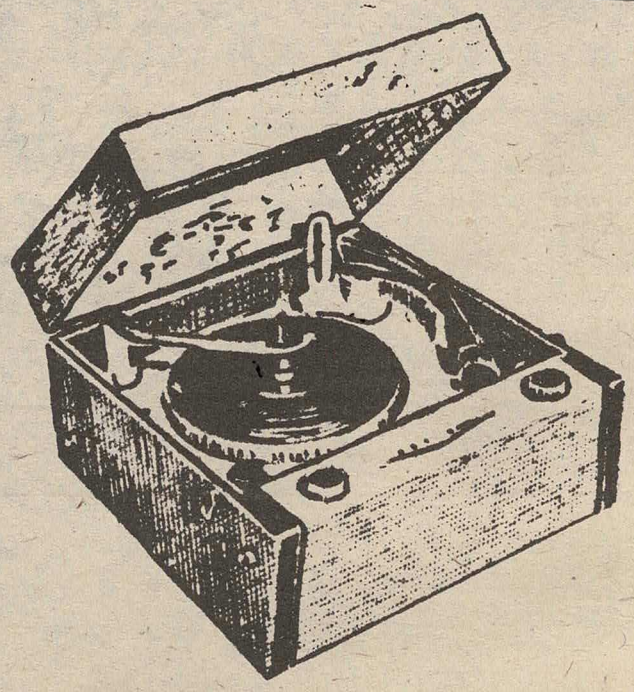
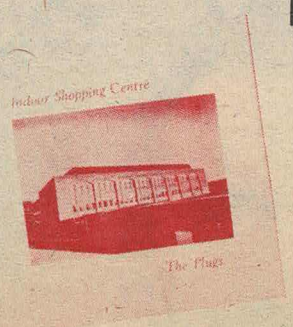


UK — LONDON

RANDOM HOLD: The March (RCA).
There ensues a struggle in which we all are involved. It is dishonest and it is cowardly to pretend otherwise; even if duplicity is to be seen inveterate in many about us, even through ignorance and fear fool by, yet still is there a space to withstand, and against the tyrant forces prevail. I endorse the sentiments of Random Hold, who pledge not a craven demur, but passive pride. It is also an accomplished record, a march of course. The sound is full, solid, bit pompous, all fits into place; round bass rumble, steady drum, weaving keys, reverberatory female vocal, even some approximate chord from 'Spanish Harlem' for one instant. The chorus returns:
"We will not march, nor join the band, we will not march for empty gestures, empty systems, empty men."

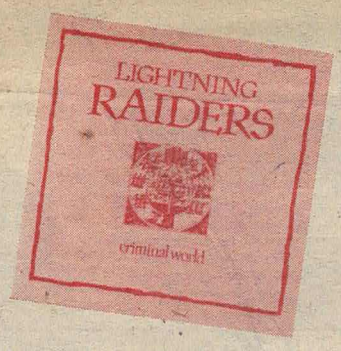


JAH REEL'S JIVE FIVE + FIVE

1 **DADDY'S HOME — Shep And The Limelites** (Pye International)
2 **THERE'S A MOON OUT TONIGHT — Capris** (Columbia)
3 **SMOKY PLACES — The Corsairs** (Pye International)
4 **CRUCIFIXION — Barrington Levy** (Greensleeves)
5 **PRETTY THING — Bo Diddley** (Pye R&B)
6 **PRINCE CHARMING — Adam And The Ants** (CBS)
7 **I DON'T CARE IF THE SUN DON'T SHINE — Elvis Presley** (Sun)
8 **WATER MORE THAN FLOUR — Johnny Osbourne** (Studio 1)
9 **THE BALLAD OF JOHN AND YOKO — The Beatles** (Apple)
10 **LET ME IN — The Sensations** (Pye International)

UK — EAST HERTS

THE PLUGS: High Society/Indoor Shopping Centre (Gargoyle).
Sequel to their aberrant rendering of Bo Diddley's 'Cracking Up', bohemian boiler boys The Plugs vivify a pair of original compositions with some zestful performance. Narrative topside extends an invitation to a party, consorts there with Russell Harty, and provides fuel for singer Martin Payne's equivocal comment on the subject of the beau monde.
'Shopping Centre' on the flip addresses its lyric to the emporium at Stevenage, and is an appropriate overture to that most cardinal of dance steps as practised by the discerning consumer, 'Let's Loot The Supermarket'. In mimicry of the sort of voice we all have learned to loathe ever since the introduction of commercial television, Mr Payne urges: *"Bargain, bargain, bargain buys, hurry, hurry, hurry, save yourself £s and £s, lots of lovely money. All the shops are the same. Aren't you glad that you came?"* And some sound advice by way of a *double entendre*: *"Don't get your feet wet in an indoor shopping centre."*
Much Hadham travelled in the realms of gold.



JAMAICA — BRENTFORD ROAD

JENNIFER LARA: Sukiyaki (Studio 1).
Plaintive rendition of the lovely Japanese melody that is a worldwide hit for Kyu Sakomoto in 1963, a British chart entry for Kenny Ball around the same time, and also a US success as arranged by A Taste Of Honey towards the end of last year. It is the latter of the versions, with its English lyrics, that Ms Lara chooses to interpret here and invest with that timeless quality which is the trademark of C.D. Dodd productions. Mood music for four o'clock in the morning, and the mellowest sound of the week.

UK — PORTOBELLO ROAD

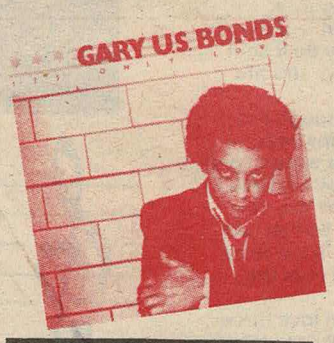
LIGHTNING RAIDERS: Criminal World (Revenge).
Melodic metal expounds evil in progress. Though they maintain it's a crime just being born, which I do not go along with, the group do esteem politicians an illicit majority. I know this is not too original an idea, but even as much awareness isn't that too often encountered; and judging from the conversations I overhear in public places, an excess of the blame in vogue presently is laid at the doors of mostly innocent parties.
The lads are a leather clad pentad, sporting Motorhead and Lightning Raiders vests, three of them wear dark sunglasses, and they make liberal use of Pete Townshend's 'The Seeker' to beg what you intend to do now you have found it is a criminal world! If you watch too much television and read too many newspapers it makes you see the: *"Treason in Thamesmead, corruption in North Harrow, breakdown in Herne Hill, terror in Heston."*

UK — FINSBURY PARK

TRIBESMAN: Finsbury Park (Warm).
In consideration of what is probably the least blithe locality in the whole of London, Tribesman define wistful harmonies and restrained rhythm to conclude that the district remains quiescent until after dark. Originally released on discomix in 1979, the song bears a 7" imprint for the first time on this Catalan pressing and is coupled with a Marie Ffolkes original, 'Sunday Morning'. Its opening scenario petitions quotation:
"Hail dreadee!"
"Hail the man. Hail the man."
"I man a look a draw of macka."
"A look for the macka?"
"Seen. Nothing but the best."
"Seen. Well, the man just follow I man down a the park."
The unwary will be advised to exercise some vigilance when attempting the experiment, however. In Finsbury Park, formula is the standard prescription.

NORWAY — OSLO

REMANAK: Dra Til Haelvete (Mind Expanding).
This never varies pace. It jogs a ska tempo on the beat, while a male vocal who sounds like Mark Bolan on 'Ride A White Swan' intones a lyric. Every so often there is a pause, then a single boom from what sounds like a kettle drum, followed by a chorus chanting, *"Dra til haelvete"* several times, and then takes up again from where it leaves off. When this process is completed a few times the record ends. A lullaby.



US — NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

GARY US BONDS: It's Only Love (EMI America).
Huge production designed to suit the men in the radio stations, interpreting a Beatles song. That quintet from Church Street sure sound polished these days.

UK — KENT

HAiRCUT ONE HUNDRED: Favourite Shirts (Boy Meets Girl) (Clip 12").
Great sound. A big thump of funk, laden with bongo drums, percussion, liberal application of syndrum, plenty free blowing horns, plus some clean vocal, though not very much of it, and all inscribed to the legend of three good looking youths with sharp taste in clothes. A successful recipe, assuredly.

UK — NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE

THE 45's: Secrets And Whispers (Chrysalis).
These five Tyne Tees expatriates are said to have gathered a good following on the London live circuit since they moved down, and their crowd could even give them a hit here. It is dreamy pop with doo wop influence, though a bit ordinary.

UK — ENFIELD via INDIA

MONSOON: Monsoon EP (Indipop).
New combo comprising four players of instruments on sitar, tabla, guitar and keyboards, and a vocalist of 16 years named Sandra Chandra, who lives in London since a baby, and sings in English wistful pop songs with evocative titles like 'Sunset Over The Ganges'. Their EP is a four track pressing of some 14 minutes playing time, which I rate as good value, especially since they make pretty sounds throughout, and even if it does remind me some of the George Harrison contribution on a Beatles LP, that is to say not too substantial. Best cut is the unlikely titled 'The Mirror Of Your Mind'. Deserves a listen.

AUSTRALIA

ROLF HARRIS: War Canoe (EMI).
A flux of cerulean Aborigines are content to splash about in buckets by way of simulating the sound of oars, when Rolf Harris gives nasal voice to yet a further variation of 'Sun Arise', only with different words, at which a flux of cerulean Aborigines start to moan in unison, nor do they stop until the song's conclusion. Mr Harris issues orders. *"All together,"* he urges, *"all together, lean on the paddles, lean on and lift up, rapidly,"* and the flux of cerulean Aborigines set upon their buckets with a renewed vigour, moaning all the while. *"War canoe come flashing towards us,"* Mr Harris is in his stride now, *"come crashing towards us."* A flux of cerulean Aborigines attend their buckets and take little notice. Suddenly a beard is to be heard bristling.
Then Mr Harris lets out a loud yell and proceeds to vent his spleen on your favourite weekly publication, and in accents evidently perfected by diligent study of Sex Pistols music, he utters the angry words, *"Come on and kill the NME"*.
I never do find out how he learns I am in the middle of reviewing his record.

UK — MANCHESTER

KISSING THE PINK: Don't Hide In The Shadows (Martyrwell).
All ethereal, coy and operatic.

US — CALIFORNIA

RAY CAMPI AND HIS ROCKABILLY REBELS: The Newest Wave (Rollin' Rock).
RAVENNA & THE MAGNETICS: Mean Mean Man (Rollin' Rock).
JOHNNY LEGEND AND HIS SKULLCAPS: The South's Gonna Rise Again (Rollin' Rock).

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RAY BOY & LIL JIMMY LEE: I Need Love (Rollin' Rock). JIMMY LEE MASLON: Turn Me All Around (Rollin' Rock).
I own to partaking of rockabilly in fairly frequent dosage, it being a taste to which I am quite partial, and not holding any strong convictions on the respective merits of contemporary and original recordings of the music, approach this five pack without prejudice, although the Johnny Legend title pulls me up a bit short. Sadly, I now begin to sympathise with those purist quibbles, having made the discovery that these waxings borrow the '50s style, then fail to capture anything of the spirit, except as regards a certain emasculative parody.

Ray Campi is the name best known here, and defines an indifferent 12 bar in trying to make us believe he is the happening thing. *"Disco's out, I don't wanna hear it no more,"* he avers, *"I am the newest wave burning up your record store."*

Ravenna & the Magnetics is a memorable name for a group, and the lady out front shows some verve, however lacks the vocal equipment necessary to its achievement. Julie Burchill once claims the confederate flag has the same evil connotations as the swastika, and Johnny Legend's cowboy kazoo would seem to confirm all Ms Burchill's arguments, and makes fatuous remark to the effect that, *"Before too long those yankee heads will drop, yeeh, yah!"*

Ray Boy and Lil Jimmy turn in the worst of all the performances; theirs is a shrill, messy production. Of all, only Jimmy Lee Maslon makes good, especially on the flip of his single with 'Your Wildcat Ways'.

US — BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

THE TIKIS: Surfadelic (Thermidor).
Guitar and drum instrumental bash derivative of The Ventures and Duals.

UK — LONDON

COMBO PASSE: Tico Tico (101).
Desecration of an inoffensive Andrews Sisters song rendered instrumental and taken at breakneck speed.

UK — LONDON 100 Club

ACKER BILK HIS CLARINET AND STRINGS: Finda A Way (PRT).
Still the same lugubrious Mr Bilk making every melody sound like 'Stranger On The Shore', although it is an amiable sound for that. The strings do nothing to enhance it, they just add saccharine.

UK — LINCOLN

THE THE: Cold Spell Ahead (SBL).
Starts brightly enough, some interesting harmonies whet the appetite for more of the same. Alas, it meanders directionless before the song is half way through, and never finds its way again.

UK — CHALK FARM

HURT AND HUSBAND; Holy Cow (Mosa).
There is a spark of flame here that suggests to me that this is very likely intended as a labour of love, but Lee Dorsey doesn't need it. Much too brash anyway.

UK — PADDINGTON

THE RHYTHM METHODISTS: Don't Rely On Me (Methodisque).
Ah, the methodist movement is not what it formerly was. I cannot too easily imagine his Lordship Donald Soper admitting he is not to be trusted. Otherwise, quite a proficient little number from the brethren, in lieu of a straightforward rock bash, though hardly evangelical.

NEW ZEALAND

THE SCREAMING MEANIES: See Me Go (Propellor).
Kiwis influenced by Monkees relinquish poor article. The vocalist is off key, and as for the lyrics . . . Well, here is a sample: *"Saw you in my mind, from behind a plastic facade, watched the image change, every costume you discard."* Hee, hee, hee, cachinnated the Owl of the Remove.

UK — BIRMINGHAM

WEAPON OF PEACE: Jah Love (Safari).
Commonplace workout with some deft touches, but an overall muddy sound.

UK — LADBROKE GROVE

THE RED CRAYOLA WITH ART & LANGUAGE: An Old Man's Dream (Rough Trade).
More ethereal voices, but with crafted production and some applied ideas, yet a wasted effort. I presume the background discords mean something, only . . .

UK — NORWICH

VITAL DISORDERS: Prams EP (Lowther International).
Three track platter, including a dull dissertation on Ms Thatcher entitled 'Snatcher', a jaunty punk 'Tough Times', and The Slits-like title track. The latter is particularly worthy of discussion. Angry and witty, it describes a young girl daydreaming of being a great Hollywood star, when at once the mood shifts and her voice gains a hysterical edge as she insists, *"Let's talk about prams and washing machines, let's talk about the end of childhood dreams. Let's talk about three piece suites and cocktail bars, fitted carpets, family cars, colour TV, double glazing . . ."*

UK — WOKING

THE JAM: Absolute Beginners (Polydor).
This is growing on me slowly, though I am still not fully reconciled to the disco oriented beat, which I think fails to do justice to the group. Paul Weller possesses incredible vocal range, however, and sings with a confidence that is the great dividing line between The Jam and virtually all the other artists reviewed here this week. Nevertheless, this reminiscence of lost days remains a disappointment.

WELLER

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—doll by doll—

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NME

"Brooding power, romantic themes, glorious melodies"
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HOT PRESS

Album MAGL 5039

—doll by doll—

Single MAG195

ON TOUR

OCTOBER

10 DUNDEE UNIVERSITY
11 GLENROTHES LOMOND CENTRE
12 EDINBURGH NAPIER COLLEGE
13 NEWCASTLE UNIVERSITY
14 HUDDERSFIELD POLY
15 SHEFFIELD LIMIT
16 STAFFORD POLY
17 WARWICK UNIVERSITY
20 LEEDS WAREHOUSE
21 BRADFORD UNIVERSITY
22 MANCHESTER POLY
23 LEICESTER POLY
24 WOLVERHAMPTON POLY
25 EAST ANGLIA UNIVERSITY NORWICH
27 SWINDON BRUNEL ROOMS
28 BOURNEMOUTH TOWN HALL
29 OXFORD POLY
30 BIRMINGHAM POLY
31 BRISTOL POLY

NOVEMBER

10 VENUE LONDON

MAGNET

"Oh oh — looks like rain onstage tonight. . ."

ALWAYS BE SMARTLY DRESSED, WELL-GROOMED, RELAXED FRIENDLY POLITE AND IN COMPLETE CONTROL

à La Recherche

GOOD ETIQUETTE is refraining from noticing bad smells. The dank after-taste of boiled cabbage permeating Newcastle City Hall is defiantly at odds with Eddie Maelov and Sunshine Patteson's evening dress, but neither's nostrils so much as quiver in discomfort.

As non-paying guests (there is a difference) on Ultravox's British tour, they're not about to let little things spoil their big chance. Not even the petty irritations of there being no time for a soundcheck, or having to set up their few props while the audience is streaming in, throw the duo off-balance.

Such hazards are just accepted as a tour's teething problems. Plus they enjoy the compensation of getting the dressing room with the shared bathroom and, with it, the treat of Midge Ure serenading himself behind closed doors with 'Prince Charming'.

Though relatively new to a mass public, Eddie and Sunshine are seasoned enough pros of the new cabaret circuit to ride the squalls — and so they have to be, as their carefully balanced show allows no margin for error, or for the indulgent onstage moaning that rock groups lapse into when things go slightly askew.

Their performing space rescued from the safety curtain, Eddie and Sunshine go through a quick change and re-enter stage right looking like suburban *Mr & Mrs* contestants after losing a heat. They dolefully hang their raincoats and umbrellas on the thoughtfully provided stand, switch on the Revox tape recorder (playing pre-recorded bass/drum rhythms) positioned on the shelf between the flower vase, guitar and two keyboards, and then console each other with an achingly sweet affirmation, called 'All I See Is You'. It is a painstakingly rehearsed routine acted out with child-like deliveration that is both calculated and utterly affecting.

They look like a familiar but animated photograph that is nevertheless difficult to locate in time or place. And each of their songs is a carefully wrought scene, a design derived from living.

They link them with gestures and cliches appropriated from a cabaret artiste's handbook which, because of the pop context Eddie and Sunshine work in, can be accepted at face value or as a mild mockery of those same show business values. The duo relish the ambiguity that appeals to old. .

"When we played on the Cabaret Futura tour we got a lot of reaction from the older staff in the clubs," reveals Sunshine. "They came up to us afterwards and said they like our set."

"And we don't say that to many of you groups," mimics Eddie in stoically assuring tones.

. . .and young alike. Their Newcastle show is enthusiastically received by Ultravox's young fans. Surprised, perhaps?

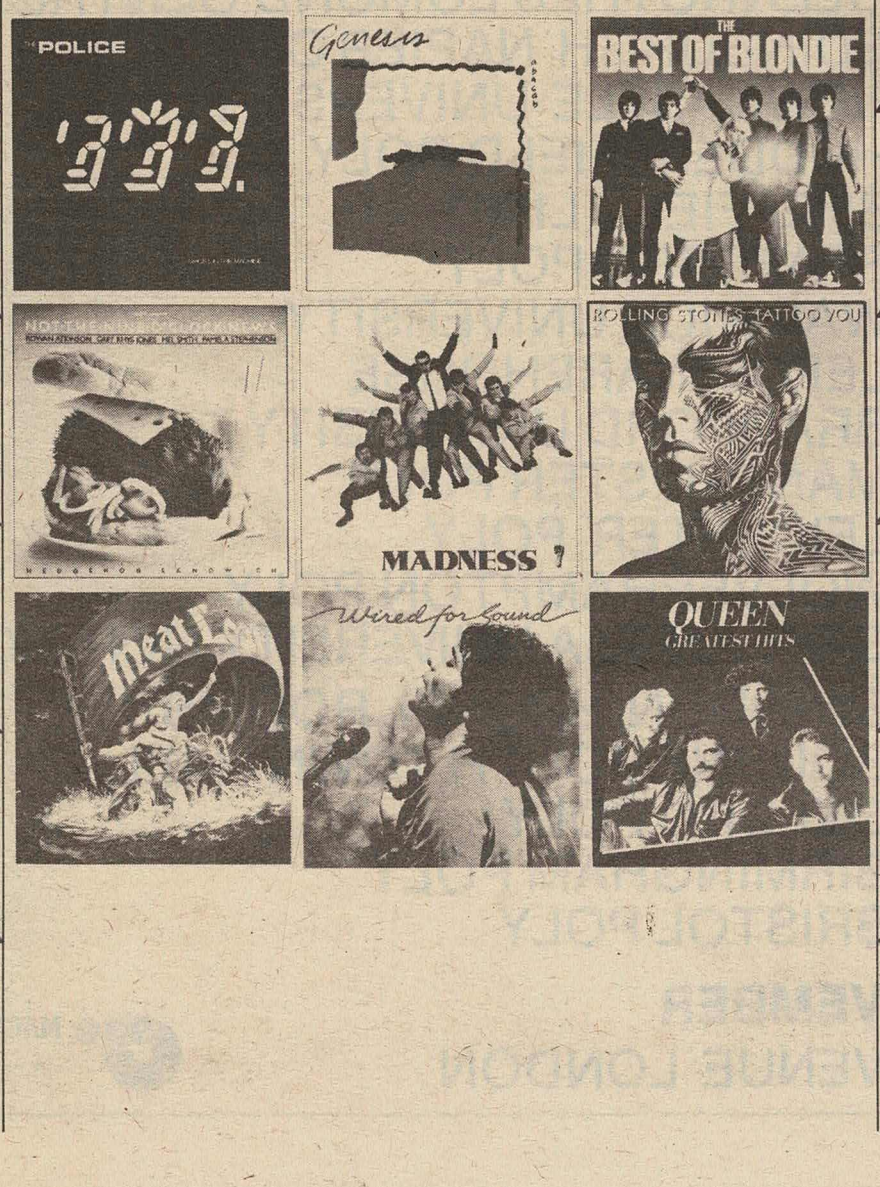
Eddie: "Many of the kids who came backstage to see us said they hadn't been to many gigs before, if any. So fortunately they haven't been through the pre-conditioning of what trend is in and what trend is out this week."

THE LORD CHISELS STILL, SO DON'T LEAVE YOUR BENCH FOR LONG

LET'S NOT get coy about this. Eddie and Sunshine look great, even by day when they're resting their evening dress in favour of more casual clothing. Their immaculately sculptured appearance is individual enough to attract the attention of the post Blitz school of design, yet anonymous enough for them to fit into the real world, too.

Back at their Newcastle hotel — a modest residence one star up from a bed and breakfast, five steps removed from

UP



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Du Temps Suspendu

In search of drama, cabaret, truth, Sunshine & Eddie: **CHRIS BOHN**

Gravures: **PETER ANDERSON**

Cross-heads from Gilbert & George's 'The Laws For Sculptors'

sleeping in the back of a van — the staff aren't quite sure whether they're dealing with newly-weds or show people. The confusion is reinforced when the duo pose for pictures on the front doorstep holding a bridal bouquet from their stage set.

Unlike many of the figures who capitalised on those Strange nights at Blitz or Hell for Heroes, they don't turn what they wear into some kind of manifesto — despite the self-confidence they exude, they're a touch too nervous and cautious for that — but they do choose their clothes to suit their act. Then, their background is in theatre and not St Martin's School of Art.

Eddie Maelov and Sunshine Patteson is the latest and best permutation of the oddish couple's pop theatrix that stretch back to student days at Essex University in the early '70s, taking in stints (for Eddie) in community theatres — one of which also included Ultravox's Billy Currie. Apparently they did the sort of mime things fringe theatres were wont to do and the public stayed away in droves.

"I went to see them once," recalls Sunshine with a wicked smile," and they were dreadful. It was all probably immensely moving for the people actually doing it, but to watch it. . ." She shakes her in disbelief.

Sunshine, meanwhile, was scratching a living as a dramatic teaching aid to foreign language students. Later, the duo met John Foxx and introduced him to Billy Currie, who became the early Ultravox incarnation called Tiger Lily. Eddie and Sunshine mime/danced to a few of their songs hence their longstanding friendship with both Foxx and Ultravox. The former has employed them as *Top Of The Pops* props and the latter invited them onto their British tour. Eddie and Sunshine are nothing if not diplomatic.

Not that diplomacy was immediately obvious in their first group proper, Gloria Mundi, a tortuous rock-as-primal-therapy group, who were too clumsy and deliberately ugly to share their concerns with more than a strong cult following. Their two RCA LPs reveal a group whose thoughts were expressed too literally for aesthetic comfort, while onstage they resorted to dramatic actions in an ill-conceived assault on public consciousness. Few were either listening or looking.

The group split, the duo re-thought, and relaunched themselves as Eddie Maelov and Sunshine Patteson. Their winningly shy, more subtle show is softer, better and deservedly the best-loved of their involvements in music.

What caused them to calm down?

"Maybe we just grew away from the Gloria Mundi approach," Eddie postulates. "We just didn't get far enough then, we hit a brick wall and got dispirited as the method obviously wasn't working."

Why did they choose open confrontation in the first place?

"The frustration, I suppose, wanting to shock people. I don't know where it came from, but we had the feeling then ('74/'75) that this was our time. Nothing was really happening back then and we thought we would shock and shake up the whole thing.

They were too slow in getting through and punk beat them to it. Eddie and Sunshine are now part of the post-punk smartening up; theirs is the most extreme move away from the grubiness of it all, as they avoided the fashionable fancy dress balls and have instead, worked out a more timeless pose/persona that has only been superficially touched upon in pop by Bryan Ferry during his lounge lizard period. Eddie and Sunshine's version, though, is the suburban side of the rock dream.

Eddie and Sunshine integrate real life/style into their art — they don't wear either purely as accessories. Too exact to be easily copied, too imprecise to belong to a specific period, they're not Noel Coward revivalists.

"Obviously we don't belong to a specific period," concurs Eddie, "but giving off little echoes in the music we're giving the audience an extra feeling to deal with. And those feelings help knock the whole thing off-centre a little.

NEVER WORRY ASSESS
DISCUSS OR CRITICISE
BUT REMAIN QUIET
RESPECTFUL AND CALM

EDDIE MAELOV and Sunshine Patteson's surface softness has been lazily misinterpreted as transparency. They knew when they started making their music easier on the ear that they would be running the risk of not being listened to properly, but best to be heard on any level first than not at all. And a closer listen to their songs quickly puts paid to such shallow claims.

Some are purely enjoyable, cleverly constructed pop, like 'The Last Bouquet', which through its Georgian moans and plaintive innocent-girl-lost storyline recalls the morbid death songs of the '60s. Others, like 'Times Are Hard (So What Else Is New?)' and 'Man For Sale' are wittily ironic reflections. Their presentation has obviously been calculated to draw listeners in — after which it's up to them how close they get or how far they want to take it. That's not to say Eddie and Sunshine are evading responsibilities.

"It's not very pleasant living in England at the moment," observes Eddie. "People's lives aren't particularly wild or thrilling and what we're giving them, in a way, is a chance to escape from it all. To start with on a pure escapist level, then to get them involved a little bit more into what is going down and we get back into *that subversive thing*," he intones darkly.

"This is something I might have said in Gloria Mundi, I suppose, but you are still responsible for what you're doing to people, especially as we're now affecting people on a more subversive level, if you like. You're playing with people's minds in a way, you're doing things they can't defend themselves against, those things that go in subliminally, that is. But you have to trust your sense of responsibility and in our case we hope we're suggesting nice things to people," he laughs. "We're slipping in subversively nice things!"

Eddie and Sunshine have been fortunate that their re-emergence coincided with the brief return of cabaret as

■ TO PAGE 57

X-RATED

X-cellent! X-claims Richard Grabel, as he X-amines, X-plains and X-plores LA's most X-plosive punk X-port, a band called. . .X. (Well, what did ya X-pect?) X-posures by Joseph Stevens.

John Doe, Billy Zoom, Exene and Don Bonebrake.

PUNK ROCKED, and the world rolled. And by the time it got to Los Angeles it was a unruly adolescent with an identity problem.

From a distance, the LA punk scene always seemed an odd grab-bag of past fashions, meaningless slogans and poses struck by spoiled kids. You heard that you had to get closer to the scene to discover what the insiders swore was there, a uniquely home-grown LA response to that sun-drenched American dream. But from afar you couldn't tell your Plugz from your Slugz without a program, and like most outsiders, I never bothered.

Along came X. Their first album, 'Los Angeles', gave me a good nudge. Their second, 'Wild Gift', gave me a hard, vigorous shake. And I was awake.

X are set apart by their songs, their passion, and their roots. Their songs are full of the real wisdom and experience of love. Love found, lost and found again. Love seen as a precious shell found in the sea, and life's emotions recognized as waves trying to rip that shell out of your hands.

Their passion is in their playing. Their roots are in rock and roll's tradition.

Uh-oh, three dirty, unfashionable words. *Rock* and *roll* and *tradition:* put them together and you've got a laughable hangover. Unless you are that rare, remarkable band that can dig out the rebellion and spirit that rock and roll is meant to mean from where it's buried and make it live.

To be a real rock and roll band in the time and place X got their start, you had to be punk band. Which is why X started that way.

"Right!" singer Exene agrees. "That's a very good point."

"When Alan Freed made up the term rock and roll," John Doe adds "the people that were playing what had been called popular music, people like Frank Sinatra, didn't want to be called that. And the other guys, like Jerry Lee Lewis and Carl Perkins, did. But rock and roll's definition got too diffused, it didn't mean anything. So with punk, people could call themselves punk as a way of keeping out the other people. Linda Rondstadt might try to call herself new wave but she would never call herself punk."

But it is more than style or the speed of their rhythms that make X a punk band: John and Exene's songs speak of a need to defeat all kinds of repression — punk's basic premise expanding into the most personal, intimate areas. The love they sing about isn't the pretty, contemplative love of most pop music, it's a passion that can be harmful, a violent force. In their world, love is against the odds, an act of defiance.

LA's PUNK scene keeps mutating, pushing itself more and more against a stylistic wall. Interesting bands like the blues-punk Gun Club spring up, and The Go-Go's have a hit album. But on the local club circuit, the hard-core and beach-punk audiences dominate, the violent push and shove known as slamming is the rule, and everyone else has to watch their ass. The current state of things is well explored in Penelope Spheeris' sharp-eyed documentary film, *The Decline And Fall Of Western Civilization.* The showing of *The Decline* around the country has spread the slam to other cities, but nowhere else do they do it with the virulence of the LA punks.

X have never accepted the constraints of hard-core punk orthodoxy. Guitarist Billy Zoom comes from a rockabilly background, and the influence of heroes like Gene Vincent, Eddie Cochran and Scotty Moore shines through his punk riffing. Drummer Don "DJ" Bonebrake is not only relentlessly fast and hard but swinging and inventive, not just driving the band but leading it. Most of all, the songwriting and singing team of bassist John Doe and singer Exene Cervenka set X apart.

John and Exene's vocal style is built on soaring trade-offs, their voices fly and bounce around each other. They met at a poetry workshop in Venice, California, one that Tom Waits and Charles Bukowski had previously attended, and their writing shows a very literary attention to detail and image, and a pervasive warmth and humanism. They are married, and their best songs are written from the inside of a love affair — a difficult one, full of pain and pleasure.

The rock-pop vocabulary has just recently opened up to real issues of the sexual battleground, with sexually integrated groups like Au Pairs and Delta 5 leading the way. The songs of those groups, while often very cutting and perceptive, are directed at someone outside, removed, someone who does not answer back. X add another dimension by having the songs deal with the relationship of the two people singing them, by carrying the dynamic of their meaning contained within the group. Private battles and traumas are worked out publicly in their art, without any easy, artificial solutions being imposed.

'White Girl' and 'When Our Love Passed Out On The Couch', for example, deal with temptation and the dilemma of infidelity in an 'open' relationship. This particular emotional minefield has rarely been so succinctly traversed.

" 'White Girl'," Exene says, "was just an experience where we were living together and John was attracted to another woman. For him to have to deal with it, and for me to have to deal with it, and for him to write a song about it, and for us to sing it together — that's an interesting way to get your frustrations and emotions worked out."

Listening to X's songs can be like walking in on a private conversation.

"That's what good writing is all about. Being so personal and specific that everyone can relate to it. The old sort of thing: *'I loved my baby and she left me';* I mean so what? But if you can give real specific details of your relationship, people can identify with it more. I don't consider what we do brilliant, but I consider it personal enough so that you can get something out of it."

John: "Too many people in writing lyrics have shyed away from the range of human experience. I think if there's anything we've done it's in not being afraid to write what we feel."

Is it hard, making private things public?

"Naw, that's just writing. You just try to be as honest with yourself as you can. You feel good when you can capture something that's a part of your life and write it down."

Some of your lines say more about their topics than almost anything I've read or heard. Like about infidelity: *"I hate it/I love you/I hate that I need to know what you do."*

John: "That's a real syndrome, isn't it. I guess what's good is taking something that is really obvious and then saying it. John Lennon did that when he wrote about how he was a jealous guy."

Is your relationship as tempestuous as your songs suggest?

Exene: "Off and on. But isn't that what temptestuous means?"

John: "Not really. Whenever you make something, a film or a book or a song, it magnifies things. The songs go over a period of time, but you hear them all at once."

Exene: "For me, if I'm going to write

something I have to feel it so deeply that I just couldn't not write it. So you write about the deepest, saddest moments, or the most weird, or the best. You go to the extremes and write about that stuff, rather than just writing, *La de da, me and John in Atlantic City, Buddy Hackett's at the casino tonight'."*

SEEING X LIVE you forget about what the songs are saying, and get swept up in the soar, roar and rush of the music. Billy Zoom is the secret weapon. He stands immobile, feet spread apart, a silly grin fixed on his face, tossing off a torrent of rockapunk guitar noise that might be a direct transmission from rock and roll heaven. Exene, small and strong, stares down her audience and lets loose a voice that pleads, cries and exalts in manic, punk-blues shouting. John's voice is fuller, more anchored, and equally convincing.

There are great voices, and great singers. Exene and John are great singers. Neither's voice is pretty or perfect, but both are rich in expressiveness and soul.

At New York's Peppermint Lounge, the hard-core crowd gathers in front of the stage, slamming away happily, but the audience is much wider that that. X have quietly, and without the help of any corporate marketing muscle, become a national presence. Even out in the small mid-West towns, the bars they play fill up with crowds that already know their music. And the Peppermint Lounge is packed wall-to-wall, the most crowded I've seen it.

The stage is high, but that doesn't stop the slammers up front from acting out a favourite LA ritual. One after another kids invade the stage, leaping or climbing up on someone's shoulders, and then dive back into into the crowd. Miraculously, nobody gets hurt.

It's hard not to get over-excited. X are pounding out waves of motion and melody. Like most great punk they turn adrenalin and energy into music, but X also make great songs. For the whole set, the packed club shakes in a shared delight;
from the slammers up front to the drinkers at the back bar, nobody is standing still. What is moving them is rock and roll — yes, that tired old horse can still be made to get up and cut it. X are probably my favourite rock and roll band.

X ARE SO GOOD I'd follow them anywhere. But the next stop on their tour happened to be Atlantic City, so I followed them there. And got hit with images of America's bankrupt spirit, and of the things that give us hope for living here. Atlantic City — a glittering facade that reveals more than it hides about how lonely and disconnected from each other Americans allow themselves to become. X — a band whose songs speak about loneliness and disconnection and what it takes to fight these things.

Three years ago, Atlantic City was a moribund seaside resort on the New Jersey coast, once fashionable but since gone to seed. Its beach was lined with grand, ornate hotels, marvels of Victorian Gothic architecture most of which stood empty. Then, after a long political battle, legalised gambling was instituted. Wrecking balls and dynamite crews began demolishing the old hotels and shining high-rise casino/hotels took their place. Atlantic City was supposed to become the Las Vegas of the East Coast, a goldmine that would give the townspeople jobs and prosperity and make the companies that own the casinos rich.

It hasn't happened that way. Louis Malle's film *Atlantic City,* though saddled with an overly sentimental plot, does show that the lives of the town's people didn't improve much when they began to revolve around the casinos and the insufficient jobs they offered. Now the stretch along the beach does light up with fake, tacky glamour. But walk three blocks off the main drag and you are in slums. Atlantic City is another American fallacy, another case of dashed hopes and broken promises.

There are six or seven casinos, run by the same people that run the Las Vegas operations — Sands, Ceasars, Resorts International. Each is the size of a football field, and each is teeming with people throwing away their money. They are predominantly male, middle-aged with bulging paunches, cigars clamped in their mouths, a wife trailing behind. They stare intently at the games they are playing — blackjack, roulette, craps — eyes fixed on the cards or dice, never looking at another human being. In one corner a "floorshow" is happening — glitzy "showgirls" doing a polite bump-and-grind to muzak disco — but nobody is watching. My eyes are popping out of my head. It's all just like in movies, only much worse.

Saddest of all are the hordes of old ladies playing the slot machines. They all dress alike in pant-suits, grey haired, feeding quarters into the slots. Many of them play two machines at once, shifting back and forth quickly, keeping the little apples and oranges in the window tumbling and the coils rolling down the slots.

Sad to think that this is the end product of a life in America, the most fun available at the end of the road in a society that doesn't care for its old and has nothing to offer them. You're lonely, disenfranchised — go stand in front of a machine for hours on end and feed it money!

The casinos are a world of vacationing husbands and wives, or sometimes bosses and secretaries, out of towners. For all the plush velvet and satin-draped cocktail waitresses they are a grey world.

But what about the world of the young in Atlantic City? Where do they go?

They go to the Ivory Bar in Margate, the next town down the road. The Ivory used to be a disco, so it is set up with a dance floor and a postage-stamp size stage. About a year ago the owners decided disco was dead, put up an Elvis Costello poster and *went New Wave.* Now it's a part of the touring circuit, but for the local kids, it's just the only place in town.

But to go there from the casinos is a relief and a thrill. It's going from people trying to forget each other to people wanting to meet each other, from gambling to dancing, from people who've given up to people who are still trying.

In the dressing room I meet Billy Zoom for the first time, whose first question is, "Do you like rockabilly?" He's wearing a Gene Vincent badge and one that proclaims "Citizens For Vespa". Turns out Zoom collects Vespa motorscooters, spends a lot of time on the road looking up dealers and buying rare parts.

Showtime, and the floor in front of the stage has filled with cropped-haired punks. They've driven in from the suburbs of Philadelphia, an hour's drive away. They've all just seen *The Decline And Fall,* and when X start playing the

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FROM PAGE 23

place erupts into slamming madness. In Atlantic City!

Billy has his usual grin fixed in place, but John and Exene look out on what's happening with shock and glee written on their faces. The stage is only inches off the ground, and so small they both have to stand right on the edge so that the bodies of slamming kids and them keep having near collisions. They weave, duck, smile, and the songs pour out.

The local kids, the dating crowd from Margate and Ocean City, look on the slamming Philly punks with wary smiles, but nobody seems put off. Soon, like the night before in New York, the entire room is moving.

After the set, a few punk kids venture into the dressing room. One of them, who has a Philly punk band called The Proteans, is talking to Exene.

"I guess John just gave you his lecture about keeping the integrity of your own scene," she says. "Don't think you have to imitate Los Angeles or New York or London."

The kids hang on John and Exene's words like they were gospel. They're not about to give up hero worship, but John and Exene do their best to deflect the attention with a few jokes and a generally easy, unpretentious manner. I'm starting to feel very warmly towards these two, watching them relate to their fans. They treat everybody with compassion and good humour.

Talk turns to the spreading effect of *The Decline and Fall.* Exene doesn't think a nationwide slamfest would be the best thing for new music.

"At first I was upset by the separation between us and the hardcore scene. But if you are part of that, then the mood of the audience determines what your gig is like. If they decide to invade the stage, then no gig. And it scares off the mainstream people."

The guy from The Proteans complains that his band will get dumped on if they don't fit the hardcore bill.

"Don't you think we always got shit from people saying, 'You're not hardcore enough' or 'You're not experimental enough'? The worst thing is self-righteousness. I hate that. You just have to do what you do."

THE NEXT DAY is a sunny Sunday morning. John, Exene and I sit near the motel pool, looking out over the beach and ocean. We lounge and laugh at ourselves: none of us are used to this kind of idyllic scene. X can sell out 4000-seat theatres back in LA (they were the first non-major label band to headline the Greek Theatre there), and pack out small-town clubs, and even sell impressive numbers of albums for an indie label. But they are a long way from being rich and a longer way from acting like pop stars.

John: "Before we were in a band there was not a lot to do but fuck around. We lived in an area where we could do that. Drinking a lot, staying up all night. We don't live in skid row housing anymore, but it's basically the same thing going on."

Exene: "In the early days of the LA scene, everyone was both in the audience and a part of what was going on. I was as much a person who hung out and went to see bands as I was a person who was in a band. Now sometimes we go to the Whiskey and some kid will come up and say, 'Wow, what are you doing here?' It's unfortunate that people want to turn musicians into stars. You have to fight it, and it's real hard to fight that."

X call themselves a rock and roll band.

Exene: "I think it's safe to return to that now. It's been a while. And we are separated from the hardcore punk audience, we have to be. But it hurts, in a way. We feel a kinship with those people".

I found some of the kids interviewed in *The Decline* quite disturbing. Like the guy who says, "I'm finally doing something I'm good at."

What's that?

"Beating people up."

John: "That guy's in jail now. He's been in and out of correctional facilities all his life. He's the one per cent nut case that will attach itself to any scene."

But don't people like that sometimes become the standard-bearers and set the tone?

John: "Not to a great degree. It is scary when people start throwing bottles or hurting each other. That guy did cause a lot of trouble, but people around him did eventually realize that he was different in the way he felt inside himself. People mostly just want to go out and have a good time and feel something deeply when they go see a band."

Is that the most important thing, inspiring deep feelings?

John: "It is to me."

Exene: "Saying what has to be said for people who can't say it. Giving people an outlet like we give ourselves."

John: "I'm a great believer in emotion. If you can make someone feel a deep emotion, convey a deep emotion to them and make them feel that, they'll get something out of it. They can get to a deeper level of feeling and ask themselves questions they couldn't face before."

So X isn't just disposable fun.

John: "In the records, no. Live it can be. What I mean to say is if you can convince people that deep feelings are okay, they'll be better off."

In X's group dynamic, the balance to John and Exene's earnest intellect is Billy Zoom's taciturn bad-boy moodiness and rockabilly classicism. Zoom fronted his own rockabilly outfit, the Billy Zoom Band, which released several records on Rolling Rock, and toured with Gene Vincent's last back-up band. He's the kind of guy who strolls up in the midst of a discussion of X's songs to announce," I think 'Be Bop A Lu La' is the greatest lyric ever written."

Don Bonebrake is the muso of the band, though you'd never know it. A drummer since the age of twelve, he's played in marching bands, bossa nova and Dixieland bands, percussion ensembles, the Valley Youth Orchestra, the Dakota Symphony — "I could go on and on." None of this shows up in his playing with X, where he invents all the time but never embellishes.

But John and Exene are the band's voice. Exene is the author of X's idealistic anthem 'Year One', which declares *"No RCA no GE/Year One in our history."* How much does she believe in it?

Exene: "When I wrote that it was like an exercise in daydreaming on paper. I don't take it seriously, it's just a fun song. But it would be nice if people could forget about the patterns that have been laid down that they keep following, and not take *People* magazine too seriously, or any of those big things that have a strangle hold on what people think. I don't really believe that's ever going to happen, but I think we can manage to pick away at that a little bit."

The whole punk upheaval hasn't really made a lasting change on the way The Biz is run.

Exene: "No it hasn't. Blondie hasn't made it easier for us, Patti Smith didn't make it easier for us. And if we make it, they're not gonna go over to The Plugz and say OK, you can do it too, come on, Blasters, everybody. That's the really frustrating thing. At one point I believed that would happen, that whoever went first would break it up for everybody."

John: "I feel the last nail in the coffin — and I know I'm gonna get a lot of shit for this but I really believe it — was Adam And The Ants. Adam And The Ants come to the club in limousines and people groove on it. People don't say, "Hey this bullshit has been going on for too long'. I think that's unnecessary, that you should be as human as possible. A real treat in someone who creates art or music is for them to do that with one part of themselves and be an average person, a human being, with the other parts. But that's a tall order, because people need their stars."

A band of hobbieists: Billy has his motorscooters; Don collects unusual percussion intruments. He's saving his money for a bass marimba. Both he and John have a sideline with the band The Flesheaters. Exene collects religious pamphlets.

"They're one of the funniest forms of propaganda. Especially the home-made kind. I have one that's two cardboard wheels that slide around. And you dial it to, say, Death or Misery or Adultery, and you get a Bible reading in the little window."

IN TERMS OF the music business and a mass audience, X are poised in an inbetween position. They have been critically acclaimed, and in LA and New York they are stars. If America had an independent LP chart they would be at the top. The majors are sniffing around, but X need to be cautious and maintain control over their own career. They're aren't fighting their way into the Biz, nor fighting to stay out of it, so much as fighting to be met on their own terms.

John: "We got a lot of advice from Ray (Manzarek, the ex-Door who produced their albums). Even though times are different, he can still give us some good advice about our careers. We've proved you can make money on touring, also."

Exene: "We do things in a practical manner. We have our own truck that we fixed up ourselves, we work on a tight budget, try to find people to stay with instead of hotels."

Does X have staying power?

Exene: (Pointing at John) "Well, this one does, I don't know about the other two. No, obviously we must because we've been through thick and thin together. We get through all these things with a sense of humour."

Is it brave to be X?

John: "Oh, what's that quote. Let me get my book."

John runs into his room and returns with a book, *Of Wolves And Men,* opened to his current favorite quote:

"We the willing
led by the unknowing
are doing the impossible
for the ungrateful
We have done so much
for so long
with so little
we are now qualified
to do anything
with nothing."

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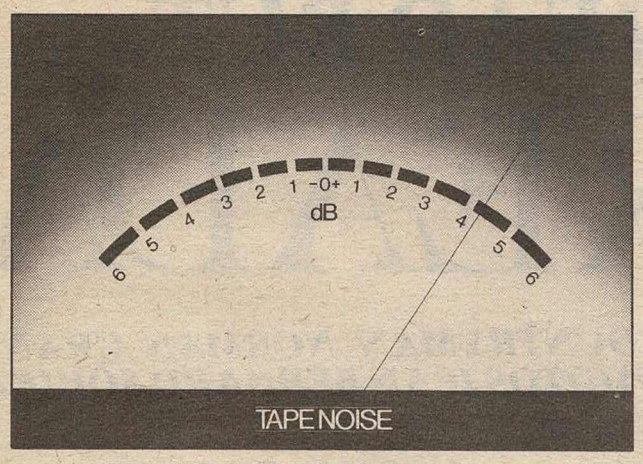

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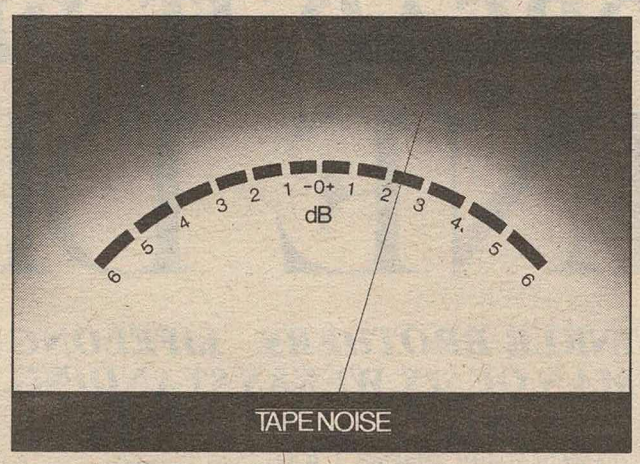

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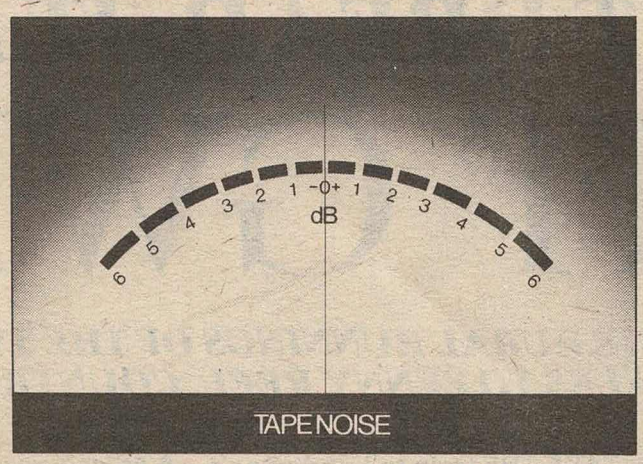

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TWINKLE BROS

IT DREAD, IT DREAD, IT DREAD BUT . . .

IT GWINE DREADA

THE RURAL RUNNINGS OF THE TWINKLE BROTHERS. LIFELONG COUNTRYMAN NORMAN GRANT TALKS TO PENNY REEL, COUNTRYMAN OF SIX WEEKS STANDING. PHOTOS JEAN BERNARD SOHIEZ

I TAKE THE train to London and contemplate not much except as concerns countryside and cows.

The carriage rattles through the suburbs, when at Edmonton my attention is aroused suddenly by some angel of fallen grace which inhabits the district and is possibly that very notorious local witch, or more probably her persecutor, and registers my gaze upon its — the Angel's — artistic scrawlings on the wrong side of the tracks, which howls a long, loud obscenity of rage and discontent the length of the line beyond Tottenham Hale, and attests both the wit and the intelligence of its patriotic spring.

Who dare censor the infamous evidence written on the city walls: drown black babies; gas the yids; have not the self declared Millwall racists of these original suggestions designated your own area a wogs' slum, terrible, bad? So why the mute witness?

It dread, it dread, it dread, but it gwine dreada. The rolling stock rocks to its own ragged rhythm.

"WHEN I SAY 'Jah Jah gonna beat them', I meant the wrongdoers," says Norman Grant. "Jah Jah gonna beat them, 'cause them know they are wrong. I remember it was a bit of politics as well, 'cause I say, *'they come in the name of Jah to fool the nation, using up their big mouth, stinking up the place, pollution.'*

"That one, from that early stage . . . Wha' government in power then? Labour? They go on say, well they love Rasta, and try to deal with the Rastas to get votes and thing. I more or less tell them that they come in the name of Jah to fool the nation, so Jah gonna beat them. Is just wrongdoers, whether internationally or locally.

"From a longer time, if you notice, from that early stage is where so we head there really. Twinkle Brothers, the music that we're putting out from them early times, they were more or less message. I try not to get into that, where most singers are singing about love: *'Darling I love you'* and things like that. I can do them kind of things, but my head not . . . It's too cheap really. I try to move a heart, you know. Roots."

You see yourselves as part of a movement, Rasta on top, as you say? I ask him.

"Seen. Seen."

Do you see that coming, or do you think it gwine dreada, as you also say?

"Well, it gonna dreader still, but at the said time they teaching, will I and I . . . I see I an I out there as a teacher really, you know. Show them. Because, the lyrics is Jah put it in I and I. 'Cause when the lyrics come to I and I, they've just come so. Is more or less Jah put it in you, say do that? And if you don't do it quick enough the ideas go to another singer. 'Cause the same time you get an idea, another person get the said idea too. So is just the first one who grabs."

I MEET NORMAN Grant for the first time some five years ago on a coach trip to Birmingham to see The Cimarons and strumming 'Hey Joe', 'Hello I Love You' and 'Get Back'.

"WELL, IS A man give us that name," says Norman. "I remember one day when Ralston and meself were rehearsing, sitting down in a gutter playing some old cans and thing, and this guy came up and said, Boy! Oona sound good, y'know. Him gonna manage us, carry us to Kingston on the Vere John show and thing. So him say him gonna give us a name . . . And he just came up with Twinkle, the Twinkle Brothers. So I guess him saw us as stars from them time there.

"From the beginning we started out in what? '62. My brother and myself, Ralston and myself, we started out as a singing group. I remember '62 when it was Jamaica Independence, the contest thing started and we enter in that and we won that year. '62 we won right up to '68. '69 we won the whole island pop and mento. At that time it was three of us."

You were a vocal trio?

"Mm hm."

Who was the other member?

"It was Eric Bernard. Then he dropped out one year and Carl Hyatt came in, and then now in '70 Derrick Brown came in."

As vocalist or as bass player?

"As vocals. So it started from two 'til it reached four. A four member group."

Were you professional as a duo?

"Well, it wasn't professional then. In 1970 we enter in the professional scene, but still I remember we record two song early still, in the earlier days, in the early '60s. At that time too I was doing some singing by myself. I remember the first record I did was in '64, was by myself ('Somebody Help Me' — Beverleys). The first group song now was done in about wha'? '66. '65/'66 we did the first group song."

For who?

"For Duke Reid. Ralston and meself and Eric."

That one come out on a blank label?

"Yeah. 'Matthew And Mark'. I remember the day when we gonna get to record it and a Duke Reid say, Go upstairs and record a Christian song. 'Cause he had us there for about eight weeks, coming every week to rehearse the song, 'til I remember that day now he say, Hey country bwoy, gwan a record a lickle Christian tune and all. We went up and did it and he release it in the same . . he bring it out very quick.

"At the time they used to have the sound system contest. Coxsone and Duke Reid and Prince Buster and all them guys there. They used to have a contest thing going every week. So more or less these guys used to record a song for their sound. They didn't really record it to sell it."

Who backed you on that? Tommy McCook and the Supersonics?

"I remember Ernest Ranglin played guitar on the 'Matthew And Mark', and that bass guy it was," he clicks his fingers.

"Boris Gardiner," prompts Ralston.

"Boris Gardiner play the bass on it. Glady (Gladstone Anderson) on piano. Tommy McCook there on horns."

"Lester Sterling," from Ralston.

"Well," adds Norman, "we got six record for that song for our pay."

Six copies of the record I hear myself stupidly say.

Norman chuckles. "Yeah man. That day when I check Duke Reid and tell him I want some money to go home, 'cause we're from the country and thing, I couldn't go to him, because I watch him too much. I used to check those guys out, how they do their business, and them more or less them do it a kind of way, they make you 'fraid for them, you know, they try to make you feel, well, what about a contract or something like that, you couldn't dare say thing like that. Even them guys had name then, they just go in a studio and do a thing.

"I remember the day now when we wanted the money to go home, is Ralston and Eric went to him to collect the money, enough to get a fare to go home, and he gave them six records and say, Well share it up, go and hustle. I sold a copy of my own for 13/6d, and I to give the truck driver one to take us home.

"I remember one day too when one of the shoe's bottom drop off. I try walking in Kingston to record a song and walk out my shoes. So we go to a shoemaker man to get it going and tell, well we a singer and thing from country and him say, Well sing a song. So we all just sing while he's fixing the shoes."

"WHAT THEY USED to do in those days," says Norman Grant, "they used to have competitions every Sunday — Coxsone, Duke Reid, Prince Buster. You lined up in a line, and who have guitar could play the guitar, he'd go through a door

NORMAN GRANT

and then the guy say, Next! Right away you have to ready and just start to sing, and if he like it he send you upstairs to the rehearsal room. If they didn't like it they put you off, tell you to come back.

"I remember we used to get picked. At all those auditions they used to pick Twinkle, and when we turn up to the studio to record time always run out on us. Like you find, Prince Buster at the time used to record Toots And The Maytals, and a lot of those sessions used to Toots And The Maytals, and when we come to our time, time run out. Same thing with Duke Reid. One day we went to Coxsone, when we go round there and we sing the tune for him, he said if we came 15 minutes earlier he would have recorded us, for he had a band there. Our chance then with Duke Reid went through and we never went back to Coxsone."

Who did you admire?

"In them days? Well, um, as a singing group. I remember when my brother and meself started out there used to be this group Blues Busters."

Philip and Lloyd.

"Yeah, and we used to listen to the harmonies and try to harmonise properly. So we used to listen to them, and though they were from the north coast we used to check them out. We used to listen to all the other guys them still, but at that time there was a lot of American songs domineering the scene, the Jamaican scene, so more or less listen to the American pop music plus with the Jamaican gospel scene."

Higgs and Wilson?

"The whole o' them guy. Higgs and Wilson and the whole o' them. Alton Ellis and all them guys. I remember we used to back up together in the studio, so me know them guys from a long, long, long time. But I didn't like the town scene because, like on a Sunday you don't get proper food to eat. I remember say, Bwoy if I was in the country I would get the right kind of food on a Sunday, but just to record a song we had to go through a lot of things."

How did you come down to Kingston?

"Well, from Falmouth is what? 95 miles. Right. So we go to Kingston and stay with a friend, I mean friend from the country who been in Kingston. Living a rough life. I mean, more time you 'ave to sleep on all floor too, just to record a song. We would stay about eight months at one time, just cooling out. Every day you go to studio, walk like three miles, go three miles back."

And how long would you stay down?

"We would stay about eight months at one time."

What studio?

"It was West Indies studio at that time, which is now Dynamic, and we used to go to Federal studio too. 'Cause Federal was like from long time days. I remember Prince Buster and Leslie Kong and them guy used to use them studio to record. So during them time there, after we did the record, we went back to country and go cool out."

Tell us something of the country you are from.

"It's a quiet little town. Falmouth is a seaport town and, well there isn't much really happening."

Tourism?

"Well, now we have a hotel there over the past what? Eight years. They build a hotel there about eight years ago. Before then the main thing used to be what? Sugar. You used to have a harbour where ship come in too for sugar and thing, and rum. Most of the people there were depending on the sugar. 'Bout '69 sugar stop come to Falmouth. So all the people there who used to work on the sugar, some of them up to now they're not working."

And the life?

"The life is just, you know, man rest 'pon corner daytime said way, go in the town and sit in. But there's always food really. 'Cause I know guys like say 30, 32, who's still living at their parents' home. Their parents still taking care of them. Some o' them never work from them born. So it's more or less a family. A family kinda set up."

You know everyone in Falmouth?

"Yeah. Yeah man, yeah man. There's a lot of guys from Falmouth that have come to London in the early '60s."

You see them when you come up?

"Yeah. I saw some o' them. At the same time I know if some o' them were in Jamaica still, they would be better off still. 'Cause they left there to look better, but it not better it worse, and a lot o' them had good education and thing. If they were there they'd be holding a good job now. Maybe have their own house and thing like that."

HOW DOES THE fact of The Twinkle Brothers being countrymen affect their music?

"Yeah man," says Norman. "Me proud of that man. Country life, you know. I don't like the city life. It's too much hassle, too much cut against too."

How do you find London?

"Personally, London to me is just to visit, and really through the music. As I say, the music is well known up here. 'Cause England really for reggae is like the breaking point. Right now America's picking up, but over the years it was London, or England really, for reggae.

"In 1975 I say, Well I have to look some new market for my stuff, 'cause like in Jamaica we were getting fight down same way, producing for myself, still not getting any sale or any airplay more than so. If you go to Kingston and see the DJ they'll play the record, because they'll see you, but you go back to the country, you never hear nothing. The artists in Kingston, though they can go to the radio station, they'll even see a DJ and say, Wha' 'app, why you don't play my music man?

"Since '75 really, when we come up with the 'Rasta Pon Top' album, there's more or less no turn back from there."

You make a living out of music ever since?

"From ever since a music me deal with, 'cause I remember from I was 12 I was singing with band, in hotels, making a weekly salary, and up to now I am doing the same thing."

You sing for tourists?

"Yeah."

You don't do Rasta music when . . .

"Yeah man! Me do everything. In the earlier . . . Say, well two or three years ago, you had was to kind of know wha' you're doing, couldn't come too hard on them. you had jus' to do like the popular American songs, or any calypso song that is well popular, island songs, you know. From ever since I usually dropped in two or three of my original songs.

"Well since lately now, say two years ago, the tourists want to hear reggae. They come to the hotel and they say they wan' hear reggae music. So I use that opportunity to promote my music. If I'm doing a show, if I do five reggae songs, three or four of them would be my original songs, and I'd promote it from there, and have the record to sell after the show. So after each show I'd sell, say 25 records.

"So with the money I get from the show, with record, it work out that . . . The money work out alright. Is there I make my money so I can really go to do more sessions."

Your first album, 'Rasta Pon Top', how did you get involved with Vulcan?

"When me come up and looking through the music papers me saw Vulcan, one of the new company at the time, and say well they were into reggae. I heard that Junior (Lincoln) and them was guys that were with Trojan and they more or less go on their own to do a thing. So I say since they know about the business is best I deal with them."

You came up blind?

"Yes. I didn't know who I was gonna deal with. I just came up with a lawyer and me music. After Vulcan went busted, Chips Richards he was in the Carib Gems thing. I deal with 'cause at the said time them was a new company too, and into the music.

"In '78 when I came up, I didn't even come up with an album. I had about six tracks: 'Free Africa', 'Love', 'Watch The Hypocrites', 'Solid As A Rock'. I went to Virgin in the day, and they said play what I had."

And they agreed to put out a 10" LP?

"They had a punk 10" out at the time, featuring different punk group. So they say it will be nice to do a reggae 10" album. They put those tracks plus the Sir Lee version of 'Free Africa' to make up the album. I like it. It looked new to me. In the shop you look, and on the shelf it stand out. A small ickle record, it look a way."

Do you prefer recording or playing live?

"Performing live. I've been doing that from ever since, and I like to do that because I get people to move that way. On record you're kind of limited, sometimes you can't even get to free yourself up, 'cause everything going off, needle and thing, but live I get to express myself more.

"Right now I don't even have to talk much 'cause my music them have the message already. The message is in the song. They can't say they never hear. I make sure I'm telling them, so when the right time comes they can't say they never hear. Is more or less to show them the runnings."

What do you see happening when the right time comes?

"It gwine dread," says Norman.

Funky French Revolution: "Quite honestly, Mel, I think you should have told Parkinson to piss off."

History Of The World Part One

Directed by Mel Brooks
Starring Mel Brooks, Dom DeLuise, Madeline Kahn and Harvey Korman (EMI)

COUNT DE MONET'S eyes widen as he spies a way of saving Louis XVI from the revolting peasants. "Your majesty," he says, "You look like the piss boy." The king angrily retorts: "And you look like a bucket of shit."

Now this exchange, between Harvey Korman and Mel Brooks, is fairly typical of the level of wit and repartee flying about in *History Of The World,* Brooks' seventh film as director and his first since 1977's affectionate Hitchcock spoof *High Anxiety*. *Four years* it's taken for Brooks to come up with a bucket of shit? It certainly has, and as Danny Baker pointed out last week in his vivid profile of Brooklyn's burley-cue king you tend to greet the first 20 minutes of pratfalls and painful puns with stunned disbelief.

CLUNK! As surely as the pants drop willy-nilly so, eventually, does the penny. This *is* the history of the world, right? How better to deal with it than with an unyielding succession of the world's most awful jokes; and, for good measure, with a few of the best chucked right on in there fighting for their lives and your laughs.

Of course, Mel's brilliant game-plan — reducing the history of the world to a preposterous and utterly indefensible ragbag of chaotic and vulgar vaudeville routines — should have dawned on me sooner. As soon as the opening Dawn Of Man sequence, in fact, when Orson Welles' rotund tones ("And the ape stood and become man") and Richard Strauss' imperious 'Thus Spake Zarathustra' (aka the *2001* theme) accompany a long-held medium-range shot of a bunch of ludicrously furry apemen; as we watch the monkeymen's movements escalate from ginger gyrations to paroxysms of unbridled sexual ecstasy, a huge subtitle appears on the screen and baldly states: "OUR FOREFATHERS".

It's a profound joke and *History Of The World Part One (Part Six* is next because Mel hates *Part Twos)* is Brooks' biggest and broadest statement yet. Forsaking the black satire of *The Producers* and the generic parodies of his other films, Mel has returned to his roots to show us ours. He puts all his rotten eggs in one big basket and then shoves our face into it. I think that's gloriously funny.

And if anyone tells you that the best bit is The Spanish Inquisition production number, that means they hated it. Me, I'm ready for *Part Six* right now.

Monty Smith

The most bo-ring woman . . . the most pathetic adventure

Tarzan The Apeman

Directed by John Derek
Starring Bo Derek, Richard Harris and Miles O'Keefe (CIC)

BASICALLY, Bo Derek wanted to screw Tarzan. Form a film around the monstrous prospect of Derek's indifferent nipples grazing the pectoral muscles of an implausibly stacked Tarzan, chuck in the ludicrous lumps of Richard Harris, and find cloying farce at the end of the rain-bo.

Tarzan The Apeman is one dumb bucketful of a wet film dedicated to none other than the incorrigible wet dreamer — all tit no wit. The first sight of Bo Derek is of her foot, but don't let that fool you. The film is John Derek's pitiless study of the Bo chest, co-starring Tarzan's temptress - trapping torso and Richard Harris' bawdy buttocks. If Tarzan isn't rippling and Richard Harris isn't crying out loud at being lost in such an

Nuclear fallout family: Tarzan, Jane and director Derek.

ascetic fantasy then Bo's hub John is monotonously rubbing Bo's body in our face, teasing any prick that could fall for such dispersed suggestiveness.

Bo's chest is rarely dry, and when it's off the screen one can sense John's impatience to return and adore its glory. As Jane aids her father Parker (Richard Harris) in his quest for the Elephants' Graveyard and pruriently pursues her own interest in Tarzan's lavish manhood her first priority is to wet her blouse. Peter Cook would be so proud at this dedication to drenching the blouse. The first thing Bo does when she wakes up in the morning is wet her blouse, assuring that extremely extreme nipples are forever straining at the sucked white cotton, perhaps tiny aerials searching out the male equivalent of her own body. Tarzan!

The plot is of course so wet it falls to pieces when handled, unlike's Bo's breasts. Bo plays the delicate virgin, acting out coy confusion and fuddled apprehension so badly it's doubtful she was ever a virgin herself. Tarzan is mute but his

The English snoot who bit the Bullitt

ANDREW TYLER asks Peter Yates the directions from Charterhouse School to Bullitt, The Deep, Breaking Away and The Janitor.

William Hurt wanders onto the set of The Omen during the making of The Janitor. Director Peter Yates (left, as captured by David Corio) salutes a dedicated thespian.

PETER YATES is of the self-confessed *adorable* school of film directing. His sets are famously calm. He himself is famously urbane and not once has he woken up three a.m. gritting his teeth reiterating a vicious bone of contention.

"I must find my actors at precisely the right moment," he says. "Perhaps the stars in the sky are all lined up as they should be."

For a moment he considers the allure of the bullwhip tyrant and recognises "a bigger ego would certainly save me a lot of problems. I could have more rows, be far more assertive, far more opinionated . . . and my work wouldn't be so good. I know that."

His approach is along the lines of consensus art. One prevailing vision — his own — but flexibly arrived at through drawing in those of high calibre around him.

It's a tactic that's done him well in the course of a career that began in Charterhouse school directing the posh class play, on through the Royal Court of the Angry Young Person era, through Woodfall Films (assisting on *The Entertainer* and *Taste Of Honey*), *Danger Man* and *The Saint* for TV, and finally and reluctantly into the loudlands of Hollywood.

He remembers being riddled with English theatrical snoot when the "so awful" script for *Bullitt* arrived from Steve McQueen. He remembers saying to his wife: "It's a big opportunity, Virginia. I think you'd better read it and see what we're turning down."

His agent, however, coaxed him into making at least a speculative trip to The Coast, and there, to his surprise, he found McQueen in deep trench warfare with Warners and himself saying: "Yes, that's right. We can't make this kind of crap."

Warners hated their star, says Yates, because their Star was spending buckets of studio money buying up subjects he never got round to making.

They decided to contrive for him a flop. This way they'd get him off the set and his contract broken.

"So for that reason," says Yates, "they brought in an English director. After all, everyone knows English directors can't direct action. If McQueen's stupid enough to get in an Englishman then what could be better . . ."

Bullitt, of course, with its bumpy car chases over the plunging skyline of San Francisco, with its unheard of European-style location shooting, was some big one in the eye of the moguls.

Yates, you suspect, has less of the cheek of a McQueen. Or of a Warren Beatty, whom he devoutly admires. They worked together on *The Roman Spring Of Mrs Stone* in the days when Yates was assisting and Beatty

■ *Continues page 47*

Silver Screen

vocabulary is more scintillating than Mrs Derek's.

"Oh my God," she excitedly exhales as Tarzan finally gets his huge hands on her bo-boobs. "Oh God God God," she tipsily raises her eyes to the heavens. "Damn Damn Damn," growls Harris crapulently, driving through the jungle and bungle and streaking the wet carry on with abject ballyhoo. Bo peels a banana, licks her lips, wets her blouse and tells Tarzan she's still a virgin. "Are you still a virgin? Why I suppose you must be . . . I mean who could you do it with out here. Oh, if only the folks back home could see me now!" Tarzan has nothing to say.

After all this Bo can't bring herself to stick her fragile hand down Tarzan's loincloth. She chews her thumb instead. Richard Harris makes believe he's God, one way of surviving the dialogue. Finally he's impaled and all life in the film is extinguished. Tears roll down onto Bo's boobs as she leaves her father. All that's left is for Tarzan to take her.

It's not obvious whether Bo gets to screw Tarzan, but she does have a lot of fun with a giant python and an oranutang. Final shots of Bo — slow motion playfulness with Tarzan and C.J. the Oranutang — feature ominous glimpses of Bo's crutch which unfortunately suggests the next semi-smutty Derek disgrace will be a celebration of Bo's lowercrust. How wet will they let that get?

Paul Morley

"Ever tried using a Ronson, you pillock?"

Leave it or leave it

Take It Or Leave It

Directed by Dave Robinson
Starring Madness (GTO)

YOU CAN complain all you like about the marriage between modern music and TV but no matter how bad the partnership gets seldom does it plumb the depths of the rock movie.

Feature films that have in some way or other told the story of a group in recent years — from *Breaking Glass* and *Rude Boy* to *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle* — have all been long smelly dogs; making, cementing and glorifying sickly and portentous 'rock dreams'.

If you expected the Madness movie to be a significant improvement you're going to be disappointed. Although not as crassly exploitative or as fatuous as the films mentioned above it is just as stupid and critically flawed, often a victim of its own devices. The basic premise is the Madness early days — the story of seven 'ordinary blokes' moving from their beginnings at a small-time party in a Crouch End garden until, overcoming the slings and arrows of adversity, they arrive at their rightful chart-topping status.

The film does little to redress the balance of the 2-Tone functional fan film *Dance Craze*, which similarly failed to elucidate on the historical, contemporary or social significance of Madness and their cohorts. In itself this is not immediately fatal; anything as brash as the Madness of recorded or video entertainment would have made great cinema.

But *Take It Or Leave It* drags through a series of dull and inconsequential scenes, the marked intention being to create Madness as was and the group's 'real' characters (the latter a dodgy business when the characters are defining themselves).

Starting off in '50s-style black and white, much of the film comes over like a *Nationwide* spot on out-of-work school leavers. Members meet on the street, in rehearsals or down the pub and stand in front of the camera, curiously awkward as they try to remember and recreate what was actually said. The rehearsal scenes in particular seem pointless — who wants to hear the scrappy, half-formed outpourings of a fledgling garage combo? Elsewhere, the group trying to appear natural is both embarrassing and unnatural.

Labouring under the illusion that mere documentation will service The Madness Legend, the group only do justice to themselves or the medium when they use music to complement the onscreen activity — a neon-lit sword fight in the subway is great flashy action and 'Grey Day' on the tranny while Bedders and Barson pull out of suitably drowsy breakfast table hangovers — or at the close when the group's 'story' has been tied up and they've found their feet on record, onstage and on film and start acting in front of the cameras.

It's these scenes that show the popular, exciting and entertaining side of Madness. They'd have been far better to follow this track, even at the risk of plagiarising The Beatles' *Hard Day's Night*, stitching a neat tapestry of song into plot and script. Surely by magnifying the gloss, pumping up the image and parodying, their characters, Madness and debutant director Dave Robinson would have given us a far better representation of the Madness we all know and love.

As it is Madness want this to show the real and serious side of their evolvement, but the result is tedious. *Take It Or Leave It* fulfils its aims — which is a good deal of the problem.

Gavin Martin

. . . and The Janitor that cleaned up

The Janitor

Directed by Peter Yates
Starring William Hurt, Sigourney Weaver and James Woods
(20th Century Fox)

BILLED as a beauty and beast love story cum spy caper. But director Peter Yates gives us more than that. Through the title role he presents John Wayne updated.

His Janitor (Hurt) is the modern Wayne who went to war in Vietnam, maybe looking for valour. And he returns with commendations, with medals but to what; to a job trashing garbage in an always-empty office block somewhere downtown.

Watching this blond giant grinding his trash by night reminds you of every other blissful prole ox whose job is to simultaneously guard the wealth of nations and dispose of its shit. Which is not to say *The Janitor* touts for an Ism. It is too urbane and witty.

But watch for the wistful, underdog imagery. Like when Hurt piggy-backs his crippled father upstairs, the old man clinging like a fat leech and weeping for his even more pointless life. Another stir-up comes when Hurt's Daryll is alone in his flat with the suave damsel of his dreams. He has just saved her from Oriental bad guys and all he wants now is to bathe his cuffed knee:

"I can do that," she says, proving what a thoroughly modern egg she it.

"I know you can," says Daryll. Well of course he knows.

These two are counterpoints in a neat tale. Its best work is to depict the aftermath of the Vietnam war on American life: showing how the stench still palls and will keep on sticking to those who took part whether as villain, thief or, like Daryll, hero. His pal Aldo is the war's coward. (And the movie's only real electric performance — from James Woods). In Vietnam Aldo was court martialled for not measuring up. Back in civvy street he is nothing. Aldo loves only two people in the world. One is his dull, seamstress sister. The other is Daryll. So what better than to have them marry each other and thereby invent the instant happy family for himself. But here's the wrench. Daryll loves only Ms Weaver's classy newscaster. Rather he is swayed by her television image the way a medieval monk might have swooned before an icon. The two are brought together after Daryll discovers in his office block the slashed corpse of a disreputable Viet businessman.

From now on only Ms Weaver's professional integrity holds her back from getting her scoop via the bedchamber. She is quoted as saying that after *Alien* all subsequent offers were for "cute, sassy, female satellites of men" when what she wanted was independence. She gets not much of it here. True her media person is not strapped to a male, but she is nonetheless short on nuance and too thick on gloss to convey much more than the conventional American success symbol.

Yates and writer Steve Tesich take less trouble yet with a couple of Viet villains whose only work is to scowl at the camera every quarter reel or so like something out of Charlie Chan. Another bad lapse is the hoof-laden ending; more worthy of a *Kojak*.

But who's complaining? A lively couple of hours and certain to tantalise.

Andrew Tyler

The JANITOR

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CLASH CREDIBILITY RULE!

YES, IT'S TIME ONCE AGAIN TO REACH INSIDE THE NME CLOSET, BLOW THE DUST OFF THE OLD CLASH RULER, AND SEE HOW THE LADS ARE MEASURING UP TO THEIR IDEALS!

THIS IS GOING TO HURT YOU A LOT MORE THAN...

PAUL RAMBALI (words) & PENNIE SMITH (pix)

"I don't wanna know about what the rich are doing/I don't wanna go to where the rich are going . . ."
— 'Garageland', 1977

TONIGHT, like most nights, the rich are going to Privilege, the chicest of chic Paris nightclubs. In the alleyway opposite, there are three tramps, and in the cafe next to the alleyway, there is Joe Strummer, nursing a cold beer, an aching throat, a sore conscience and a wounded pride.

"You saw those blokes lying out there in the gutter," he says hoarsely. "A lot of your readers ain't so far away from that young bloke in the middle . . .

"When I read the *NME* now, this is what I think, and this is really heavy . . . If they're teaching the readers to hate us, then I'd like to ask the *NME* who they're teaching the readers to trust? Which groups? Which ideas? I'm looking hard, and I can't see anybody."

Whoa! I don't believe it! I thought the *NME* was supposed to dote on The Clash . . .

"You must have a fucking long memory. *You* don't notice every little pin-prick — obviously not. I mean I don't care — my skin is thick enough by now, otherwise I wouldn't be able to get on stage, I'd be hiding in a cupboard somewhere. And I can deal with hard criticism. It's something I'd *like* to deal with, because if I'm no good I wanna know it . . .

"But how come the managing director of Warner Brothers isn't being whipped with the same stick? How come *TV Eye* sent him on a one-way trip to palookaville *(World In Action in fact — Ed.)* and not the fantastic combined intellectual power of the *NME*? Is it because of IPC?"

I tell him it isn't (though I may be wrong).

"Well that's even worse then, isn't it?"

STRUMMER

THOUGH BOTH would probably like to deny it, The Clash and *NME* had a symbolic relationship over the years, mutually furthering each other's separate causes: NME's sales, The Clash's exposure.

However there is, or there was, or there should be, a cause in common: the hippie activist ideal of rock as a protest, a provocative current carrying ideas and nourishment to the counter-culture. Of course there is no counter-culture any more, only subcultures. But this ideal is the reason why *NME* has done so much to shape, define, fuel and sustain something called the Clash Myth. In words, in pictures, and in cosy idolatrous cahoots!

"It's the positive things most of all," complains Strummer. "Quite often, I tell you more often than not, I've felt . . . *Leave it out!* I've felt almost sick! So I can't win. If it's good I feel sick because it doesn't do me any good to read that shit, and if it's a slagging off I feel sick because I feel I'm hard done by . . .

"They have a cupboard with a ruler in it which is called the Clash standard of honesty, truth and what the fuck is this world doing with . . . rich creates poor, and they take it out and they measure it with us and then they go off on a fucking 19-day whisky and cocaine binge! . . . Don't look so funny, because most of the music business is only interested in cocaine and alcohol in as much quantity as possible and at all times of the day and night and if you don't know that you must be living in Epping!"

Those pin-pricks must have found their mark. What that was, I don't know. Somebody said the Myth is dead. Somebody else said no it isn't. Somebody else asked where are The Clash now that the white riots have begun? I ask Strummer about the Clash book of Rebel Poses.

"You either attract people or you repel them," he replies, smiling. "And if you repel them, then you're wasting your time and theirs. That's what I say about the Clash book of Rebel Poses. Look, we could do it two ways. We could write the same songs, perform the same way on stage, but we could all wear C&A outfits.

"Either you go up there for people to look at you or you stay at fucking home! When I see people going on stage in any old shit, I think: you mugs! Do you think people *enjoy* standing down there? They want to see something. It's such a hideous thing anyway. You might as well make the effort."

Whatever happened to breaking down the barrier between the audience and the group, I ask, on behalf of our older readers.

"Tell ya, the audience can get through to any group if they give them encouragement. You don't know what it's like. It's ten times better than amphetamine. Same the other way around, mind you."

So you don't feel you've started something you can't live up to with the Clash book of Rebel Poses?

"No man. I'm *improving* on them! I don't see the shame, if you're hinting that there is . . ."

It depends on how sincere they are. (Can a pose be sincere?)

"Sincere!" he laughs. "Tell you this . . . Principle one of acting: a physical action denotes an emotion. It's the first rule, and it's true. Once you realise this, everything becomes clear."

Are you saying that wearing those poses brings out something in you?

"No, no, no. I mean *yeah*, obviously yeah, but . . . Drama is very powerful. Supposing we had the best script, and we were bad actors. Could we get it over? I don't think so. It'd be really hard."

Joe Strummer was born in Ankara, Turkey, 29 years ago to a father in the diplomatic service. He lived in Cyprus, Mexico City and Bonn before being sent at the age of nine to a boarding school called City of London Freeman's, "a kind of private comprehensive. If you got three 'O' levels you were top of the list. I got three. History, English and Art."

He went to the Central School of Art, which was as much of a failure in his eyes as he was in theirs. He says he became politicised through "experience, plus Bernie Rhodes".

"See those guys out there, down the alley? See the angle they see all this from?" He waves his hand to indicate Privilege across the street. "I saw it from that angle. I was 18, or 19, and I couldn't be fucked to . . . to play the game. I saw it from their angle, literally. In this city too. And that's what politicised me more than anything.

"Bernie Rhodes made me realise it could be sung about. Which is something I was kind of groping towards, singing about VD and squatting.

"Ever heard of Jack London?" he asks. "He was a writer from California who came to London for the Coronation in 1905 — a bit like that wedding we just had. Instead of getting a seat in the

JONES CONVERSES WITH MIKEY DREAD. LEFT RHODES & STRUMMER.

stands in the Mall, he went down the East End.

"All these people were just sitting around on benches, really the *poorest* people. 'What do you think of the Coronation?' he said. And they said, 'It gives us a chance for once to be able to sit down all day without being moved on'. And that's all they said . . ."

I am honestly touched by the anger and compassion in Strummer's voice, just as I have been inspired in the past by these qualities in his music. It's easy to see why some people at *NME* lionise him as they do (despite his protests); easy to see how one French critic could romanticise thus: "They got Lennon and Baader. Are we going to let them get Strummer too?" Hard to imagine how anyone could live up to being Joe Strummer — heir apparent to rock's rebel crown.

THE CLASH are in Paris for seven shows before coming to England to play there for the first time in 17 months. Their repertoire now is virtually all highlights, with a handful of new songs. Their stage set looks like a border checkpoint, and they come on stage to the sound of wailing sirens. Their backdrop is painted by the New York subway artist Futura 2000, who works with his spray-cans and a ladder while the group are on stage.

Seventeen months is not such a long time but rock has a short memory, as The Clash seem acutely aware. In 17 months they have hooked again with their former mentor, toured Europe and played New York, and seen the clashes they foretold come true on the streets of England.

"A prophet is never welcome in his own land," says Strummer, licking a wound that seems to be causing a disproportionate amount of pain. "Where were we during the riots? . . . Where was Karl Marx in 1917? We were playing a residency at Bon's in New York."

You and me and Joe Strummer and even William Whitelaw know that it wouldn't have made a brick through a window's worth of difference if The Clash were in Toxteth or Timbucktoo at the time. And *that's* why the wound hurts!

Whenever that kind of activity has happened in the past, rock music has been there to inspire it, catalyse it, crystallise it, or at least provide some kind of soundtrack for it. But not this time — or at least, not The Clash . . . And that's a bitter pill to swallow for anyone who still believes, as The Clash and Bernard Rhodes believe, that rock music can perform the same function for alienated white youth as reggae performs for alienated black youth.

"We were sitting there in New York saying, it's ridiculous us being here and this going on," says Bernard Rhodes. "But I don't know whether the riots were that major in terms of people being clear about what was going on. It was just a fracas.

"The Clash are interested in politics rather than revolution. Revolution sets a country back a hundred years. Revolution is very, very dangerous. I don't think we ever were revolutionary. I think we were always interested in the politics of the situation. And I think we still are. But I think that England's less interested.

"Politics could be, well, Healey got in just above Benn or Thatcher can't keep interest rates too low because America is doing the opposite and their system seems to be working . . . But that isn't it. It's about youth and where they get their information from, and how they deal with that information. And I think that's what we're about. Information comes to youth through the mass organisations like record companies and TV and that. In order to create an ethnic scene that these kids feel part of, they have to have their own sources of information.

"If The Clash are less relevant, or their profile in England lower . . . I think it's only because there's a right wing mood in England, and everything turns to suit the mood of the government in power. Usually you find that when it starts to turn the other way, the people responsible for turning it are the people who were considered the outgoing party at the time.

"Providing we can deliver to the best of our abilities, and providing we're critical enough internally, I think it'll be good. But it's still very difficult because of what the music scene is, with all its deficiencies, and you are prey to those just by being involved in it."

Bernard Rhodes seems unusually calm and optimistic, almost happy. Pennie Smith says the group have more arguments since his return, which I gather is one of the reasons why he's back. She says one of Rhodes' first moves was to rule no more hats!

Pennie also says The Clash are a very tactile group. "Most groups will stand the regulation English foot apart if you pose them against the wall, but The Clash touch each other all the time." She says their relationship is unusually close. "They quarrel a lot, but it's like lovers' quarrels, they're over as soon as they start. Most of the quarrels can be traced back to their laundry anyway!"

And what of The Clash's music? The Clash's music has lost a lot of its abrasive power over the years — the short, sharp, volatile statement has been replaced by the long, meandering and convoluted. The impact in a song like 'Washington Bullets', for instance, is diluted to a trickle by the music, which is too insipid to match the sentiment, and doesn't work too well as a piece of Brechtian discord either. I should have been shocked by 'Washington Bullets', shaken into the rage that I have to assume compelled them to write it, I want to be able to *feel* compelled them to write it.

The Clash shouldn't be afraid to do what they do best, orthodox as it may be. Their progress has been in terms of variety and experiment, straying across idioms in what seems at times like a vain search for another way of saying what can only be said as loudly and directly as possible. The Clash's progress as musicians has been at odds with their progress as politicians.

It's as politicians rather than musicians that they hold out the highest hope. But that's the Myth again. And the Myth is dead: Anybody know any better ones?

AN INTERVIEW WITH MICK JONES

WHY ARE you such a superstar?

People usually say rock star. But that still hurts. I feel it. I don't want to be just that. But, yes, there are some traditional elements to my work. A good guitar solo in the right place, a little bit o' tension added to the show. There's nothing wrong with having respect for the stage, because you're also out there entertaining.

There was a time when behaving like that was —

I couldn't give a shit! I do what I do and if you think I'm a big arrogant superstar then you're entitled to your opinion. I think I'm more than that. If I felt any moments of inflated ego, if I felt I was rushing to the stage just to please the audience . . .

You say I write soppy songs and I think I'm better than I am. Since the time you wrote that I am better than I was, I've been practising and playing. I ain't Liberace, man! I do me best. And I'm going to do better. If I'm rejected I'll work twice as hard! Slag me off, I want it! because I'll be *better* then.

Were you disappointed with the response to the Ellen Foley album you produced?

Yes. I was disappointed. (Angered) I thought it was a *great* record. I'd like to do the next one and make it even better and fix all our mistakes and *do it* this time. If she stands by her guns, I'll stand by her.

Will you get a chance?

I might. I might not . . . Not really. I'm not well liked in industry circles because I have way out ideas. You might think they're not. You might think they're really fucking straight! But I ain't a fucking straight. I ain't no sell-out either! You said Bernie's right, and we should have faced a trial for betraying our fans. So how come he's back with us if he thinks that?

Because he's got an awful lot of faith in you. But you obviously

THE REBELS POSING. OVER →

Sixteenths Eighths

MORE CLASHES

» FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

don't think you've betrayed your fans . . .

No. I don't. I think I done what's right.

Do you feel you owe them anything?

Yeah, and that's why we're going to play. We feel we have to play there. But it mustn't be like it's just gonna drag us down and we're going to split up! We want it to be great, not some *downer*.

Is that what it was getting like?

Sure it was getting like that! I felt *dragged* down, because you have to be on *their* level . . . I don't know, that's how it seemed. Now we seem to have our senses about us and we're ready.

A lot of people asked where you were this summer.

What am I supposed to say to that?

Implying that you had some sort of obligation to be there because of what was going on.

. . . . I don't think I'd make such a great rioter . . . I don't even know if I agree with them. Destroying your own places. Especially if the government ain't going to give you another one — it seems really *double* dumb. I do my thing and it's a creative thing — that's how I feel I contribute to that. And if my absence is conspicuous on these occasions then I say don't look to me in the first place. I'm not the street fighting man. I still got a belief in the power of reason. That's how I feel.

You understand why people asked where are The Clash, don't you?

Yeah, I do. But I think I'd be really *stupid* to think I could go out and lead the people. I can help, maybe pass something on as I'm going along. Maybe if they were kicking my door down . . .

I don't think people expected you to be manning the barricades . . .

They *do* expect us to! But I don't feel that to participate I have to be in the riot. I think they should have a little more patience, these people.

I think they shouldn't look to you in the first place.

Yeah, *sure*. I think that too. Really, I honestly think that. Because it's a *lumber*. It's a big lumber! I can't do my thing so good if I'm distracted by nonsense! And I'm not saying the riots were nonsense . . . But a lot of it is just horse*shit*, right? *Horseshit!* What we have to put up with . . . especially at home. The *jeering* . . .

Do you like the Clash Myth — the image that has been built up around you, as much by others as by yourselves, although you've gone along with it . . . The Clash book of Rebel Poses and so forth.

Some of it's nonsense. But it has its aspects . . . It's the best way to travel, without a doubt. We have our arguments, because we wanna try and do it right. We're having a go . . . It's a very English thing, isn't it, having a go? But it's a drag because it's an oppressive thing. It's an oppressive thing that happens to me and that's what we're coming back to do, to try and make it a more positive situation, and we don't know, we'll see what dent we make. I mean it's just a sniff in the arse to the New Romantic, it's just another perfume, ain't it?

But I'm looking forward to it, I consider it a challenge. I don't consider it a comeback, because I don't consider that I've gone anywhere. We've got to get better at it. We've got to make ourselves *understood*.

THE CLASH and the critics — how much do you think they've defined The Clash?

They *have*. Too much. To their own ends.

A lot of them think The Clash are, or were, on some kind of pedestal —

It feels more like a coconut shy!

. . . holding the rock and roll grail. How does it feel to be a screen for all these fantasies to be projected on?

It can be uncomfortable at times. And it can be exhilarating at other times . . . At least I don't have to wait until I'm dead to be recognised. Like Edvard Munch. I like the odd slide, it's like a memento, you know, looking back . . . But it's usually projected onto an entity called The Clash, not us as individuals.

Why you? Why not, let's say, Generation X? Or The Police?

Because we always had our foot in the door. We were always going: Hey! What about us?

You reckon?

No . . . There's something about the four of us that makes it different, I suppose. I don't know. You're trying to say: do they project their fantasies on us?

Yeah, and they obviously do. Right from the start. That piece by Tony Parsons. The light shone down from your guitars. And it's gone on ever since, and of course you've failed to live up to these wild expectations, and you've had to live with it.

Yeah, and live with it, and live with it and live with it! And I know it's not me a lot of the time, but I still sort of . . . give that, because I think The Clash is probably more important, I mean the myth . . .

There is something to be said for that. That what people project on The Clash, the myth, is as important as what The Clash actually are.

What do you think about it? We've been called a Russian bike gang, or the Westway Wonders. What do you think, because you're going to do it, in some way?

I think you contain so many of the key images anyway, images from the rock tradition — Joe's Chuck Berry, your Keith Richards, the rebel stances, the quotes in your music — that people sought to complete or embellish the picture.

There's nothing wrong with people having imagination.

You were complaining just now about what it was putting you through.

Puts me through a lot, but there's nothing wrong with them doing it. I can't stop them. I *can't*. I wouldn't know how to. Sure these things are projected on us. I think it's cool.

So do I. But it leads to great disappointments.

Yeah, disillusionment. That's the trouble with imagination, ain't it? It never turns out how you think it's going to. Doing a painting or something; some of the songs . . . You imagine it and . . . like meeting famous people is a bit of a disappointment, generally. That's to do with myth again. You want to get to the bottom of the myth, but I can't help you.

Have you met any famous people that have lived up to your expectations?

I haven't met that many, but I'd have to say . . . Martin Scorsese, Robert De Niro and, um, Patti Smith.

It's often said that Bernard Rhodes is the group's mentor. Is that a fair description of his role?

He's part of the chemistry.

How did you meet him?

I met him at the Nashville one night (laughs). Deaf School were playing. They'd just won the *Melody Maker* competition. I thought he was a piano player. He seemed like a really bright geezer. We got on like a house on fire.

Does he give you a hard time?

Yeah.

Yeah. He gave me a hard time when I interviewed him once. But I liked him for it.

I imagine it's different on a daily basis. I see him more often than you do.

What did you think when he suggested you wear those clothes, the Seditionaries zips?

I don't remember him actually suggesting it. We probably thought the paint was pretty good at the time. I don't know if we were ready for the zips, but we were into them, no problem.

Were you already together as a group?

Some of us, not Joe. Me, Paul and Terry Chimes off and on. But we needed someone like Joe. I mean we had Bernie, and he was sort of putting it together. Eventually we decided it was gonna be Joe so we went about getting him. Good job too.

Did you go to art school?

Yeah. I went to Hammersmith, which became Chelsea halfway through my stay. I did a year of 'A' levels, then I worked during the second year and I went to night school, because I thought if I get a folder together I'll get four years of grants.

I got accepted for a foundation course, which wasn't really that hard. It's what happens afterwards. In my case, nothing much. One day they said you haven't done any paintings this term, and I said, Hey! Look at this (his shirt). Loads of people were really getting into it. Painting shirts. Before like Johnson's and that all caught on and started selling it.

We used to do it over everything. Over guitars, over the amps, all over the place. But they could never relate to that at school. They weren't the happening geezers. They always had chips on their shoulders. They wouldn't allow anyone to be happening. You had to be traditional. I spent a whole year just doing life drawing before I could do my own painting, which was all razor blades and Marilyn Monroe and limousines and so on.

Pop iconography! Yeah, I can imagine. It's what you do now with The Clash!

(Mick Jones laughs heartily at this and makes no attempt to deny it.) . . . Art school was just a fill in, though. I knew exactly what I was going to do. I had hoped to meet other musicians . . . I met some great people there though, and I wonder what happened to them now.

They're in advertising, if they're lucky. Otherwise they're in sanatoriums.

Yeah, the good ones, not the ones who could explain themselves well and bluff their way through exams, the ones who did good work, coming in and painting all day and working at home at nights . . . at the end of it, these people never got any jobs, nothing. The best ones never got any jobs, but the arseholes and the bullshitters did. I suppose it's the same in the music business . . .

Doesn't say much for you!

Well, there's always an exception.

And yet crass things seem to be the ones that succeed.

Oh yeah, sure. It's the lowest common denominator. But what we gotta do is find a place where the reality, and the art, and the entertainment can all meet. When we can bring that together, I think that's when we'll be really successful, because it won't be a crass thing.

That's what I hate about the music business. It *is* always the lowest common denominator. *Rubbish* always makes it. Everybody likes muck!

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JOHN MARTYN

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LPs

D-TURNS

U2. Pic: Robert Sharp

U2
October (Island)

When U2 first hit England in the twilight of 1980, a dull cry of relief rose up from rock's murky depths. U2 were "just what we needed": a return to Dram-rock (music's equivalent of melodrama). In the phrase of Island's press leaflet, "a soaring and emotional rock style that was powerful without being either musclebound or bludgeoning" (whatever those bludgeoning epithets mean). Live, so it was said, U2 swept audiences into rapture and ecstasy.

Since then, a more widespread and various return to "dram-rock" has emerged. Whether harking back to the Doors (Bunnymen) or to Bowie at his more amply flushing (Associates), this trend has attempted to underscore certain tenents of the straightest rock tradition and revamp them into pop dreams. The common factor is the implicit anti-dance stance.

Some bands — e.g. The Scars — have foundered amiably, while others — like the Bunnymen — have matured with a vengeance. U2 have done neither: "October' confirms the suspicion that their "intensity" was a simple matter of "density".

The group has been in the studio all summer with this recording. Perhaps it took them so long because the "intensity" and sheer length of their tours have gone to their heads. The idea behind the rock concert, of course, is to move and excite, and in that context mere volume and exertion can pass for anything. But when it comes to putting this "intensity" on vinyl, the pious, almost hysterical insistence of U2's music becomes crude and vacuous.

"I know it's good that we're not easily digested," said Bono at the beginning of the year. In truth, nothing could be so quickly assimilated and expelled. 'Boy' "cracked" the American charts (again, Island's term) because it's exactly the sort of exultant, golden rock music Americans (e.g. Bruce Springsteen) really understand. As reactionaries (with the weight of God behind them), U2 slide into place with immaculate logic. But do not forget the hysteria below the surface: "there's a lot of Johnny Rotten's bastard children running the streets . . . they've been sold into bondage . . ." (Bono Vox).

So what is it that the excessive plaintiveness of Bono's voice and the forced power of U2's sound is trying to hide? Consider the adventure of Dram-rock from inside. Let us compare U2's 'Gloria' with, say, 'Show Of Strength' — the openers, respectively, on 'October' and 'Heaven Up Here'. Both are conventionally structured tunes, both are curled and laced in swooping guitars — The Edge's comes from Alan Rankine of the Associates, Will Sergeant's from Richard Lloyd — and both are sung in pretentious, over-emotive voices. The difference is that 'Gloria' (and have no fear, it's not a tribute to Van Morrison) tugs openly, vulgarly at your emotions, thundering down from the nave of the cathedral of sound like trumpet-blasts at the gates of heaven: *Gloria in excelsis deo*. Inside this wholesome blast of pretty noise (which, faded both in *and* out, gives itself airs of the absolute) there is no tension or drama of sound itself. Everything reaches out, asserts, grasps at nothing. At the end of each single sound likes a vacuum; there is no turning back into the structure. In the drive towards ever greater emotion, this flagrant emulation of the Associates rings with all the blind need of religious devotion.

'Show Of Strength', on the other hand — learning its lesson from the first adequate reformulation of the rock structure, Television's 'See No Evil', (another "strong" opener) — turns and grows on itself, consciously structuring its components as it moves, floating them round the unspoken theme of the "rock song" and working them into a new intelligence. In the guitar-bass-drums trinity, each level works both for and against the others, questioning the trinity's logic. From verse to verse to chorus and back, that structure moves and develops — ironically, gleefully — phased and mirrored through its own logic. The joy in the intelligence of this music is mercurial. With the pickup of 'With A Hip', there's no need to go on. The rest of 'Heaven Up Here' (save 'All I Want') sucks — it's certainly not "purely poetry", as some nut was suggesting — but 'Show Of Strength/With A Hip' — as an inverse/obverse double turn on the stigmata of power and drama — leave me speechless. McCulloch is one of the great scholars of structure.

The point is that even the oceanic distance between Hugh Jones' production of Sergeant and De Freitas and Steve Lillywhite's 100% pure beef treatment of The Edge and Larry is only a reflection of the gulf between Echo and U2. U2 had their one great moment with Hannett on 'Tick Tock', but there's no turning back after 'October'.

Bono's cry on this record — and it's not even an incantation — is "Rejoice!". But as his own rejoicing voice, straining and waving like an archangel's wings, arches its chords towards the lost paradise — where everything is golden and exultant forever — you start to wonder if maybe you missed something. Where did it go? But "love me, come with me," says the voice, "this is your voice, my brother, for you two are U2." Anata mo, anata mo . . .

Obviously rock doesn't expire just because groups run out of ways to change it. U2, I guess, will continue to "move" in live performance, just like James Brown. But they will only move on the lightest surface. Their music does "soar" — in fact it wings its way pretty serenely over danger zones like The Fall or The Birthday Party. But then 'God' knows, there *are* other religions . . .

Barney Hoskyns

BOB MARLEY
Chances Are (WEA)

WITH the mighty Wailers trinity temporarily disjointed in the late '60s following trouble with police and thieves, Bob Marley was contracted to soul star Johnny Nash and his manager, ostensibly as a songwriter, though the couple may have planned to break Marley in America and Europe in his own right. Certainly a Marley single, 'Reggae On Broadway', was released on CBS in 1970. It bombed. Marley went home and The Wailers resumed their career.

Marley seems to have supplied Nash and Co with some 72 recordings, mostly of his own songs, reviving Nash's career with 'Stir It Up', an international best seller, in the process. It is from this prodigious body of work that WEA have drawn for 'Chances Are', the first, one presumes, of several such collections.

There have already been bitter exchanges between Island Records — to whom Marley was signed — and WEA about the material here, Island supremo Chris Blackwell making accusations of exploitation and doctoring demos, the latter company indignant that their business intentions are nothing less than honourable and respectful to Marley's memory.

The chairman of the publishing company involved went so far as to castigate the *NME* report on the feud, alleging misquotation (I didn't say that, yes you did etc), and requesting that this record be judged on its music rather than the ethics of its release. So be it.

'Chances Are' is a slender collection of eight songs — six written by Marley — which we find in various states of "remixing" from their original realisation. 'Dance Do The Reggae', for instance, a warm but largely unremarkable Marley song, sounds little changed, having apparently been afforded full horn and vocal arrangements in a rather soulish mode.

'Reggae On Broadway' has been more dramatically "remixed", and now features some unpleasant heavy rock guitar and heavy footed production, with Marley's committed vocal deep in the mix. It's probably the most suitable Marley song for Status Quo to cover.

The title track turns out to be one of Marley's more turgid love songs, cripplingly slow and uninspiringly rendered. The freshly laundered version of 'Soul Rebel' palls next to the classic cut The Wailers delivered Scratch Perry, nor can 'Mellow Mood' and 'Hurting Inside' hold their own against other versions extant, the latter an aching freedom song hauntingly interpreted a few years back by Marcia Aitken, a disc well worth seeking out. 'Stay With Me' and 'Gonna Get You' are songs whose origins remain unknown to this writer, but which are routine love plaints of the type oft encountered on soul LPs from a decade or so back, and here styled with a curious hybrid rhythm.

Chances are that for the Marley devotee this LP will be an interesting curio. Chances are that for the uncommitted and unfamiliar customer, especially, one cannot help but speculate, the American buyer, it may well prove pleasant enough to warrant purchase.

To speak personally, 'Chance Are' gives me little of the joy I have come to treasure in Wailers music of other and better known incarnations, and chances are I would refer any music lover interested in exploring Bob Marley's extensive pre-Island, pre-1972 recordings to the two Trojan collections 'Rasta Revolution' and 'African Herbsman', or to the Wailers Studio One recordings, many of which are still on Jamaican release and easily available, especially the outstanding 'Wailing Wailers' set. Chances are who the cap fit will wear it.

Neil Spencer

Boys keep swinging

VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Guys With Soul (Stax)

AND just in case you didn't know. . .

The Stax sound born in the mid 60s, regaled and rediscovered in the seventies and longed for in the 80s is ineffable. It sizzles and carouses, rolls on sonorous organ, caresses and attacks with bitter sweet angel and devil horns, uses the guitar like a tool, not a statue. Here you have style, sensitivity and strength, here you have a sound which is like few others. A sound that is crafted and functional but the business it takes care of is serious business — love, determination, salvation and jubilation.

'The Guys With Soul' represented the sound in its moods and guises. A complement to the recent 'Girls With Soul' collection, the songs deal mostly with the language of love; its sweet perfection — try Eddie Floyd's 'I've Never Found A Girl (To Love Me Like You Do)' and its sad dejection — Isaac Hayes 'Nothing Takes The Place Of You'.

Depending how you feel there should be something here to suit (if not — ever considered taxidermy?). At the minute, my favourites are the crisp openers on each side, Johnny Taylor's hard, hot, claustrophobic lust breaking through the shackles of sorrow, 'Who's Making Love?', and Eddie Floyd's definitive testimony — the thunderclapping hard shock beat of 'Knock On Wood', *The* version of this song which cuts everyone else's to shreds.

Elsewhere there is smaller names and lesser songs. The choice could have been better but the textures are lovely and the intent unmistakable with only The Dramatics 'In The Rain' sticking out like an uninvited and ignorant guest at a great party. William Bell, whose duet with Judy Clay 'My Baby Specialises' is the best thing ever recorded in the history of the universe, scores twice, notably with 'Lovin' On Borrowed Time', a smooth bruising eulogy. The paths are dotted with jewels, traces of perfection and little glimpses of heaven like Jimmy Lewis declaring: *"Loving a woman is like a driver's licence — a privilege, not a right."* on 'Stop Half Lovin' These Women'.

Even at worst, cloy sides with joy, sop rides on razors and always the true spirit of the music shines through. This music is the good side of nostalgia and revivalism, it breaks barriers as a matter of course and it delivers strength and compassion in abundance. It's reassuring to know that we're going to be reminded of its worth and benefit from its beauty for a long, long time to come.

Gavin Martin

LUKEWARM DAYLIGHT

JOHN MARTYN
Glorious Fool (WEA)

CONSISTENCY has never been John Martyn's strongest quality but the rabid mediocrity of 'Glorious Fool' comes as a shock after last year's 'Grace And Danger', a supple, open - hearted LP that seemed to presage a new air of adventure in his work.

'Grace And Danger' worked through a delicate balance in which Martyn's left-field, sometimes wayward, talents were harnessed by a sophisticated musical and production back-up, not least of which was the solid foundation of Phil Collins' drum work. 'Glorious Fool' loses this balance completely, diminishing Martyn to a slick aural smoothness that is, ironically, in no small part due to Collins contributions as drummer and producer.

Most noticeable is the dearth of Martyn's uniquely exciting guitar work, replaced here by a (wishy) wash of arty synth noises that rumble and whine to no good purpose. Against this, Martyn sings well, using the full range of his strangled, strangely blurred vocals to concoct a caressing sensuousness that can never quite, though, break through the stultifying tameness of both production and lyrics.

Here we come to 'Glorious Fool's most alarming flaw — the songs are simply second-rate. There is none of the emotional depth or commitment that marks Martyn's best work ('Grace And Danger', 'Inside Out'), none of the originality and passion with which he can make his romance credible *and* gripping. 'Couldn't Love You More', 'Hold On My Heart' and 'Pascanel' are typical minor Martyn, the kind of pretty fripperies he's been churning out for years, while 'Amsterdam' and 'Never Say Never' are louder but no less limp, one all melodramatic bluster, the other tainted with a tetchy petulance that spills over into 'Pascanel' and 'Didn't Do That'. 'Please Fall In Love With Me' is another extreme and *"I want to fall in love with the world / I want the world to fall in love"* the kind of line you might smuggle through once but which lies exposed in all its mindless, posey banality when you turn it into a closing chant and accompany it with ponderous and *very* self - important drums.

'Don't You Go', rooted in the traditional folk ballad, closes the LP in quiet, moving fashion. A plea for peace, it's 'Fool's one glorious moment: as striking as the rest is bland, as convincing as the rest rings false.

Martyn may have curtailed the indulgence to which he has always been prone in doing so he seems to have lost his main source of inspiration. The unruly maverick has become neat, tidy and polite. There is no drive, no depth to 'Glorious Fool'; no grace or danger, just ordinary upmarket competence.

Whatever happened to the glory of love?

Graham Lock

BAD MANNERS
Gosh It's . . . (Magnet)

Bad Manners are early Madness in a state of permanent retardation. A couple of years ago it looked like they'd picked up on the initial impetus of 2-Tone and the ska revival but would fade away after those first novelty hits like 'Lip Up Fatty'.

The hits have gone on, though, and not all of them have been in the slight comic pick-me-up (I'm a fat baldie cross between Yul Brynner and Divine in Doc Martens and frilly knickers) vein. 'Special Brew' wasn't a bad pop song.

However, it's a bit implausible to single out Bad Manners numbers. They always seem to be part of something larger (TOTP and Radio 1?): their goodtime lads-together rootsiness is a formulaic, even mechanical affair. There's little room for individuality; and you'd think that a band of nine people (all of them with writing credits) could manage more than the unchanging, if effective, sound of ska shading out into touches of soul, reggae and R&B.

What amounts to the band's version of professionalism with a surfeit of the old boots and jolly-ups (even the sad moodier songs like the current single 'Walking In The Sunshine' have to be hysterically tongue-in-cheek) grinds you down over the length of an album.

'Gosh It's . . .' isn't a work to return to (sober anyway), but there are one or two moments you might care to rescue from the general invariability. 'Can Can' isn't one of them, nor that follow-up single. However, 'Never Will Change' is: it's a hymn to slobbery, a 'Lazy Sod' for the '80s, with a great chorus and an audacious ending which has cheeky boy Buster blaming the central character's woes on the state of the nation. Buster is also particularly good on the heavily accented toasting of 'Runaway' and on 'Gherkin' which is both a sweep and ribald sneer over inadequate sexual performance (*"My gherkin power has failed me now"*). 'Funkin' ' covers a similar sort of area, but its bad taste is more awkward than obscene.

Well, that's my lot from 'Gosh It's . . .'. Meanwhile expect three or four more hits yet from that Bad Manners machine.

Paul Tickell

Buster Romantic

ZOUNDS
The Curse Of Zounds
(Rough Trade)

SECTION 25
Always Now (Factory)

PUNK might not be dead, but any signs of life are gasping and incomplete: angry, old-fashioned, hopeless and utopian all at the same time. However, Zounds (a trio) are trying to isolate some of the more positive aspects of the genre and go for a fresh open sound: it's a bash, a thrash, a nasal whine, but the basics (guitar, bass, drums) are never cliched. The rhythms are uptempo but never neurotic in the manner of Crass, and when the band slow the riffing down, the effect is quite transatlantic.

Zounds are a garage band and they inhabit a mythic Squatsville, not the place badly represented in TV docu-dramas and not the squalid Mortville in John Waters' movie *Desperate Living*, but organised libertarian Squatsville: more housing co-op than crash pad.

Yes, if Zounds ruled the world there'd be no rulers, Rough Trade would be the Arts Council and public safety films would be Reichian warnings about repressive parents.

While sympathising with these politics, I also find them somewhat irrelevant and farcical. Still, at least the band can probably laugh at themselves: devil-may-care, they recorded and mixed their new folkie anarcho-hippy aural cartoon in six days — of action, not wonder. Action: I can just see Zounds playing every alternative gig and festival in the country, The Pink Fairies of their generation. Getting it on is getting on with it.

Naturally, Zounds are better live than on vinyl, and there's nothing on 'The Curse Of Zounds' as haunting as their 'Demystification' single. But there's satisfaction — of a gasping incomplete sort.

Section 25 stand for another kind of derivativeness, and their reference point isn't so much agit-prop as art: heavy, moody, significant. You guessed it: the band have been using Joy Division's favourite producer (Martin Hannett) and their favourite studio (Britannia). And you guessed the result: dreary and monotonous.

Look, why don't you get a genuine grey sound by putting the album back in its beautifully packaged sleeve, then slapping some porridge (grey food) on the turntable? This will prove a good deal more exciting than limp disco-lated drums and bass, topped by droning vocals, synth sounds and guitar 'things'.

Factory must be in a bad way, what with the decline of ACR and the need to put out material like this. Section 25 are real div, not as in Joy Division but as in Misery Divots.

Paul Tickell

Adam and the Ants, E.L.O., Beatles, Jacksons, Sheena, Diana Ross, Police. They're all on Radio Luxembourg.

SUNDAY
Tony Prince's **Top 30 Disco Show** 9-11pm

The Golden Jackpot in **The Golden Hour** with Rob Jones–11pm

MONDAY
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The Top 30 Airplay Chart with Rob Jones 9-11pm

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Lots of prizes in the Golden Jackpot 11-midnight

WEDNESDAY
Brasso with a **Top Disco's Top 20.** 9pm

The Beatles Hour. 10pm

Night Tracks with Benny Brown 1-3am

THURSDAY
Top of the Pops as on TV with Rob Jones 9pm

The Number Ones Show 10pm

FRIDAY
Stuart Henry's **Rock Show** 8-10pm

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Tony Prince's **Midnight Disco Party** and Top 20 Imports

SATURDAY
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RADIO LUXEMBOURG RTL 208

More Charts, less chat

This Heat. Pic Lesley Evans

MIDNIGHT SPLASH

THIS HEAT
Deceit (Rough Trade)

IT DOESN'T seem to come easy for This Heat — it's taken them two years to get their second album out — but that's because their work is always 'in progress' and not so much a finished product reflecting a particular period of development as a way of opening up that period, probing. Theirs is not the art of the positive but the possible — it needs to be with over ten engineers credited.

The possible, of course, allows for the negative and pessimistic, and there's a strong vein of that in the trio's work. Mind, their disaffection, however withdrawn and private, is never haughty and elitist: how could it be in music that so powerfully draws you in? And spews you out: even more so than 'This Heat' two years ago (musical collages of pressurised menace), there's an outward-going violence to 'Deceit'. It's there on a thematic level, too, in anti-nuke preoccupations which culminate in 'SPQR' and 'Cenotaph'. Both these tracks are cosmic protests against war and use disturbed chanted voices and furious drumming overlayed and interrupted by passages of melodic beauty.

It becomes an irrelevance to talk about instrumentation specifically (bass, drums, guitar, keyboards, clarinet and tapes of these and tapes in their own right and yet more tapes with never a cliched electronic bleep or loop) because the band's achievement is to make a pattern of sound, of changes in time, key and general mood, to make a synthesis out of fragments. There are no joins in the numbers: the dislocation is never of the 'look what we just did with this musical form' variety.

When This Heat aren't moving beyond the fragments (eg 'Paper Hats' and 'Independence') they make the fragments stand for themselves. Here they are less successful: 'Radio Prague' is consummate tape noise with echo and rhythm, but so what? There's no virtue in merely being tantalising.

Maybe this kind of number functions as a breathing space, respite from a piece like 'Makeshift Swahili' with its tortured vocal and disciplined flurry, a cross between Beefheart, early pataphysical Soft Machine and the Chrome of 'Half Machine Lip Moves'.

There's certainly another kind of breathing space to 'Deceit', the persistence of oriental themes, all rising sun and delicate riffs. Optimism? These effects aren't employed with the skill of a Passage, but they do serve as a counterposition to some of those sounds of assault.

The obsession with water also provides a kind of balance ('A New Kind Of Water'). Forget about Handel though: the enchantment is always party to something darker and is water music in the way that Kafka once defined art — a cold bucket of water at midnight. Only with This Heat it's hot.

Paul Tickell

THE CRUSADERS
Standing Tall (MCA)

AFTER what has been a remarkable 20-year association, it's become quite apparent, that in their familiar context, The Crusaders now have very little to say.

Even those card-holding devotees (this writer included) prepared to pay over-the-odds for their long-deleted Pacific Jazz albums, now approaches each new Crusaders album with trepidation rather than enthusiasm. And, when the word first reached us that Joe Cocker was to be the featured artist on this LP, there wasn't much cause for celebration. Well, it's out with the sack-cloth and ashes, because 'Standing Tall' gives the distinct impression that it's a rag-bag of unrelated tracks salvaged from a number of abandoned half-arsed projects — the most obvious being a last-ditch stand Save Poor Ol' Joe campaign.

Good Samaritans The Crusaders may well be, but the snap-shot on the back sleeve would have them mistaken for social workers comforting some dead-beat they've just rescued from off skid row and treated to a bath, fresh clothes, a hot meal and some studio time!

The two-song Crusaders-Cocker collaboration is a disaster of Titanic proportions. Bereft of any genuine dignity, it amounts to a quiet unacceptable whitewash of the most cloying, self-pitying kind. The whole shameless scam is unworthy of The Crusaders and an insult to the integrity of the listener. Of the two Sample-Jennings originals, the embarrassing 'I'm So Glad I'm Standing Here Today' — in itself often quite an achievement for Joe — fails miserably in its calculated ploy to fake Cocker's reinstatement as a revitalised force. Whilst, both the song's aspirations and sentiments (along similar lines as 'Bridge Over Troubled Water' and 'I Will Survive') are quite ludicrous indeed, all that's missing from the bogus wide-screen pretentiousness is a singalong by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, assorted roadies, old ladies, children, dogs and Leon Russell.

Though one cannot deny that individually, Stix Hooper and Wilton Felder are still soulful master craftsmen, Joe Sample continues to suffer from an identity crisis. One keeps feeling that Sample is seeking acceptance as a *serious artist* as he persists in blanding-out. Throughout, melodies and arrangements seldom better the stereotype TV cop-show themes. The once-vital Crusaders are now in danger of running their countless copyists a poor second.

Roy Carr

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CITY LIMITS

THE DIFFERENT GUIDE TO WHAT'S HAPPENING IN LONDON EVERY THURSDAY 40P

SYLVESTER
Too Hot To Sleep (Fantasy/Honey Import)

I COULD never really take Sylvester seriously, I had him filed away as an instantly disposable product of the confusion of the late Seventies. Now, after a couple of plays of this record I find myself viewing him in a very different light.

Presumably he decided that unless you're going to get real nasty like the Boystown Gang, there isn't an awful lot of mileage left in carefully contrived, outrageous camp. His two huge backing singers have been the first to feel the pinch of this newfound normality, and their replacement Jeanie Tracey plays a starring role in what is on show.

She crawls all over things, taking lead on one track, so that it's almost as much about her as the deeper sounding Sylvester himself. Their harmonies and exchanges work a treat, and are a just complement to the Harvey Fuqua production that is slick without being slushy and tight but never constrictive.

In essence, 'Too Hot to Sleep' is no more than a natural progression from 'Disco' but it is somehow much more than that medium could ever have been. It comes from all sides, and creates many different (all of them worthwhile) moods, showing that Sylvester James without 'an image' or gimmicks is quite a force and should be able to last longer than your average fad.

Lloyd Bradley

Sylvester, the old image so passe. Pic: Chris Horler

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Perspectives And Distortion (Cherry Red)

RECENT releases by Eyeless In Gaza, Thomas Leer and Kevin Harrison all share a vision where the artists skip round self-indulgence, elitism and obscurity to offer us something clear, bright and crisp.

'Perspectives and Distortion' continues the Cherry Red-led momentum and blends an unlikely bunch of experimentalists who seem to share a concern for the consumer. There's nothing here to alienate or disturb in any way.

The LP is budget excursion through a curious musical landscape and offers a brief glimpse of almost everything that's interesting left of mainstream. It's a skilfully engineered and meticulously structured exercise with 17 tracks, each by different artists, gently maintaining a continuity that most compilations lack.

Opening with Claire Thomas and Susan Vezey's ethereal hymn, the LP hovers around a mood of tranquility later consolidated by saxophonist Lol Coxhill's soulful strains and Two Daughters' faintly Oriental aural pastiche. 'Perspectives' is peppered with pathos, in Benn Watt's mournful melody and Mark Perry's poetry spun around the vulnerable and the insecure.

Less successful are Kevin Coyne's burlesque narrative (after 20 albums, this is the best he can do?) and Matt Johnson's misplaced MOR meandering which wallow at the bottom of a qualitative scale which only Eyeless In Gaza's imperious 'You Frighten' transcends. Eyeless capture the most dynamic and moving piece of mood music on the LP.

Virgin Prunes are as uncompromising and rigid as ever and that's a delight, though the most curious moments on the album belong to David Jackman, whose enigmatic cymbal music closes 'Perspectives'.

If this LP's mix n' match of tantalizing experimental sounds can't tempt you to dip into avant-garde's dangerous waters, then you're a lost cause. May a vulgar diet of trash-aesthetic and chips be yours forever.

Mick Duffy

JAZZ

'STRANGE FRUIT', the anti-Racist song recently recorded by UB40 and Robert Wyatt, was first written for **Billie Holiday** in 1939. The controversial nature of the lyrics — "The Fruit" were the corpses of black men and women lynched in the American South — meant that her record company, Columbia (CBS), refused to release the record themselves, though they did allow her to release it on the small, independent Commodore label.

Despite this, and despite scant US airplay (in Britain it was, of course, banned by the BBC!), 'Strange Fruit' became the biggest selling single of Billie Holiday's career, almost as familiar a Holiday token as the white gardenia she wore in her hair.

The song had a personal meaning too. As she reveals in her autobiography *Lady Sings The Blues,* 'Strange Fruit' evoked for her the racism which lay behind her father's death — he died of pneumonia in Dallas, "where he walked around, going from hospital to hospital trying to get help. But none of them would even so much as take his temperature or take him in. That's the way it was."

'Immortal Sessions' (Storyville) collects together the four songs recorded at the 'Strange Fruit' session with the twelve from her three other Commodore sessions, in March and April of 1944. The record, especially the later material, shows Billie Holiday at the peak of her vocal styling, cool mistress of a range of subtle inflections that is absolutely unique in jazz history. There are no duets here — the band has no soloist to compare with Lester Young, who built up such a rapport with Holiday in the Thirties — and none of the swing of her work with Basie's big band, but instead there is a kind of languid perfection as Holiday hangs behind the beat, creating that familiar but always effective sensation of time slowed down.

Her technique and sensitivity instil a timeless magic into standards like 'Fine And Mellow', 'I'll Be Seeing You', and 'As Time Goes By' but my own favourites are the four 'trio' tracks — Billie backed by just bass, drums and piano — which include a bluesy, intimate 'He's Funny That Way' and a snappy 'On The Sunny Side Of The Street' whose brightness for once sounds hard-won and entirely credible.

John Coltrane's 'Bye Bye Blackbird' (Pablo-Live), more unreleased concert material from 1962, is dubiously flagged "His Greatest Concert Performance", a rather crass piece of marketing despite Norman Granz's attempted justification in the sleevenotes. But the LP does show Coltrane at his turbulent and exploratory best. The classic quartet with Tyner, Garrison and Jones had only been settled for a few months, the band were still testing each other out, and Coltrane himself was feeling a way towards the radical rewriting of jazz he accomplished in the next few years.

There are just two tracks, 'Bye Bye Blackbird' and 'Traneing In', both of which burst out, at moments, beyond the merely stormy to a frenzied, squealing assault on the barriers of possibility. They highlight a transitional Coltrane, wracked by a desperate need for change, riding on headlong inspiration.

Graham Lock

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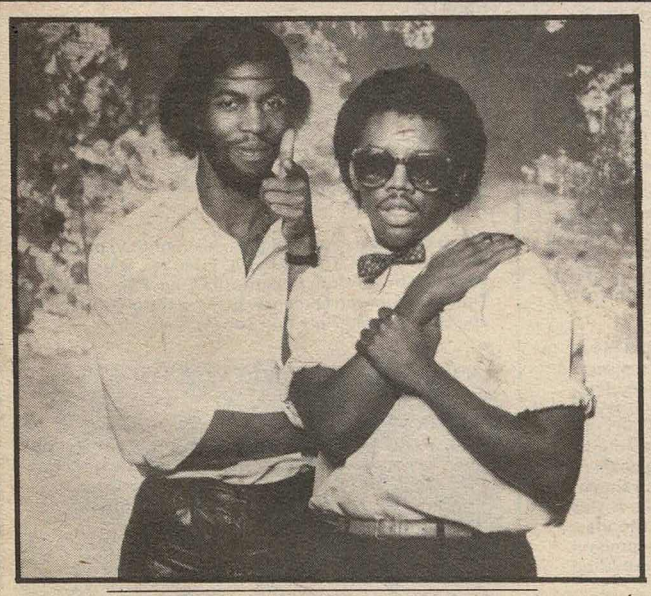
TOUR NEWS

Pointers in the right direction

THE POINTER SISTERS — currently riding high with their single 'Slow Hand' and album 'Black & White' — are playing four major British concerts next month, as part of a wider European tour. The shows are the girls' first here for 18 months, and they are at Birmingham Odeon (Novemeber 22), London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (23), Manchester Apollo (26) and Liverpool Empire (27). Tickets are on sale now at theatre box offices and usual agents, priced £6, £5 and £4 (London); and £5, £4 and £3 (elsewhere) — and the promoters are Kennedy Street Enterprises. As a prelude to their visit, Ruth, Anita and June will have a new single released by Elektra on November 6 — titled 'Should I Do It', it's taken from their current album.



STARDUST ROAD

ALVIN STARDUST is on the road again, just at the time when his single 'Pretend' has brought him storming back into the limelight. He's in action at Bradford University (tonight, Thursday), London School of Economics (this Saturday), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (October 12), London City University (16), Lincoln Theatre Royal (17), Blackpool Grand Theatre (18), Birmingham University (19), Worthing Pavilion (21), Canterbury Marlowe Theatre (23), Nottingham University (24), Cardiff University (25), Leicester University (27), Sheffield Top Rank (28), Camberley Lakeside Club)(29-31), Mansfield Leisure Centre (November 1) and Sunderland Empire (2).

☐ Nearly a month after the tour ends, Alvin plays a one-off concert at London's Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre on Sunday, November 29. Tickets are on sale now priced £4.75, £4 and £3.50.

KOTTKE: ONE-OFF CONCERT

LEO KOTTKE plays a one-off concert at London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre on Wednesday, November 11 — and this will be his only UK date this year, despite the fact that he's playing over 40 shows in Europe before coming here. The next album from the American acoustic guitarist is scheduled for New Year release by Chrysalis.

RPO hits the rock trail

THE Royal Philharmonic Orchestra is going on the road, performing at the regular venues normally associated with chart stars and rock bands. This is the direct result of the huge success of their 'Hooked On Classics' single and album, which have completely overturned the fortunes of the RPO, ensuring its survival after being close to bankruptcy a few months ago.

Now it is anxious to cash in on its success and, at the same time, win over a new audience of people who were previously unfamiliar with the classics.

It's not expected that disco arrangements will be featured to any great extent in the concerts, but the programme will concentrate on the lightest and best-known classics. Dates are currently being arranged.

STOP PRESS — The Pointer Sisters have added another date to their UK schedule, reported at the top of the page — at Edinburgh Playhouse on November 25. Tickets £5, £4 and £3.

Linx first tour gets go-ahead

LINX are set to headline their first British tour, opening next month and climaxing in two major London concerts. The outing is preceded on October 23 by the release of their second Chrysalis album 'Go Ahead', from which their current hit single 'So This Is Romance' was taken. The tour is promoted by Marshall Arts, who have yet to name a support act, and the schedule comprises:

Ipswich Gaumont (November 20), Oxford New Theatre (21), Southampton Gaumont (22), Bristol Colston Hall (23), Sheffield Lyceum (24), Leeds University (25), Nottingham Rock City (26), Manchester Apollo (27), Edinburgh Playhouse (28), Liverpool Empire (30), Birmingham Odeon (December 1), Brighton Dome (2) and London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (4 and 5). Ticket prices are £5, £4 and £3 (London); £3 in advance (Sheffield); £2.75 only (Leeds); and £4, £3.50 and £3 (all other venues). They are on sale now — except for the London shows, where the theatre box office opens at 11am this Sunday (11); and Bristol, where they'll be available from October 23.

Pick of the rest

RANDY CRAWFORD has added two further shows to her stint at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal — on October 21 and 23. This means she'll be playing no less than nine nights at this venue, the preceding dates being on October 11-13, 16-17 and 19-20. Tickets for the two extra gigs are £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50, from the theatre box-office or usual agents, but there are no postal bookings.

GANG OF FOUR and Theatre Of Hate, plus special guests, are playing at London Rainbow Theatre on Friday, October 23, the night before a projected CND London rally. It's been arranged by No Nukes Music, who are also presenting The Birthday Party and Maximum Joy at London Brixton Town Hall on October 16. Tickets for both gigs are available from Rough Trade, Beggars Banquet, Honky Tonk and Small Wonder.

THE FALL hit the road with gigs at London North Polytechnic (October 19), Brighton New Regent (21), Canterbury Marlowe Theatre (22), Manchester University (23), Edinburgh Coasters (26), Newcastle Bierkeller (27), Hull The Tower (28), Sheffield Limit Club (29), London North-East Polytechnic (30), Liverpool Warehouse (November 3), Blackpool Gaiety (4) and Leeds Hoffbrauhaus (5).

JOAN ARMATRADING had added another two nights at London Hammersmith Odeon to her late-autumn tour, as the result of her two previous concerts at the venue selling out — the extra dates are December 14 and 15. She's also sold out her two shows at Birmingham Odeon, and now plays a third night there on December 10.

More London Madness

MADNESS have added another London date to the tail end of their extensive UK tour which opens tonight, Thursday (see Gig Guide). It's at the Hammersmith Palais on Thursday, November 19 — and tickets are on sale now at the venue's box-office and usual agents, all at the one price of £4. Reason for slotting in this extra show is that their two concerts at the Dominion Theatre, on November 16 and 17, are now sold out.

GLADIATORS IN THE UK ARENA

THE GLADIATORS, one of Jamaica's most influential reggae bands, are playing a handful of UK dates as part of an extensive European tour. They open at London Camden Dingwalls next Wednesday (14) then, after five nights in Ireland, they visit Manchester University (October 20), London Oxford St. 100 Club (22), Birmingham Rialto (23) and London Peckham Bouncing Ball (24). Their new self-produced album is also due out shortly.

☐ JOHN HOLT — another highly respected reggae artist who, paradoxically, is probably best known as composer of Blondie's No.1 hit 'The Tide Is High' — headlines a major London concert at the Dominion, Tottenham Court Rd., on November 8.

☐ GREGORY ISAACS, whose UK tour was announced last week, will now play a second night at London Rainbow Theatre on October 25 — in addition to his concert there the previous Sunday (18).

ELO add two at Wembley

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA have added another brace of concerts at London Wembley Arena to their short UK tour, as the result of exceptionally heavy demand for their two previously announced shows at that venue. The extra dates are December 4 and 5, and tickets are priced £8.80 and £7.80, including booking fee — available by mail order only from MAC Promotions, P.O. Box 2BZ, London W1A 2BZ (Postal Orders only and enclose SAE).

MANILOW'S MANIFEST

£20 to see Barry!

BOOKING arrangements have now been announced for Barry Manilow's concerts in the New Year, reported in a Stop Press item last week — but beware, if you want to get a front stall for one of the London shows, it will cost you £20! Manilow might be the most sought-after concert artist in the world, and it's true that on his 1980 visit ticket demand was a hundred times more than supply, but even his most ardent fans can be forgiven for thinking that this is a bit much. Anyway, for those who have money to burn, these are the booking details:

LONDON Royal Albert Hall (January 11-15 inclusive) £20, £17.50, £15 and £10;
BRIGHTON Centre (26-27) £12.50, £10 and £8;
EDINBURGH Royal Highland Exhibition Centre (29-30) £10, £8 and £6. For these three venues, postal bookings may now be made to Barry Manilow Box Office, P.O. Box 141, London SW6 5AS — make cheques and POs payable to "Andrew Miller Promotions Ltd." and enclose SAE. Tickets limited to two per person for London and Brighton, four per person for Edinburgh. For London, also available to personal callers at any Keith Prowse agency; for Brighton on sale at the Centre box-office.

BIRMINGHAM National Exhibition Centre (17-18) £12.50, £10 and £8. Tickets limited to four per person, by post only from Barry Manilow Box Office, Y.Q. Bookings, P.O. Box 4, Altrincham, Cheshire WA14 25Q — make cheques (with bankers card number) and POs payable to "Kennedy Street Enterprises Ltd." and enclose SAE.

MANCHESTER Apollo (21-22) £12.50, £10 and £8. Only available by personal application to the Apollo box-office.

Subs shows: tonight and subsequent

Subs' CHARLIE HARPER

UK SUBS are headlining a string of 16 British gigs this month, as the first leg of a 56-date European tour. To coincide with the outing, their new single 'Countdown' is released this week, with their fifth album 'Endangered Species' scheduled for later in the month.

The Vice Squad guest on most of the dates in this country, which are: Aberdeen Victoria Hotel (tonight, Thursday), Middlesbrough Gaskins (Friday), Cambridge Corn Exchange (Saturday), Stevenage Bowes Lyon House (Sunday), London Hammersmith Palais (October 12), Derby Rainbow (13), Retford Porterhouse (14), York TA Centre (15), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (16), Manchester Polytechnic (17), Wigan Pier (18), Malvern Winter Gardens (19), Cardiff Top Rank (21), Bath Pavilion (22), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (23) and Gillingham Central Hotel (25).

HAMBI & the Dance

on tour

October			November		
Fri 2	SALISBURY	Technical College	Thur 12	LEEDS	Warehouse
Sat 3	DERBY	Londsdale College	Sat 14	MANCHESTER	Manchester Polytechnic
Sun 4	COVENTRY	Warwick University	Fri 20	WORCESTER	College of Higher Education
Tue 6	ILKLEY	Ilkley College	Sat 21	WOLVERHAMPTON	Wolverhampton Polytechnic
Wed 7	GLASGOW	Technical College	Mon 23	LONDON	Moonlight Club
Fri 9	DURHAM	New College	Wed 25	LONDON	City University
Sat 10	DUDLEY	JBs	Fri 27	LONDON	Thames Polytechnic
Fri 16	LONDON	City of London Polytechnic			
Sat 17	COVENTRY	General Wolf's			
Wed 21	LIVERPOOL	Plato's			
Thur 22	LONDON	The Venue			
Fri 23	WATFORD	Watford College			
Sat 24	PORTSMOUTH	Portsmouth Polytechnic			
Sat 31	KEELE	Keele University			

new single L'IMAGE CRAQUE

Virgin

TOUR NEWS

☐ **TUBEWAY PATROL are a new group, marking the re-formation of some original members of Gary Numan's Tubeway Army. They make their live debut at London Marquee tomorrow (Friday), and will have their first record released by Carrere next month.**

☐ **THE LULU BOYS** were formerly called Mistress, but changed their name because they're no longer all-female, though still fronted by girl singer and bassist Denny Gibson. They play Cleethorpes Clouds (October 15), Cleethorpes Pier Hotel (16), Grimsby Pestle & Mortar (17), Accrington The Hall (18), Bolton Swan (19), Blackburn Roundabout (21), Accrington Cook & Bill (22) and Peterborough Wirrina Stadium (24). Their 12-track 'Power Pop' cassette is available from 6 Westmorland Avenue, Blackpool, Lancs — price £1.50 (including p&p).

☐ **JOHN WATTS,** former leader of the now-defunct Fischer-Z, has formed a new band — comprising Derek Ballard (drums), Dave Purdye (bass) and Richard Wolfson (keyboards) — and makes his debut with them at London Marquee (October 13) and London Victoria The Venue with Our Daughter's Wedding (24). This band also back Watts on his debut solo single 'Speaking A Different Language', issued this week by EMI.

☐ **CHARLIE DORE** plays her first live date in over a year at London Victoria The Venue on October 14 (tickets £3), together with a five-piece band, in support of her new album 'Listen' and single 'You Should Hear'. Then she's off to Tokyo to represent Britain in the Japanese Song Festival, when she'll be performing a song she wrote specially for the event, titled 'Rocking Horse Winner'.

☐ **SHRIEKBACK** are a new band formed by bassist David Allen, who left Gang Of Four in the early summer — and the line-up also includes Barry Andrews, previously with XTC, Robert Fripp, Iggy Pop and his own group Restaurant For Dogs. Other personnel are Emma Burnham, Carl Marsh (ex-Out On Blue Six), Brian Nevill (ex-The Pop Group) and Linda Neville. They plan to go on the road in early November, to coincide with the release of their debut single 'So Hard So Hard'.

☐ **THE 45's** have lost their Tuesday-night residency at London Putney Star & Garter, after GLC inspectors put a stop to their gig last week — and, at the same time, halted all other live shows at that venue. However, the band can still be seen regularly on Friday nights just across the river at the King's Head in Fulham.

☐ **WALL OF VOODOO have added another three dates to their debut British tour — at Cambridge University (tomorrow, Friday), Edinburgh Assembly Hall (October 14) and Dundee University (16).**
☐ **BOW WOW WOW are planning a special show at London Lyceum tonight (Thursday), the opening date of their UK tour. They'll be giving away 500 copies of their banned single 'Mile High Club', plus copies of their fanzine. And between bands, they'll be showing a selection of videos on a giant screen, including the infamous 'Dejeuner Sur L'Herbe'. Support acts are King Pleasure and Wall Of Voodoo.**
☐ **GRAND PRIX, who recently played their first gig with new singer Robin McAuley at London Marquee, are returning to that venue on Saturday, October 24. They'll have a new single out on RCA in late November, and their second album is scheduled for February release.**

WILKO JOHNSON, just back from his latest stint with Ian Dury & The Blockheads, links up with his Solid Senders to appear as special guests on The Blues Band tour. The 17-date schedule opens this week under the title of 'Itchy Feet Package', and includes a London show at the Hammersmith Palais on October 19. The only date Wilko's outfit won't be playing is at Norwich East Anglia University on October 23, though another gig has just been added to the itinerary — at Sheffield Lyceum on October 26. The outing ties in with the release of Wilko and the Senders' new single 'Casting My Spell On You' on Nighthawk Records. At the end of October, the band leave for ten dates in Scandinavia, then Wilko re-joins Dury & The Blockheads for an Australian tour up to Christmas.

☐ **STARFIGHTERS,** who've just completed their support spot on the UK and European tour by the Michael Schenker Group, are now touring in their own right — including a Monday-night residency throughout October at London Marquee. Other dates are Workington Slipped Disc (tonight, Thursday), Wolverhampton Lafayette (Friday), Liverpool Warehouse (Saturday), Chadwell Heath Greyhound (Sunday), Swindon Brunel Rooms (October 13), Pontefract Blackamore Head (14), Harrogate Adelphi (15), Coventry General Wolfe (16), Nottingham Boat Club (17), Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar (21), Newcastle Mayfair (23) and Glasgow College of Technology (24).

☐ **ATOMIC ROOSTER,** who play London Marquee tonight (Thursday) in support of their newly released Polydor single 'Play It Again', have confirmed the first five dates of their UK tour next month — at Borehamwood Civic Hall (November], Birkenhead Civic Hall (12), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (13), Bristol Granary (19) and Mountain Ash Theatre (20).

☐ **TANGERINE DREAM** have added another date to their upcoming British tour — at Liverpool Royal Court Theatre on October 29. Tickets are on sale now priced £4, £3.50 and £3.

☐ **THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS have made five changes in their date schedule for this month, originally reported four weeks ago — which, considering there's only nine gigs altogether, is pretty good going! They now play Preston Warehouse tonight (Thursday) instead of Middlesbrough Town Hall, and Manchester Mayflower this Saturday (10) instead of Newcastle Mayfair. Bedford Bunyan Centre on October 18 is cancelled, but they have new bookings at Bristol Granary (19) and Derby Rainbow (20).**

☐ **PETER HAMMILL** plays London Victoria The Venue on October 22, performing with a band for the first time in almost four years — it consists of ex-Van Der Graaf members Guy Evans (drums) and Nic Potter (bass), plus ex-Vibrators and Peter Gabriel guitarist John Ellis. But Hammill reverts to solo status for upcoming tours of Europe and America.

☐ **REALITY,** the Midlands reggae five-piece play Oxford Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Treforest Wales Polytechnic (Friday), Swansea University (Saturday), Newbridge Memorial Hall (Sunday), Cardiff University (October 12), Sheffield Limit Club (13), Colchester Essex University (15), Loughborough University (16) and London Camden Dingwalls (17). The gigs promote their three-track 12-inch single issued by MCA this weekend, on which the A-side is 'Stand Up And Be Counted' segued into 'Monday Morning Feeling', while the coupling is a remixed version of 'Tell Me What's Going On In Your Mind'.

☐ **HAMBI & THE DANCE** — whose Virgin single 'L'Image Craque' is now on release, with their debut album to follow in the New Year — play Durham New College (tomorrow, Friday), Coventry General Wolfe (October 17), Liverpool Platos (21), London Victoria The Venue (22), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (November 21), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (23), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (24) and London University College (27). Having recently lost their original drummer, the band have acquired a temporary replacement in ex-Buzzcocks man John Maher, who also worked on their upcoming LP.

☐ **GLEN CAMPBELL plays an eight-day tour next month, visiting Crawley Leisure Centre (November 19), London Lewisham Concert Hall (21), Batley Frontier Club (22), Nottingham Commodore (23), Glasgow Apollo (25), Liverpool Empire (26), London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion (28) and Poole Arts Centre (29). Tickets are available from box-offices, except for the London show (£10, £8 and £6) where it's postal application with SAE to The Kruger Organisation Ltd., P.O. Box 460, Brighton, Sussex BN1 5BQ. Campbell will have a live double album issued by Energy Records to coincide with his visit.**

☐ **MARTIAN DANCE,** who bombed out of a couple of gigs at the end of September due to last-minute recording commitments, are now back in live action at London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Cambridge Sound Cellar (October 15), London Mile End Queen Mary College (16), Kingston Poly (22), Manchester Poly (24), Sheffield Limit Club (25), Stafford North Staffs Poly (30) and Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (31).

☐ **BUMBLE & THE BEEZ,** who've just completed a month-long tour with Hazel O'Connor, are back on the road again as support to John Martyn — whose 15-concert tour opens on October 21 — and prior to this, they support The Passions at London Victoria The Venue on October 17. The five-piece drumless band have just been signed by EMI, and have their first single 'Fools'/'Working Class' issued next week on the Zonophone label.

☐ **A.B.C.** have a couple of gigs this month to promote their new single 'Tears Are Not Enough', released next weekend by Neutron Records (through Phonogram). They play London Queensway Plaza Hotel (October 18) and Birmingham Holy City Zoo (19).

☐ **MISTY IN ROOTS continue to promote their current album 'Wise And Foolish' with gigs at Reading Central Club (this Saturday), Ipswich Gaumont (October 16), Luton High Town Recreation Centre (17), Sunderland Mayfair (21), Nottingham Palais (22), Blackburn King George's Hall (23), Manchester Mayflower (24), Liverpool Grafton Rooms (25) and Aylesbury Civic Centre (27).**
☐ **TOUR DE FORCE have signed with new indie label Phantom Records (distributed by Pinnacle) after leaving EMI, and have their single 'School Rules' issued on October 16. To coincide, the girls are playing a string of dates in and around the capital — at London School of Oriental & African Studies (tomorrow, Thursday), Stockwell Old Queen's Head (October 12), Southbank Polytechnic (16), Uxbridge Brunel University (18), Trent Park Middlesex Polytechnic (20), Euston The Pits (21), Central London Polytechnic (23), Fulham Greyhound (27), Finchley Torrington (November 1), City of London University (11) and Chadwell Heath Greyhound (13). They also visit Cambridge Sound Cellar on October 15.**

☐ **SHAKIN' STEVENS** has tagged a second night at London Hammersmith Odeon on to the end of his late autumn concert schedule. His show there on November 30 is sold out, so he now returns to that venue on December 6.
☐ **AFRAID OF MICE,** whose third Charisma single 'Popstar' is out this week, are supporting The Polecats on their month-long UK tour which began last weekend. And they'll have their debut album on release shortly before the tour ends.
☐ SAXON open their UK tour on schedule tonight (Thursday), despite drummer Pete Gill being out of action with a sprained tendon in his wrist. Toyah's drummer Nigel Glockler is deputising for the first few dates, until Gill is fit to resume in about a week's time.

☐ **MAX BOYCE,** whose new EMI album 'It's Good To See You' is out this week, is touring for best part of two months — at Inverness Eden Court (October 22-24), Falkirk Civic Hall (25), Dumfries Lorburn Hall (26), Hull New Theatre (28-29), Corby Festival Hall (31), Winsford Civic Hall (November 1), Barrow Civic Hall (2), Preston Guildhall (3), Bradford Alhambra (6-7), Stockport Davenport (8), Warrington Parr Hall (10), Aberystwyth University (14), dates in Ireland (19-24), Croydon Fairfield Hall (26), Crawley Leisure Centre (27), Portsmouth Guildhall (28), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (29), Margate Winter Gardens (30), Maesteg Town Hall (December 4), Andover Leisure Centre (5), Stratford-on-Avon Shakespeare Theatre (6), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (7), Dunstable Queensway Hall (9), Oxford Apollo (10-11) and Camberley Lakeside Club (13-14). He's also filming a Christmas special for BBC-1.

☐ **HERB MILLER BAND,** an American swing outfit fronted by the brother of the near-legendary Glenn Miller, play UK tour dates at Brighton Dome (October 30), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (31), London Wimbledon Theatre (November 1), Derby Assembly Rooms (3), London Walthamstow Assembly Hall (8), Bradford Alhambra (10), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (19), Southampton Gaumont (28), Ipswich Gaumont (29) and Sheffield City Hall (December 11).

Boxcar in the vanguard

BOXCAR WILLIE — who has built up a vast following in Britain over the past two years, playing to 42,000 people during his 1980 tour here — is set for a 20-date schedule this autumn, supported by America's Skeeter Davis and Scotland's Colorado and Gerry Ford. His London show at the Wembley Conference Centre on October 29 has already been reported, and other dates are Chatham Central Hall (October 27), Crawley Leisure Centre (28), Slough Fulcrum Centre (30), Ipswich Gaumont (31), Norwich Theatre Royal (November 1), Derby Assembly Rooms (2), Hull City Hall (4), Carlisle Market Hall (5), Aberdeen Capitol (6), Dundee Caird Hall (7), Sunderland Empire (8), Halifax Civic Centre (10), Southport Theatre (11), Deeside Leisure Centre (12), Gloucester Leisure Centre (13), Poole Arts Centre (14), London Lewisham Concert Hall (15), St Austell Cornwall Colisium (17) and St Albans City Hall (18). His album '20 Great Hits — Volume 1' will be issued by Big 'R' Records to coincide, and tour promoters are the Drew Taylor Organisation.

BACK IN NEW YEAR: MUSIC MACHINE AS LAVISH DISCO

THE MUSIC MACHINE, one of London's most successful rock venues until it was destroyed by fire last December, is to re-open in the New Year — as a high-class disco.

Over £500,000 is being spent, partly raised from the fire insurance coverage, in rebuilding and refurbishing — and the result will be "a lavish night spot specialising in high technology disco".

The owners claim that it will have the best sound system in London, and that £200,000 is being spent on lighting alone. The venue, which will also boast a restaurant and bar, will feature occasional live acts — mainly futurist — though the main emphasis will be on disco.

come back suzanne
New Single

BILL WYMAN

SEE THE LONDON CINEMA GUIDE ON PAGE 45

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RECORD NEWS

● **Eric Clapton,** who has recorded for RSO for the past 14 years, has switched labels and signed with Warner Brothers. It's a long-term worldwide deal, which calls for the first album to be released next spring, and Clapton will be undertaking a U.S. tour to coincide — but there's no news of any projected UK dates, as yet.

● **Debbie Harry** releases another single culled from her 'Koo Koo' album on Chrysalis this week, coupling 'The Jam Was Moving' and 'Chrome'. An extended version of the A-side is featured on the 12-incher, which also has an extra track called 'Inner City Spillover'.

● Whitesnake guitarist **Bernie Marsden** has a new single issued by EMI next week, with Cozy Powell guesting on drums. It's an up-dated version of the old R&B classic 'Shaky Ground'.

● **Haircut One Hundred** have their first single on the Arista label out this week, in both 7" and 12" — 'Favourite Shirts' coupled with 'Boat Party'.

● Alternative Music release the 18-track album 'From Bromley With Love' on October 29, featuring South London bands **Hepatitis Risk, Telegents, Thin Men, Ecofisque, Blueprint, Praxis, The Contacts, Acid Drops** and **The Limit,** among others. It will retail at £2.49, and will be available at the various venues on the tour being lined up to promote it.

● Mid-October singles from Eagle Records include 'Jimmy's Hi Fi' by **Jo Anna Forte,** 'I Can Do Anything You Like' by **The Monks** (also available in 12-inch) and 'Crazy Nights' by **Ginger** — and in all three cases, the B-side will consist of a medley of extracts from their upcoming albums. The label has also signed **The Americans,** who will have their debut single 'Disneyworld' out at the end of this month.

● Two former **Gary U.S. Bonds** hits, 'New Orleans' and 'Quarter To Three', are coupled on a double A-side single released this weekend by Ensign, and both are taken from his 'Greatest Hits' album. Bonds will be playing some UK dates next month, details to follow.

Sundance band of luminaries

SUNDANCE are a new three-piece with an exceptional pedigree — consisting of Mike Hurst (former Springfields member and subsequently top record producer), former chart star Mary Hopkin (whose hits included the No. 1 smash 'Those Were The Days' in 1968) and ex-ELO member Mike De Alburquerque. They've just been signed to a worldwide deal by Bronze Records, and have their debut single 'What's Love' issued on October 16 — the same day as they set out as special guests on the British tour by Dr Hook.

Minds matters

SIMPLE MINDS have their album 'Sister Feelings Call' — which was initially half of their double LP 'Sons And Fascination' debut for Virgin — being made available as a single set from October 16, retailing at just £1.82. The following week (23) sees the release of a four-track single by the band, which comes as either a 12-inch or a double-pack seven-inch — it features 'Sweat In Bullet' and '20th Century Promised Land' (both from the double LP), plus live versions of 'Premonition' and 'League Of Nations' recorded at their recent Hammersmith concert.

● **Academy One** have their single 'Forever And Ever' issued by Armegeddon this week. The B-side is one of the tracks from the 'W.N.W.6' compilation album (see separate story), titled 'Heaven'.

● **Helen Reddy's** new album 'Play Me Out' is issued by MCA this week, together with a single taken from it, titled 'I Can't Say Goodbye To You'. And from the same label comes a live album by country star **Barbara Mandrell,** to coincide with her current BBC-1 Sunday-night series, and she also has a three-track single on which the A-side is 'If Loving You Is Wrong I Don't Want To Be Right'.

● Singer-composer **John Caswell's** new single, produced by Bob Lamb, is 'In This Land' coupled with 'Right House, Wrong Night'. It's out this week on MCA/Romantic Records.

● Independent record and video label Radialchoice have two singles out this week — the double A-sider 'Time After Time' / 'You Gotta Problem' by **Toni Basil,** who's currently in London recording her own BBC-TV show; and 'D.E.S.I.R.E.' by new signing **Jesse Rae,** which comes in a fan-shaped picture bag. Both are available in 7" and 12".

● **Dislocation Dance,** who support Girls At Our Best on most of their tour dates starting this week, have their first album 'Music Music Music' issued this weekend by New Hormones — with distribution through the independent wholesale network. It comprises 14 band compositions and retails at £3.99.

MOONLIGHT SERENADE

THE FIRST volume of music by bands who have played regularly at London's Moonlight Club in West Hampstead is released by Armageddon Records this weekend, titled 'W.N.W.6'. It features Out On Blue Six (their last recorded material), The Room, Dr Mix & The Remix, The Chefs, Artery, Academy One, Icarus, The Pinkies, Flying Club, The Patrik Fitzgerald Group and The Decorators. Retailing at £3.99, it runs for 47 minutes, and there's a second volume promised for February. The album comes at an appropriate time because Dave Kitson, who's been promoting at the Moonlight for the past two years, has just left the club to become Armageddon label chief.

Slump ends, and sales are rising

ACCORDING to the latest survey from the British Phonographic Industry, prospects for the record business are more promising than they've been for some time. The BPI says that, although figures don't yet indicate an expanding market in real terms, it now seems that UK sales have reached their lowest level in the current recession — and it predicts a modest recovery in the course of the next 12 or 18 months.

This assessment is based largely on sales for the April-June quarter of this year, which show a healthy trend. During that period, sales of singles actually increased by nine per cent (to 17,900,000), compared with the corresponding quarter last year. And in spite of the current teenage-oriented repertoire, the BPI expresses some surprise at this, in view of the high level of youth unemployment.

Albums sales are only slightly down on the same period last year, but sales have already reached their lowest ebb and are now showing an upward movement. Another intriguing fact to emerge from the survey is that, during the past year, the average price of an LP fell by two per cent — due to a combination of fluctuations in international exchange rates, price reductions and budget series introduced by some labels and an increase in reissued product.

Despite its mild optimism, the BPI points out that at least one-third of the industry's potential market is lost to home taping — and it renews its call for some measure of protection to be afforded to copyright owners.

● An *NME* survey of record companies suggests that sales have increased still further since the period of the BPI survey. One label, Virgin, claims that current sales are up 20 per cent on this time last year.

LAURIE ANDERSON

● The debut single by **Laurie Anderson** 'O Superman' is rushed out by Warner Brothers this weekend and, although it's a seven-inch, it has a running time of almost 8½ minutes. The B-side is 'Walk The Dog', and both tracks are part of a larger work called 'United States — IV'. Laurie is playing a three-night stint at London Hammersmith Riverside Studios from tomorrow (Friday).

● Disc-jockey **Rosko** is featured with a group called **Rapartee,** who've recorded a rapping single titled 'French Connection'. It's issued this week by Magnet in both 7" and 12". From the same label, again in both size formats, comes 'Love Me Tonight' by **Trevor Walters** — which made No 1 in the black music charts through the independent Ital label.

● **Vice Squad** have their debut album 'No Cause For Concern' issued on Riot City Records (through EMI) next Monday, The 13 tracks include one re-recorded title from each of the band's two previous EPs.

● **The Gas,** who support Doll By Doll on their UK tour starting this weekend (announced last week), have their single 'The Finger' issued by Polydor this Friday — followed on October 30 by their album 'Emotional Warfare.'

● **Riot,** who support Saxon on their extensive UK tour starting this week, have a new single titled 'Outlaw' issued by WEA this week in 7" and 12" formats. It's a remixed version of a track from their recent 'Fire Down Under' album, and is backed with a live version of 'Rock City' recorded last year at Hammersmith Odeon.

● **Jeanie Tracy** has signed to Fantasy Records, whose UK outlet is via RCA, and solo product is expected by the end of the year. She's recently been featured as lead vocalist on Freddie Hubbard's latest album and single, and is also heard on Sylvester's most recent LP and single.

● **Johnny Mars,** blues singer and harmonica wizard, releases his first-ever solo single through Chiswick Records on October 16 — 'Born Under A Bad Sign', written by Booker T Jones and William Bell. The B-side comprises two live tracks, 'Horses And Places' and 'Mighty Mars'.

HEAVEN 17 release their next Virgin single on October 16, and it's the title track from their album 'Penthouse And Pavement', though it's different from the LP version — the seven-inch single is a "pop remix", and the 12-incher is a "disco remix". The group are currently undertaking a series of personal appearances around the UK, though you'll need to keep your eyes open to see if they're coming to your area, because details aren't being announced nationally.

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JUNIOR WALKER AND THE ALLSTARS

Saturday 24th October £3.00 adv
THE BLUES BAND

Thursday 29th October £2.00 adv
GO-GO'S

Friday 30th October £4.00 adv
GILLAN + BUDGIE + Nightwing

Thursday 5th November £2.50 adv
DEPECHE MODE

Friday 6th November £4.50 adv
KOOL AND THE GANG

Tickets from: Rock City Box Office, Selectradisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-cords, Derby - Syd Booth, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, Lincoln — In The Groove, Arnold — Rock It, Ilkeston, or by post from Rock City. Please enclose SAE.

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AFTER THE FIRE plus support — FRIDAY 9th OCTOBER 8pm — ADMISSION £1.75
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REGGAE with **TALISMAN** plus support — FRIDAY 16th OCTOBER 8pm — ADMISSION £1.25
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MOTOR BOYS MOTOR

Sunday 11th October £1.00
ROCKIN' TONES

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THE ELECTRIC GUITARS

Tuesday 13th October £1.00
CROWN OF THORNS

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KID CAIROS MASTER PLAN

"The Seven Tour" — MCP presents
MADNESS
plus Special Guests The Belle Stars
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
THURS. 19th NOV. 8.00 pm.
Tickets £4.00
Available from Box Office Tel. 748 2812/2
and usual agents
N.B. Over 18's only
(All postal applications to include a S.A.E.)

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

OCTOBER
6-10 Andy Williams
10 After The Fire
10 Sad Cafe
11 Thompson Twins
11 Matchbox
11,12 Steve Hackett
12 UK Subs
13, 14 James Brown
16 John Miles
16, 17, 18, 19, 20 Randy Crawford
18 Sheena Easton
18 Jack Jones
18–26 The Clash
19 Blues Band
20 Johnny Cash
20 Tangerine Dream
21, 22 Hawkwind
21, 23 Randy Crawford
22 Ramones
23 Renaissance
24, 25 Saxon
26 ZZ Top
26, 27, 28 Santana
29 Janis Ian
30 The Shadows
30 Greg Lake
31 Fats Domino

NOVEMBER
1 Randy Edelman
1 John Martyn
2, 3 Dr Hook
3 Comsat Angels
4, 5, Rush
8 Styx
7, 8 Kool & The Gang
9 Psychedelic Furs
12 Enigma
16, 17 Madness
12, 13 The Nolans
17 Stranglers
18 Chris De Burgh
19 20 Orchestral Manouvres in the Dark
21, 22 Judas Priest
23 Rick Wakeman
25 Peter Skellern
25, 26 Thin Lizzy
28 Glen Campbell
29 9 Below Zero
30 Shakin' Stevens

DECEMBER
1,2 ELO
5 Human League
6 Shakin' Stevens
8 Echo And The Bunnymen
12, 13 Joan Armatrading
20 Slade
21, 22 Gillan
24,26 Blizzard of Ozz

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SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.

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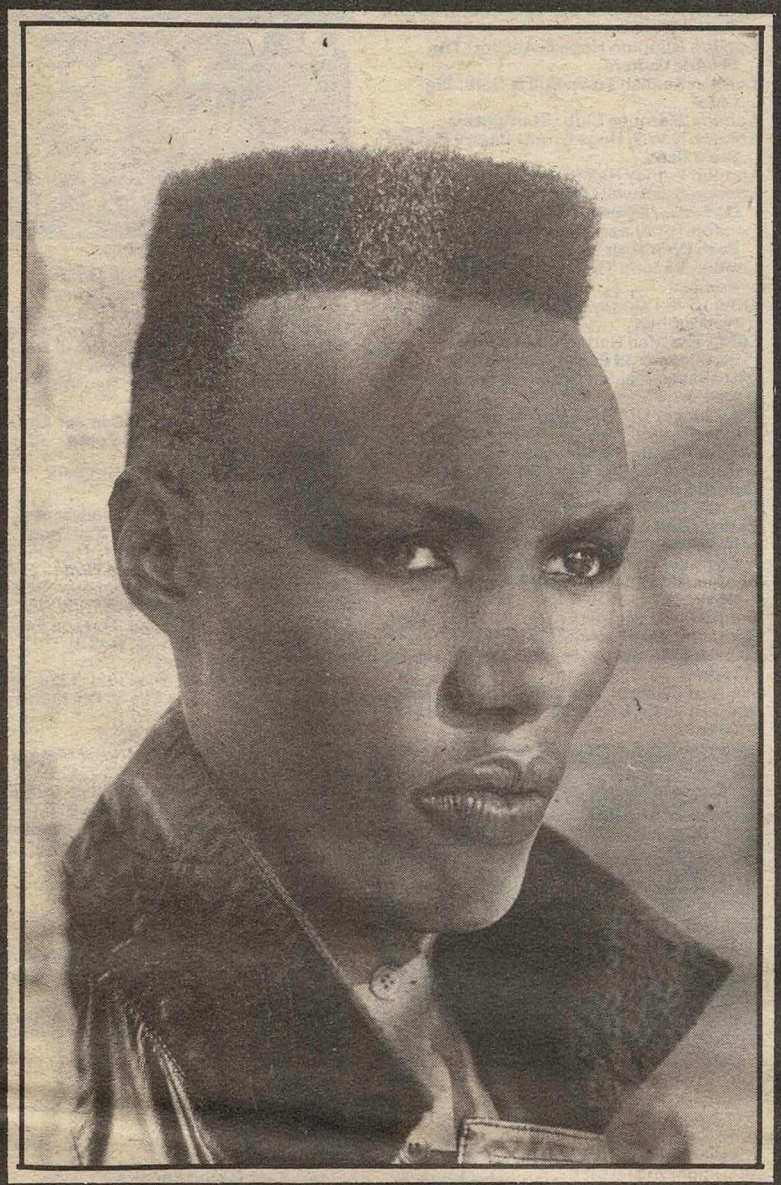
Nationwide Gig Guide



Grace Jones Pic Joe Stevens

TOURS galore again this week, with over a dozen big names setting out — while, of course, others (like The Clash and Ultravox) are already on the road And as our weekly listings push upwards towards the 700-gig barrier, these are the principal newcomers on the circuit

MADNESS are determined not to shut up, despite their current hit single, and — in company with The Belle Stars — begin a 33-date schedule at Bradford (Thursday), Edinburgh (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Aberdeen (Sunday), Dundee (Monday) and Sheffield (Tuesday) The Magnificent Seven will obviously be featuring their new album '7' extensively

BOW WOW WOW kick off their longest tour to date with a headliner at London Lyceum on Thursday, followed by Norwich (Saturday), Bristol (Monday) and Brighton (Wednesday) and that equally controversial outfit THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS are also doing the rounds with initial gigs at Preston (Thursday), Leeds (Friday), Newcastle (Saturday) and Sheffield (Monday)

UK SUBS are back in business again, with a 17-date tour to promote their fifth album "Endangered Species" They're working non-stop this week at Aberdeen (Thursday), Manchester (Friday), Cambridge (Saturday), Stevenage (Sunday), London Hammersmith (Monday), Derby (Tuesday) and Retford (Wednesday)

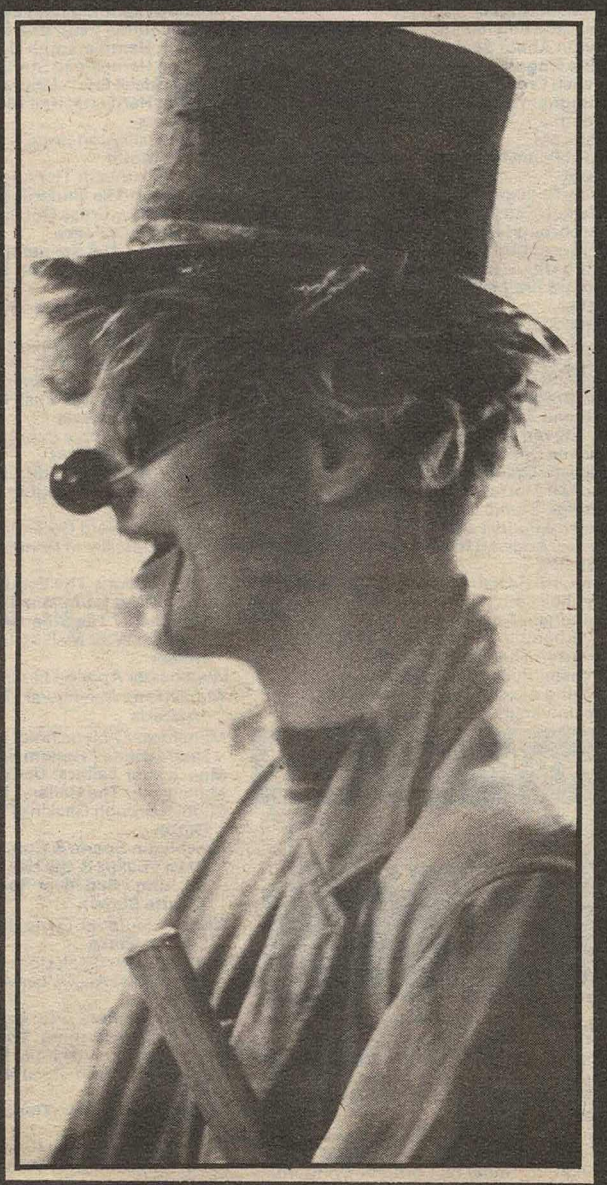
DOLL BY DOLL have acquired a new look, with only two original members reamining (as per out news story last week), and they'll be introducing their revised line-up to audiences at Glasgow (Friday), Dundee (Saturday), Glenrothes (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday), Newcastle (Tuesday) and Huddersfield (Wednesday)

JAMES BROWN, one of the living legends of rock 'n' roll and R&B, is back in Britain with his full touring revue — and you can catch this evergreen phenomenon at Brighton (Friday), Manchester (Sunday), Birmingham (Monday) and London Hammersmith (Tuesday and Wednesday)

GREG LAKE shakes off the shackles of ELP and, after his debut one-off at the Reading Festival, goes out on his first full tour with his own band — beginning at Aberystwyth (Friday), Cardiff (Saturday), Dunstable (Monday) and Norwich (Tuesday) Voyager support SAXON, one of the big names of the heavy metal brigade, are off on their autumn crusade And there'll be plenty of denim and leather on view at Portsmouth (Thursday), Leicester (Friday), Stafford (Saturday), Bristol (Sunday), Cardiff (Monday), Manchester (Tuesday) and Ipswich (Wednesday)

Among other acts awaiting the starting pistol during the next few days are THE BLUES BAND, CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT, GIRLS AT OUR BEST and, from America, JR WALKER & THE ALLSTARS

And that's not all The incomparable GRACE JONES arrives in town to present her "One Man Show" at London's Drury Lane Theatre Royal, for three nights from Thursday And she's followed into the same venue by RANDY CRAWFORD, who's playing no less than nine nights there, from this Sunday onwards



Madness. Pic: Anton Corbijn

Thursday 8th

UK Subs: Aberdeen

Aberdeen Victoria Hotel: **UK Subs**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Corss: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Night Out: **The Drifters**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Blues Band**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bolton The Gaiety: **The Autoze**
Bournemouth The Pinecliff: **The Secret**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Madness / The Belle Stars**
Brighton Centre: **Ultravox**
Brighton The Concorde: **Eye To Eye**
Brighton New Regent: **Modern English / Death Rides A Horse**
Camberley Lakeside Country Club: **Alan Price**
Cardiff The Casablanca: **The Dynamos**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Stripes / The Crowd**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Mo-dettes**
Coventry Guy's: **ABC**
Coventry Polytechnic: **Weapon Of Peace**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Polecats**
Fife St. Andrews University: **Lindisfarne**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Clash**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Imprints**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **The Dolphins**
Glasgow Strathclyde Univeristy: **Gary Glitter**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Black Market**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Conflict / Annie Anxiety / Amfrax**
Guildford Surrey University: **Renaissance**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Ray Dorset & Mungo Jerry**
Hickstead Cinderella's: **UK Players**
Keighly Funhouse Bar: **Dave Berry**
Leeds Brannigan's: **The Cause**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Leeds University (afternoon): **Surfin Dave / Nick Toczek**
Leeds Warehouse: **Q-Tips**
Leicester Gilmorton Crown Hotel: **Haste To Waste**
Liverpool The Dandelion: **The Chase**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Inmates / The Cobras**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **National Gold**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **The King Swingers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Cannibals / The Misfits**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Drowning Craze**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Grace Jones**
London Euston The Pits: **Death March / Last Touch**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Pete York's N.Y.**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Lee Fardon / Victorian Parents**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Flood**
London Fulham The Swan: **Strange Arrangement**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Thunderboys / Radio I.D.**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Harrow Rd, Windsor Castle: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Force**
London Kensington The Cricketers: **The Breakfast Band**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Chuck Farley**
London Marquee Club: **Atomic Rooster**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **The Passions**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Rio & The Robots**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Beatroots**
London Putney Half Moon: **Juice On The Loose**
London Queen Mary College: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ronnie Scott Quintet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Shades**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Blue Cats / Restless**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Bow Wow Wow / King Pleasure / The Flying Padovanis**
London Stratford Green Man: **Salt**
London Victoria The Venue: **King Crimson**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Blue Orchids / Airstrip One**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Gossips: **Tom Nolan's Bluesbusters**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Steve Hackett**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
Manchester Failsworth Arms: **Sly Move**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Thompson Twins**
Manchester UMIST: **Neil Innes**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Rockin Horse**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Ethnic Minority / Part One / Glen O'Halloren Doin' It**
Newcastle City Hall: **Sheena Easton**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Tantrum / Vastick / Southbound / Red Planet / The Idols / Carl Green & The Scene**
Northampton Old Five Bells: **Energy**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lears Lasers**
Oldham Sholver Inn: **Cuddly Toys**
Oxford Penny Farthing: **Marillion**
Paignton The Coverdale: **Morning Glory / Initial Split**
Perth Ramikins: **Red Shift**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Grease Lightning**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Saxon**
Preston Guildhall: **Hawkwind**
Preston Moonraker: **Natural Scientist**
Preston Warehouse: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **Naughty Thoughts**
Saffron Walden Youth Centre: **The Work / Vigour Of Speech**
Sheffield Cats Club: **The Cardboard Cellar**
Sheffield City Polytechnic: **The Amoebas**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Infa-Riot**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Girls At Our Best**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **U2 / The Comsat Angels / Bambi Kino**
Sheffield The Big Tree Hotel: **The Slimey Blues Band**
Sheffield The Penguin: **Fireclown**
Skegness Festival Pavilion: **Odyssey**
Solihull Civic Hall: **Die La Kwoir / The Nightingales / The Art Of Loving**
Stockport Smugglers: **Band 4**
Wakefield West Ardsley Rock Club: **Limelight**
Wallsend Buddle Arts Centre: **Brahms & Lizst/Barfly**
Willenhall Lion Hotel: **Dismal Jackets**
Wokingham Angie's: **Amity**
Workington Slipped Disc: **Starfighters**
York Black Swan: **Dave Evans**

Friday 9th

King Crimson: London, Victoria

Aberdeen University: **Tom McEwan**
Aberystwyth University: **Greg Lake Band**
Ashford William Harvey Hospital: **The Graphics**
Birmingham Aston University: **The Members**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Quads/Situation Critical**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Vice Squad**
Birmingham Night Out: **The Drifters**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Shadows**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham University: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Blackpool J.R.'s: **Limelight**
Bolton Tong Ward Club: **Dave Berry**
Borehamwood Civic Hall: **Alex Harvey Band**
Bournemouth Town Hall: **The Cosmetics/The Reflections/Cava Cava**
Brighton Top Rank: **The James Brown Revue**
Bristol University: **The Thompson Twins**
Camberley Lakeside Country Club: **Alan Price**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Sam Apple Pie/Marillion**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Sly Move**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Chicken Shack**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **John Miles**
Croydon The Star: **The Human Beans**
Darleston Rough Hay Tavern: **Xpertz**
Derby Lonsdale College: **Poison Girls**
Durham New College: **Hambi & The Dance**
Dymchurch New Beach Holiday Centre: **The Tremeloes**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Gary Glitter**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Madness/The Belle Stars**
Egham Shoreditch College: **We're Only Human**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Hawkwind**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: **Doll By Doll**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Lindisfarne**
Glasgow University: **Matchbox**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **The R.B.'s**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **English Rogues/Rok Watts**
Ispwich Gaumont Theatre: **Sad Cafe**
Kingston Plytechnic: **Mike Berry/Rockola**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **The Bricks**
Leeds Brannigan's: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Leeds Chapeltown Boys Club: **Radio I.D./New Model Army/Free State**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Saxon**
Leicester Fosseway Hotel: **Haste To Waste**
Leicester University: **Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias**
Liverpool College: **Grace**
Liverpool Edgehill College: **Girls At Our Best/Dislocation Dance**
Liverpool University: **Moscow Philharmonix/Natural Scientist**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Johnny Mars Band/Transporter with Claire Hamill**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Thunderboys**
London City Polytechnic: **Back Door Man**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Wreckless Eric/Rockin' Kurt**
London Covent Garden Community Association: **Suttel Approach/The Results/Three Minute Warning**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Shake Shake**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Grace Jones**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint/The Beatroots/Release De Beat**
London Euston The Pits: **Rocky Road Blues Band/Steve Hooker's Shakers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Ak Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Meteors**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The 45's**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **Laurie Anderson (for three days)**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Manufactured Romance/Chiltern Volcanoes**
London Hornsey The Railway: **John Vincent's Lonely Heart**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Refreshers/Between Pictures**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Eurythmics**
London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College: **Remipeds**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Paragon**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **The Passions**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Steele/Tropicana**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Mainland**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Tiffany Vague/The Clocks**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Jim Galloway/Ron Rubin Trio**
London Southall White Hart: **Takeaway**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Naked Lunch/Mad Shadows**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand Kings College: **Stimulin/The Pinkies/Ravenna & The Magnetics**
London Stratford Green Man: **Hotline**
London University College: **The Snax**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Colahs**
London Victoria The Venue: **King Crimson**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Academy One/Black Heart**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Martian Dance**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Rocket 88**
London W.C.2 School of Oriental & African Studies: **Tour De Force**
Loughborough University: **Weapon Of Peace**
Malvern Mount Pleasant Hotel: **The Nightingales**

Nationwide Gig Guide

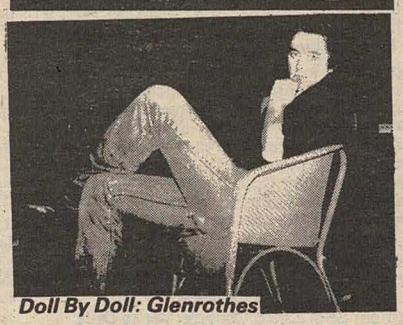
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Sheena Easton**
Manchester (Ashton) Dog & Partridge: **Surfin' Dave**
Manchester Comanche Students Union: **Here & Now**
Manchester De La Salle College: **Bamboo 200/The Stiffs**
Manchester Deville's: **The Revillos**
Manchester University: **The Chefs/The Mood Elevators**
Middlesbrough Gaskins: **UK Subs**
Muirkirk Main Street Club: **The Imprints**
Newbiggin Sports & Community Centre: **The Searchers**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **U2/The Comsat Angels**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **The Blues Band**
Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College: **Forty Blue Fingers**
Norwich Cromwell's: **Odyssey**
Nottingham Rock City: **Fatal Charm**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **The Polecats**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Nicky Barclay Band**
Paisely College of Technology: **Black Market/Red Shift/Joseph Burke Band**
Peterborough Farcet Club: **Energy**
Peterborough The Crown: **Dave Evans**
Salford University: **Q-Tips**
Sheffield Bridge Hotel: **The Cardboard Cellar**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Flying Officer X**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Showaddywaddy**
Southampton The Eagle: **Chalice**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Mark Williamson Band/Burnt Oak**
Southend Zero Six: **UK Players**
Stonehaven The Commodores: **Saracen**
Swansea Coach House: **The Squirts/Graham Larkbey**
Thruxton Murray's Club: **The Press**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **After The Fire**
Wallsend Buddle Arts Centre: **Nic Jones/Addison Rapper & Clog/Badger In The Bag**
Whitworth Rawstrons Arms: **The Elements**
Willenhall Lion Hotel: **Bizarre Unit**
Wokingham Angie's: **Blue Zoo**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Starfighters**
Wolverton The Victoria: **Fool**
Worcester Punchbowl: **Whipps**
Worthing Assembly Hall: **Donovan**
York University: **Steve Hackett**

Saturday 10th

Angelic Upstarts: Manchester

Bangor University: **The Polecats**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Bumpers / Hot Pencils**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Night Out: **The Drifters**
Birmingham Odeon: **Sheena Easton**
Birmingham Tindal St. Community Rooms: **Strumpet & Twist**
Bracknell Bridge House: **L.A. Hooker**
Bradford University: **Q-Tips**
Braintree Essex Barn: **The Breakfast Band**
Bridlington Spa Royal Hall: **The Clash**
Bristol Bridge Inn: **Forty Blue Fingers**
Bristol Polytechnic: **The Higsons**
Bristo; Student Union: **The Exploding Seagulls**
Buckie St. Andrew's Hotel: **Saracen**
Caerphilly The Checkmate: **The Dynamos**
Camberley Lakeside Country Club: **Alan Price**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **UK Subs**
Cambridge Portland Arms; **Dave Evans**
Cambridge The Sound Cellar: **Wall Of Voodoo**
Cardiff Casablanca: **The Ivory Coasters**
Cardiff University: **Greg Lake Band**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Park Avenue / The Close-Ups**
Chelmsford Odeon: **Showaddywaddy**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Clun Anchor Inn: **Whipps**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Urge**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Croydon Cartoon (lunchtime): **Fool**
Dumfries The Nith: **The Imprints**
Dundee College of Technology: **Black Market / Red Shift / Joseph Burke Band**
Dundee University: **Doll By Doll**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Hawkwind**
Edingburgh The Place: **Station Six**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Black Slate**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Madness / The Belle Stars**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **The Revillos**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Die Laughing**
Harrow The Headstone: **Takeaway**
Hatfield The Forum: **Donovan**
Haywards Heath Oathall School: **Mark Williamson Band / Burnt Oak**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Ultravox**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
Kidderminster Boars Head: **Strontum Dog**
Leeds Brannigan's: **Household Name**
Leeds Ship Inn: **The Cardboard Cellar**
Leeds University: **Lindisfarne**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Girls At Our Best / Dislocation Dance**
Leighton Buzzard Vandyke Rd. Youth Club: **UK Decay / Fictitous / Chronic Outbursts / The Condemned**
Liverpool Royal Theatre: **U2 / The Comsat Angels**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Moscow Philharmonix**
Liverpool University: **Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Starfighters**
London Archway Caxton House: **23 Skidoo / The Mysterous**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Snax/ The Americans**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Joy Spring**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Spitzbrook**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Androids Of Mu**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Cobras**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Grace Jones**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **The Mistakes / The Dots**
London Euston The Pits: **Dolly Mixture**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Supercharge 81 / The Avengers**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Sad Cafe**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Wreckless Eric / Jokorama**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **BIM / The Imports**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Lambeth The Angel: **The Mets / Mouse & The Underdog**
London New Cross Goldsmith's College: **Weapon Of Peace**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London NW1 The Cellar: **English Country Blues Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Sound Dogs / Bacband**
London Rainbow Theatre: **After The Fire / Afraid Of Mice / Top Secret**
London School Of Economics: **The Swim**
London Shepherds Bush Last Chance: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Dave Chambers Quintet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Siam**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Stratford Green Man: **Hotline**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Colahs**
London Victoria The Venue: **Motion**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Chefs / The Siberians**
Maidstone West Malling Greenways: **Jimi Walker**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Shadows**
Manchester Mayflower: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Aswad / The Distractions / Harlem Spirit**
Manchester Rafters: **Delta 5 / Ludus**
Manchester The Gallery: **Bamboo Zoo**
Middlesbrough Gaskins Plus One: **Gary Glitter**
Newbiggin Sports & Community Centre: **Dave Phillips & the Hot Rod Gang / Vince St. John / Red River Rock (Gene Vincent Tribute Show).**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge St. Arts Centre: **Grace**
Northampton Black Lion: **Marillion**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Bow Wow Wow**
Nottingham Rock City: **Odyssey**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Spoilers**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Remipeds**
Reading Hexagon Theatre (lunchtime): **Arris**
Reading University; **The Thompson Twins / Coolerators**
Retford Porterhouse: **Ronnie Lane Band**
Salford Moonrakers: **Victor Mature**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Matchbox**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Fear Of Flying**
Shoreham Community Centre: **Blackcat**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **The New Brendas**
Southport Theatre: **Roy Drusky / Suze Raff**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **Saxon / Budgie**
St. Albans City Hall: **Renaissance**
Telford The Ironmaster: **Oedipus Complex**
Thurso Weigh Inn Motel: **The Dolphins**
Tonypany Naval Club: **The Beatroots**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Limelight**
Wellingborough Sparks & Spanners: **Energy**
Windsor Jethro's: **We're Only Human**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Travelling Shoes**
York Nunthorpe Grammar School: **Poison Girls**

Sunday 11th



Doll By Doll: Glenrothes

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Madness / The Belle Stars**
Aberdeen Robert Gorden Institute: **Tom McEwan**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Blackpool Opera House: **The Shadows**
Bradford Manhattan lub: **Xero**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Saxon**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Camberley Lakeside Club: **Junior Walker & The All-Stars**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Starfighter**
Croydon Cartoon: **Mainland**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Sad Cafe**
Doncaster Yarborough Club: **Dave Berry**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Renaissance**
East Kilbride The Gemini: **The Imprints**
Edinburgh Astoria: **Poison Girls**
Edinburgh Ital Club: **Black Roots**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **The Blues Band**
Glenrothes Lomond Centre: **Doll By Doll**
Hatfield The Forum: **Alan Price**
Isle Of Wight Soul Weekender: **UK Players**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Kirklevington Country Club: **Q-Tips**
Lancaster University: **Lindisfarne**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leeds Tiffany's: **Carl Green & The Scene / Free State, etc.**
Leeds University: **Here & Now**
Leicester (Shearsby) Bath Hotel: **Haste To Waste**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45's**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Pope**
London Charing Cross Duke Of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Screaming Henries / The Strings**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Normil Hawaiians / Decoy / Imperfect Hold**
London Deptford The Duke: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Randy Crawford**
London Duke of York's Theatre: **Shakatak / Inversions / Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames**
London Epping Blacksmiths Arms: **Fred Wedlock / Chris Newman**
London Finchley Torrington: **Root Jackson & The GB Blues Co.**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chris Thompson & The Islands**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Johnny G Band**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Mick Collins Big Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Steve Hackett**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **International Rescue**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Remipeds / Swim**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Rockin' Tone**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
London Lambeth The Angel: **True Life Confessions**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Just Friends**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Brian Leake**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Thompson Twins / Way Of The West / The Higsons / The Electric Guitars**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford Green Man (evening): **Nightwork**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Matchbox**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Horseshoe: **Overkill**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Birds With Ears / Stranger Station**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **The Polo Club**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Jackie Lynn / Art Parker Quartet**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The James Brown Revue**
Newcastle City Hall: **Hawkwind**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge St. Arts Centre: **Oedipus Complex**
Newquay Central Hall: **The Winners**
Oxford New Theatre: **Sheena Easton**
Peterborough The Cresset: **Roy Drusky / Suze Raff**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Matrix**
Poole Arts Centre: **Ultravox**
Poynton Folk Centre: **The Watersons**
Preston Moonraker: **Moscow Philharmonix**
Rushden Windmill Club: **Energy**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Passions**
Slough (Cippenham) Alexandra's: **Travellin' Shoes**
Southport Theatre: **Donovan**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **The Marvelettes**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **UK Subs**
Stoke Star Inn: **Whipps**
Woodford White Hart: **Ray Weard & The Last Post**

Monday 12th

Randy Crawford: London, Drury Lane

Bath The Bell: **Chalice**
Bath The Roxpot: **Streets Ahead / Kevin Brown**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham (Kings Heath) The Billesley: **Xpertz**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Odeon: **The James Brown Revue**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **May West**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Sheena Easton**
Brighton Top Rank: **U2 / The Comsat Angels**
Bristol Granary: **The Business / Infa-Riot**
Bristol Locarno: **Bow Wow Wow**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Saxon**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Janine / The English Rogues**
Corby Festival Hall: **John Miles**
Coventry Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
Doncaster Rotters: **Q-Tips**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Madness / The Belle Stars**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Greg Lake Band / Voyager**
East Kilbride Queensway Hotel: **Black Roots**
Edinburgh Napier College: **Doll By Doll**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Blues Band**
Glasgow Pavilion: **Roy Drusky / Suze Raff**
Guildford Surrey University: **The Chefs / The Mood Elevators**
Hull City Hall: **Hawkwind**
Hull Humberside Theatre: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley Fun House: **The Nonsensibles / 3rd Party**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Sad Cafe**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Junior Walker & The All-Stars**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Stimulin / The White Brothers / The Higsons**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Swim / The Cut-Outs**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Taiwan Pins / Crosswords / The Marines**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Randy Crawford**
London Euston Green Man: **The Speedos**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Lightning Raiders / The Empty Vessels**
London Fulham King's Head: **John Spencer Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Steve Hackett**
London Hammersmith Palais: **UK Subs / Anti Pasti / Chron Gen**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Future Daze / The Silence**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Electric Guitars**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Marquee Club: **Starfighters**
London N.W.2. Hogs Grunt: **Cherry Pickers Steel Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Maddy Prior**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Tour De Force / Ghost**
London Tottenham-Court Road Horseshoe: **Back Door Man**
London Victoria The Venue: **Wall Of Voodoo**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Luton The Mad Hatter: **Jo Lystroda / Paradox / Odd Ends / Marillion**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Odyssey (for a week)**
Manchester UMIST: **Lindisfarne**
Middlesbrough The Crypt: **Poison Girls**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Ultravox**
Oxford Rock Club: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Oxford Scamps: **The Birthday Party**
Preston Moonraker: **Moscow Philharmonix**
Retford Porterhouse: **Here & Now/The Instant Automatons/The Entire Cosmos/Victims Of Romance**
Sheffield Marples Club: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Hickory Wind**
Southend Zero 6: **Hank Wangford**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **The Thompson Twins**
Watford Bailey's: **The Drifters (for a week)**
Watford Le Club Foot: **Sad Lovers & Giants Clive Pig**

Tuesday 13th

James Brown: Birmingham

Aberdeen University: **The Revillos**
Ayr Pavilion: **U2/The Comsat Angels**
Bath Tiffany's: **The Thompson Twins**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **The Mo-dettes/Blitz/Attack**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Hawkwind**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Gordon Giltrap**
Bristol Granary: **The Hybrids**
Canterbury Kent University: **Weapon Of Peace**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Mugshots/Erazerhead**
Croydon The Star: **National Gold**
Dartford Railway Hotel: **Tony Wilson & Mick Doonan**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **John Miles**
Derby The Rainbow: **UK Subs**
Dundee Whitehall Theatre: **Roy Drusky/Suze Raff**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Renaissance**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **Natural Scientist**
Hull City Hall: **Sad Cafe**
Leeds Cinderella's: **Watch With Mother**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pickwicks: **Pioson Girls**
London Aldgate City Polytechnic: **Manufactured Romance**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Junior Walker & The All-Stars**
London City Polytechnic: **The Pope**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Electric Guitars**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Bonsai Forest/The Big Combo/Competition**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Randy Crawford**
London Euston The Pits: **Ton tons m/ecoute**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hamsters**
London Fulham Greyhound: **A Flock of Seagulls/The Cosmetics**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Precinct**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The James Brown Revue**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Taiwan Pins/The Motives**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope And Anchor: **Crown of Thorns**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **The Prize**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **The Meteors**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Levi Dexter & The Ripcords**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Telegents/The Bank Robbers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Suttel Appraoch**
London Stratford Green Man: **Standing On Edge**
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Alligators/The Wrecktangles**
London Victoria The Venue: **Wreckless Eric**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Mad Shadows**
London W1 Embassy Club: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
Loughborough University: **Mark Williamson Band/Cyrus**
Luton The Mad Hatter: **Fool**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Saxon**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **Here & Now**
Newcastle University: **Doll By Doll**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Greg Lake Band/Voyager**
Oxford New Theatre: **The Shadows**
Oxford Scamps: **Stray**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Donovan**
Reading University: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Roherham White Lion: **The Cardboard Cellar**
Sheffield City Hall: **Madness/The Belle Stars**
Sheffield University: **Lindisfarne**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Uytavox**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Starfighters**

Wednesday 14th

Bow Wow Wow: Brighton

Birkenhead Sir James Club: **Grace**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Au Pairs**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Brighton Corn Exchange: **Bow Wow Wow**
Canterbury College of Art: **Roy Weard & The Last Post**
Cardiff Top Rank: **U2/The Comsat Angels**
Charnock Richard Parkhall Centre: **Junior Walker & The All-Stars**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Croydon The Star: **The 45's**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Renaissance**
Dunstable The Wheatsheaf: **Marillion**
Edinburgh Assembly Rooms: **The Revillos**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Here & Now**
Exeter University: **The Thompson Twins**
Exeter Winstons: **Dangerous Girls**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Sheena Easton**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Doll By Doll**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Saxon**
Ipswich Warehouse: **Back Door Man**
Keele University: **The Chefs/The Mood Elevators**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Littleborough Royal Oak: **Victor Mature**
Liverpool Kirklands: **Come In Tokio**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Stun The Guards**
Liverpool University: **The Blues Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Gladiators**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Killer Wales/Howard Jones**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Zounds/Ton tons mecoute**
London Euston The Pits: **The Bank Robbers/Zeitung-Da**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Cobras**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Cayenne/The Reactions**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Wax Effigy**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The James Brown Revue**
London Hampstead Starlight Rooms: **Freehand**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Kid Cairo's Master Plan**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Beatroots**
London Kensington Imperial College: **Weapon Of Peace**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Stray**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Wolverine Cubs**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm/The Elite**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Easter & The Totem/The Contacts**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Brian Lemon Quartet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Max D. Barnes**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Lightning Raiders**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Stratford Green Man: **Mikado**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Mothers Ruin**
London Victoria The Venue: **Charlie Dore**
London Welling Youth Centre: **Trackway**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Birthday Party**
London W.1 (Wardour St.) Mooch Club: **Maximum Joy**
Loughborough University: **Lindisfarne**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Sad Cafe**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Membranes/Zanti Misfitz**
Newcastle New Tyne Theatre: **Dave Berry**
New Romney Seahorse: **The Record Players**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Polecats**
Oxford New Theatre: **The Shadows**
Plymouth Tops: **Ray Dorset & Mungo Jerry**
Pontefract Blackamore Head: **Starfighters**
Preston Polytechnic: **Tarzan 5/Dislocation Dance/Climate Of Treason**
Preston Warehouse: **Dialektric/The Distorted**
Retford Porterhouse: **UK Subs/Flux Of Pink Indians**
Runcorn Cherry Tree: **The Fireclown**
Sheffield Cats Club: **The Cardboard Cellar**
Southend Annabella's: **Wreckless Eric**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Tommy Hunt**
Stoke Tunstall Town Hall: **Poison Girls**
Swinton Duke of Wellingborough: **Rockin Horse**
Weymouth Dorset Institute: **Girls At Our Best**
Wigan Pier: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Wokingham Angie's: **England's National Sport**
York Drill Hall: **The Passions**

■ **Gig dates should reach the NME by the Wednesday, a week before publication. Address them to: Derek Johnson, Gig Guide, NME, 5–7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.**

LIVE ADS

JAZZ/FUNK ● HEAVY METAL ● R & B ● REGGAE ● ROCKABILLY ● SOUL ● FUTURISTIC ● REGGAE ● HEAVY METAL ● NEW WAVE ● R & B ● ROCK-N-ROLL ● JAZZ/FUNK ● ROCKABILLY ● SOUL ● HEAVY METAL ● STRAIGHT POP ● RHYTHM & BLUES ● REGGAE ● STRAIGHT POP ● NEW WAVE ● ROCKABILLY ● SOUL

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VENUES

WED	7 OCT	USHER HALL	EDINBURGH
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SUN	11 OCT	TIFFANYS	LEEDS
TUES	13 OCT	RITZ	MANCHESTER
THURS	15 OCT	GRAFTON ROOMS	LIVERPOOL
SAT	17 OCT	QUEENS UNIVERSITY	BELFAST
SUN	18 OCT	CITY HALL	CORK
TUES	20 OCT	LOCARNO	BIRMINGHAM
THURS	22 OCT	SAMSON & HERCULES	NORWICH
SUN	25 OCT	LOCARNO	PORTSMOUTH
MON	26 OCT	HAMMERSMITH PALAIS	LONDON
TUES	27 OCT	LOCARNO	BRISTOL
WED	28 OCT	TOP RANK	CARDIFF

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HARP PARTY
Friday 9th October
ROCKET 88
Saturday 10th October
HARRY GOLD AND HIS PIECES OF EIGHT
Thursday 15th October
HOT SOX
Friday 16th October
DIZ AND THE DOORMEN

KINGS HEAD
4, Fulham High St., SW6
736 1413

Thursday 8th — LOOSE SHOES — 75p
Friday 9th — THE 45's — £1.50
Saturday 10th — RICKY COOL AND THE RIALTOS — £1.50
Sunday 11th — JOHNNY G — £1.00
Monday 12th — JOHN SPENCERS BAND — £1.00
Tuesday 13th — PRECINCT — 75p
Wednesday 14th — WAX EFFIGY + SOUND GALLERY — £1.00
Thursday 15th — WESTSIDE — £1.00

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MANCHESTER APOLLO
FRI. 23rd OCTOBER 7.30
tickets £3.50 and £3.00 from box office tel. 061 273 1112
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
SAT. 24th OCTOBER 7.30
tickets £3.50 and £3.00 from box office tel. 0632 20007
ABERDEEN CAPITOL
MON. 26th OCTOBER 7.30
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TIFFANY'S GLASGOW
TUES. 27th OCTOBER 7.30
tickets £3.50 from Apollo Theatre, Virgin Records, Lost Chord Records and Listen Records.
ODEON THEATRE EDINBURGH
WED. 29th OCTOBER 7.30
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ROYAL COURT LIVERPOOL
FRI. 30th OCTOBER 7.30
tickets £3.50 from box office tel. 051 708 7411
GUILDHALL PORTSMOUTH
MON. 2nd NOVEMBER 7.30
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COLSTON HALL BRISTOL
WED. 4th NOVEMBER 7.30
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IPSWICH GAUMONT
SAT. 7th NOVEMBER 7.30
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DE MONTFORT HALL LEICESTER
SUN. 8th NOVEMBER 7.30
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BRIGHTON CENTRE
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SOPHIA GARDENS CARDIFF
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GAUMONT SOUTHAMPTON
FRI. 13th NOVEMBER 7.30
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RAINBOW THEATRE
MON. 16th NOVEMBER 7.30
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London Cinemas

classic West End Presentations

CLASSIC PROGRAMME INFORMATION TELEDATA 01 200 0200

classic 1 2 3 HAYMARKET 839 1527 (Piccadilly Circus Tube)

1 John Carpenter's **ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK** AA
in Dolby Stereo
Progs 1.20 (not Sun), 2.55, 5.30, 8.10
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm
Screen closed Oct 14th

2 Bill Murray, Warren Oats **STRIPES** AA
Progs 1.30 (not Sun), 3.20, 5.50, 8.15
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm
No 8.15 perf. Oct 8th

3 PETER YATES' **The JANITOR** AA
Progs 1.25 (not Sun)
3.15, 5.40, 8.10
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

classic 1 2 3 4 CHELSEA 352 5096 Kings Road
Last performances bookable

1 **FELLINI'S CITY OF WOMEN** X
Progs 2.00, 5.05, 8.15

2 *1981 Royal Film Performance* **CHARIOTS OF FIRE** A
in Dolby Stereo
Progs 2.30, 5.35, 8.25

3 PETER YATES' **The JANITOR** AA
Progs 2.15, 5.40, 8.30

4 ALAN BATES, MAGGIE SMITH **QUARTET** X
Progs 2.40, 6.05, 8.55

classic LEICESTER SQ. (Charing Cross Rd) 930 6915

ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK AA
Progs 12.50 (not Sun), 2.10, 5.35, 8.00

classic 1 2 3 4 5 OXFORD ST. 636 0310 (Opp Tottenham Court Rd. Tube)

1 PETER YATES' **The JANITOR** AA
Progs 1.30, 3.40, 6.00, 8.20
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

2 James Bond is back **FOR YOUR EYES ONLY** A
in Dolby Stereo
Progs 12.45, 2.55, 5.35, 8.15
Late show Fri & Sat 11 pm

3 **ENTER THE NINJA** (X)
THE SUPREME MARSHALL ART
Sun & Week 1.50, 5.25, 9.00
NIGHTWING (AA)
Sun & Week 3.25, 7.00
Late Show Fri & Sat 11pm
Feature only

4 Bo Derek **TARZAN THE APE MAN** AA
Progs 1.10, 3.25, 5.50, 8.15
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

5 **TIME BANDITS** A
Progs 1.10, 3.30, 5.55, 8.20
Late Show Fri & Sat 11pm

The NEW classic 1 2 3 TOTTENHAM CT. RD. (Tottenham Court Rd. Tube) 636 6148

1 **FELLINI'S CITY OF WOMEN** X
Progs 2.45, 5.25, 8.15
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

2 **STRIPES** (AA)
Progs 1.45 (not Sun) 3.35, 6.00, 8.30
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

3 John Carpenter's **ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK** AA
Progs 1.50 (not Sun), 3.30, 5.55, 8.25
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

TO ADVERTISE IN THIS SECTION RING 01-261 6153

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ABC West End Film Guide EMI

ABC 1 & 2 SHAFTESBURY AVE
Sep perfs. All seats bkble
1: HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART 1 (AA)
Wk & Sun: 2.0, 5.25, 8.25
Late show Fri & Sat 11.25
2: MEMOIRS OF A SURVIVOR (X)
Wk & Sun: 2.0, 5.05, 8.05

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4 EDGWARE ROAD
1: HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART 1 (AA)
Week: 1.50, 4.10, 6.35, 9.00. Sun: 4.10, 6.35, 9.00
Progs 3.30, 5.55, 8.15. Sun 5.55, 8.15
Late show tonight & Sat 11.15
2: ZOMBIES (X)
Week & Sun 4.15, 8.20
THE BROOD (X)
Week 2.30, 6.30, Sun 6.30
Late show Tonight & Sat. 11.15
3: FLYING SEX (X)
Week 2.40, 5.50, 9.00. Sun: 5.50, 9.00
EMMANUELLE & THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE (X)
Week & Sun: 4.10, 7.20
Late show Sat 11.15
4: ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOOS NEST (X)
Week: 2.00, 5.05, 8.10. Sun: 5.05, 8.10
Supp Prog Week 4.25, 7.30. Sun: 7.30
Late show tonight & Sat 11.15

ABC 1, 2, 3 BAYSWATER (Queensway)
1: HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART 1 (AA)
Progs 1.15, 3.05, 5.35, 8.05. Sun: 5.30, 8.00
Late show Sat 11.15
2: Steven Speilberg's RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
Progs 2.0, 4.50, 7.45. Sun: 4.45, 7.35
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15
3: THE FOUR SEASONS (AA)
Progs 2.30, 5.10, 7.50. Sun: 5.0, 7.40
Late show tonight & Sat 11.00

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 FULHAM ROAD
Seats bkble last sep prog. L'cnd bar
Doors open 15 mins prior
1: HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART 1 (AA)
Sep progs Wk & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
2: THE FOUR SEASONS (AA)
Sep progs Wk & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
3: Steven Spielberg's RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
Sep progs Wk & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
4: TARZAN, THE APE MAN (AA)
Sep progs Wk & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
5: MEMOIRS OF A SURVIVOR (X)
Sep progs Wk & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30

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5 Cinema Complex

1 JOHN BOORMAN'S **EXCALIBUR** AA
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Progs: Weekdays 2.30, 5.15, 8.05; Sundays 2.30, 5.15, 8.05.
Late night shows Fri/Sat 11 pm.

2 MEL BROOKS' **HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART I** AA
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Progs: 1.10 (not Sun), 3.30, 5.50, 8.10
Late show Fri & Sat 11 pm

3 SEAN CONNERY in **OUTLAND** AA
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& BELLE DE JOUR (X)
Saturday 10th Oct
Clint Eastwood's
THE GAUNTLET (X)
& THE OUTLAW JOSEY WALES (AA)
Sunday 11th Oct
Lumet's
THE WIZ (U)
& Gordy's
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Henzell's
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GOIN' SOUTH (A)
& Malle's
PRETTY BABY (X)
Saturday 10th Oct — 10.45pm
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Thursday 8
THE GREAT SANTINI 5.00, 8.35
+ Lucas' THX 1138 7.00

Friday 9
Godard: PIERROT LE FOU 7.15
+ ALPHAVILLE 5.30, 9.15

Saturday 10
Divine in PINK FLAMINGOES 2.05, 5.50, 9.30, 1.20am
+ THUNDERCRACK 3.45, 7.30, 11.15

Sunday 11
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Wednesday 14
Bogarde: Losey's SLEEPING TIGER 7.40
+ CAST A DARK SHADOW 6.10, 9.15

Thursday 15
HAROLD & MAUDE 7.40
+ Mel Brooks' THE PRODUCERS 6.05, 9.15

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and his band

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TICKETS £4·00 £3.50 £3·00
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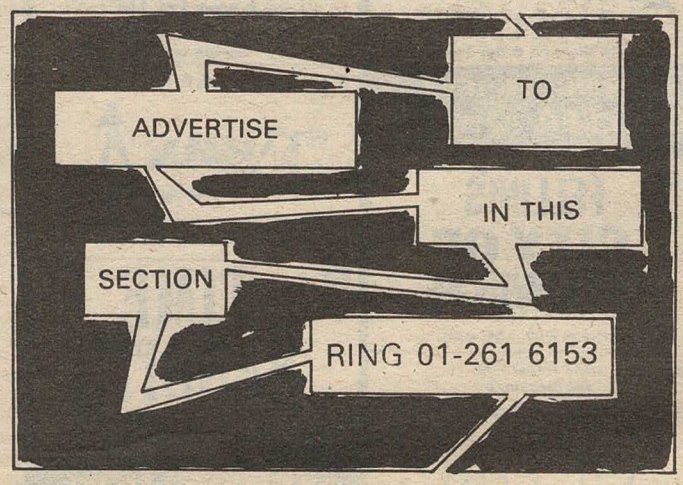

MCP presents **JOHN MILES**

PLUS GUESTS
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23 SKIDOO
THE MYSTERONS
+ Support Disco & Bar
8 pm **OCTOBER 10th** Adm. £2
Caxton House, St Johns Way, Archway N19
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STARLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane, West Hampstead, NW6
Sunday 7.30 pm — 10.30 pm

Wednesday 7th October £1.50
SHELLSHOCK
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Thursday 8th October £1.50
THUNDERBOYS
+ Radio ID

Friday 9th October £1.75
MANUFACTURED ROMANCE
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MIRAGE
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Sunday 11th October £1.50
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FREEHAND
+ Support

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SHAKE SHAKE FRI. 9 OCT. 5-piece with a sharp sense of style and what's right; and a sound that owes as much to DEVO as the new funk - you can dance if you've got spaghetti legs.
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SUN. NORMIL HAWAIIANS + IMPERFECT + HOLD + DEIOR
MON. TAIWAN PINS + CROSSFIRE + THE MARINES
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THE DOORS OPEN 7·30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8:30 A.M. till 0 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1971 PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

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8th – WARWICK, UNIVERSITY
9th – TRENT, POLYTECHNIC
10th – LONDON, RAINBOW
(supporting After the Fire)
14th – EAST ANGLIA, UNIVERSITY
15th – HULL, UNIVERSITY
16th – NEWCASTLE, POLYTECHNIC
17th – STRATHCLYDE, UNIVERSITY
18th – ST. ANDREWS, UNIVERSITY
19th – STIRLING, UNIVERSITY
21st – SHEFFIELD, UNIVERSITY
22nd – KEELE, UNIVERSITY
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+ Black Heart
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Live on stage
MISTY IN ROOTS
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Sounds by Radio One D.J.
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900 High Road, Chadwell Heath, Essex
Nearest B/R Goodmayes or Chadwell Heath N98 night bus to Central London
Admission £1.00
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8pm — midnight
10.30pm Sunday

Thursday 8th October
(Mod Night)
THE STRIPES
+ The Crowd
Friday 9th October
Heavy Rock
SAM APPLE PIE
+ Merrillion
Saturday 10th October
PARK AVENUE
+ Close-Ups
Sunday 11th October
Heavy Rock
STARFIGHTER
Monday 12th October
Heavy Rock
JANINE
+ English Rogues
Tuesday 13th October
MUGSHOTS
+ Erazorhead
Wednesday 14th October
NEAL KAYS HEAVY METAL SOUNDHOUSE
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Mod Night
SMALL WORLD
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OCTOBER 27	BRISTOL Colston Hall	£6, £5, £4
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NOVEMBER 2	WEMBLEY Arena	£6.75, £5.75, £4.75
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DOMINION THEATRE
LONDON W1
Derek Block presents
THE COMSAT ANGELS
plus GUESTS
TUESDAY 3rd NOVEMBER 7.30pm
Tickets £3.25 £2.75
IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01-580 9562
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Would like to apologise for the cancellation of their forthcoming gigs, due to the departure of their guitarist.
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Guitar / Vocals or Keybds/Vocals with ideas and total dedication.
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We're closed for re-decoration until
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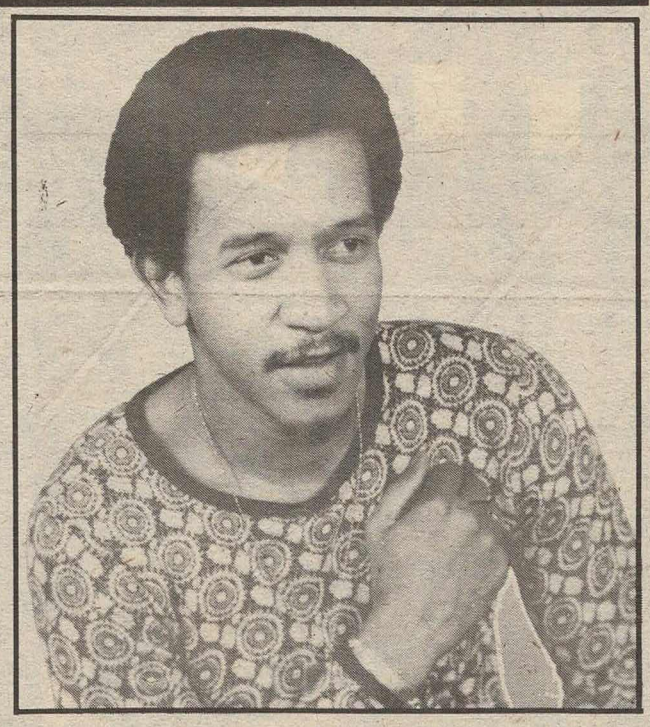
For more information contact 01-602 6351

DOMINION THEATRE
LONDON W1
Derek Block presents
THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
plus GUESTS
MONDAY 9th NOVEMBER 7.30pm
Tickets £3.50 £3.00
IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01-580 9562
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, & USUAL AGENTS

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1 (Phone 468287)
SUNDAY 11th OCTOBER
POLECATS
Open 7-11pm
THURSDAY 15th OCTOBER
VIC GODDARD AND THE SUBWAY SECT
TUESDAY 20th OCTOBER
DOLL BY DOLL
THURSDAY 22nd OCTOBER
AU-PAIRS
Late Bar — 9 till 2 am

MCP by arrangement with ITB presents
GREG LAKE
plus guests *VOYAGER*
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
FRIDAY OCTOBER 30th 7.30pm.
Tickets £4.50, £4.00, £3.50, Available from b/o Tel: 01 748 4081/2 and usual agents

Reggae Runnings



ALONG the Front Line final preparations are in progress for a heralded four corner contest which takes place at the zone's Civic Hall in Acre Lane this Friday, October 9, judgement.

Billed as the Brixton Sound Derby and the dance that has finally come, the event is a man in the street promotion of chance acquaintance stating as its aim that the youth of today need a chance to express themselves peacefully and reggaefully, seen! At the four starting blocks is running for Brixton, **Nasty Rockers;** running for Battersea, **Young Lion;** running for Ipswich, **Jaj Hammer;** running for Wandsworth, **Sticks Man Hi Fi.** Starting orders at five in the evening, and running late. Local bookmakers are offering odds.

A mid period **Derrick Harriott** compilation is this week released by Trojan. Entitled, 'Songs For Midnight Lovers' (TRLS 198), the LP features 14 tracks from the Crystal catalogue of the Preacher's own self production, and includes 'The Loser', 'Walk The Streets', smooch favourite 'Solomon' and dates to 1976 with his version of Pete Wingfield's 'Eighteen With A Bullet'.

Released simultaneously by the same company is a further compilation of 14 titles entitled 'The Best Of Beverleys or Masterpieces from the Works of Leslie Kong' (TRLS 199). All recorded during the period 1969-70. Featured on the albums are **Bob Marley and the Wailers** ('Soul Shakedown Party', 'Caution' and 'Cheer Up'); **The Gaylads** ('There's A Fire'); **The Maytals** ('She's My Scorcher'); **Peter Tosh** ('Soon Come', 'Stop That Train'); **Ken Boothe** ('It's Gonna Take A Miracle', 'Now I Know'); **Bruce Ruffin** ('I'm The One', 'Dry Up Your Tears'); **The Melodians** ('It Took A Miracle', 'Rock It With Me); and **The Pioneers** ('Battle Of The Giants').

Over from the States on Nighthawk emerges "an anthology of Rastafarian roots music recorded in Kingston, Jamaica between 1972 and 1978." Entitled 'Wiser Dread' (301), the set contains 13 tracks and dispenses a trio of tracks from misogynic Westmoreland singer **Sang Hugh:** 'Last Call Fe Blackman', 'Woman Follow Man' and 'Rasta No Born Yah'; plus a pair of exuberant songs from Keith Porter's **Itals** out of nearby Negril. Also included are two early Solomonic items from **Bunny Wailer** with 'Arab's Oil Weapon' and 'Life Line', and three apiece by the **Morwells** and **Jackie Brown,** the latter donating the title track. Meanwhile the Bunny Wailer pair are packaged on discomix (NH 1001) from the same outlet.

Other new discomix titles include: **Mighty Diamonds &**

Derrick Harriott

Chico, 'Juvenile Child' (Germain Revolutionary Sounds); **Sugar Minott,** 'In A Rub-A-Dub' (Black Roots BR 26); **Janice Walker & Dokta Rythem,** 'Love Affair' (Republic REP 001); **Freddy Clarke,** 'I'm Never Gonna Change My Mind' c/w **G-Men,** 'Instamatic Dub' (Nature NR 10); and **Israel Vibration,** 'Never Gonna Hurt Me Again' (Israel Vibes).

Released on 7" pre-release: **Tony Jamieson Lamour and the Magnificent Ones,** 'To Her With Love' c/w 'Love Is Dub' (Growth International); **L T Brown,** 'Lady Be True' (Trevor); **Hugo Brown,** 'Ayatollah' c/w **Jah Martin All Stars,** 'Khomeini Dub' (Mandingo); **Jennifer Lara,** 'Sukiyaki' (Studio 1); **Judy Mowatt,** 'You Don't Care' (Ashandan); **Ringo,** 'Push Lady Push' (Black & White); **U Brown,** 'Lovers Affair' (Gorgon); and from Wackie's label in New York a pair of titles **Itopia,** 'Creation' (272) and 'Message From Jah' (273).

Penny Reel

YATES

■ *from page 28*

was "a right shit". Very full of himself, very much the greaseball gigolo he was portraying.

But doesn't he still do the gigolo routine, I ask, hungry for gossip.

"Yes. But he's terrific. What I like about him, he takes on great groups of establishment people and really sorts them out and everyone says his films are going to be awful and they always turn out to be terrific. Usually because he hasn't been overawed by a kind of convention at all.

"If he has any fault it's that he tends to develop a good idea past the point where it works, to the point where it's on the way downhill."

You mean like *Heaven Can Wait?*

"No. That was terrific."

Warren, he rhapsodises, is a salesman. Warren is a businessman. Yates is neither good nor joyful at these fundamental-to-Hollywood occupations.

"Even from the days when I used to work as a car salesman, if I heard a clanking going on in the gearbox I used to say 'Yes, isn't that a strange noise', instead of saying 'Yes, but with this special racing oil, you *are* going to find that sort of thing . . .' "

He knows all about racing slick. In the '50s he co-managed almost-world champion, Stirling Moss, rode himself junior class and stunt-drove for numerous English films. When the time came to mastermind his own productions he at once began infiltrating a sense of pace — but always cooly handled.

It was the car chases in *Robbery* that caught the eye of McQueen. But it was the altogether more gentle pacemaking that drew sweet murmurings from the critics for last year's *Breaking Away* (plus five Oscar nominations).

Breaking Away was his first project with writer Steve Tesich. It centred on the trials of a young and ebullient grand prix pedalist who dreams of the circuits of Europe. The pair's follow through, *The Janitor,* is in the more familiar thrills-and-spills school with its motorcycle rescue sequence and a dustcloud ending of stamping horse hooves.

Sex is another of Yates' base elements. He desires for it to occur logically and naturally but not even he can shrink from the odd money-spinning contrivance such as the moment in *The Deep* when he had Jacqueline Bisset drawing herself out of the ocean in a bulging wet T-shirt. The theme became vogue from Kansas to Honolulu and in some parts they are still holding contests for the best wet ones.

One NY critic called the enterprise whorish and most others thought *The Deep* to be a stupid if attractive piece of work.

Yates "loved it". He says he did his conscientious best and is proud, in particular, of the underwater footage "which had never been done in that way before."

On other aspects he is more equivocal. For instance, he agrees the script is not a masterpiece of subtlety.

"I'm very friendly with Peter Benchley (the author) and I like Peter very much and, er, *Jaws* was not a very subtle script either. But what one was after with *The Deep* was pace. It was essential that the film went fast enough so one didn't have time to examine one or two weaknesses."

One wonders if Bisset had to keep heaving herself out of the ocean to achieve that one perfectly erotic moment.

"No. She came up just once. Something like that either works or it doesn't. I think if one had drawn attention to the effect one was getting through the actual shooting she might have taken an attitude to it that might have killed the whole thing from the start, which would have been a great shame.

"As it is she had no complaints until just before the release but she'd always seen what was going on from the daily rushes."

If this sounds like conventional Hollywood footstamping, rest assured Yates firmly disavows himself of the style . . the fetish for non-talk, the greed for objects, the stupifying effect of the endless sun, the obsession with "personal perfection" which makes those who seek after it disgusting bores. for eight years he has lived with his family in New York, un-mugged and unsullied by drugs or booze.

"I suppose one has still got one's basic English reserve worrying about being out of control."

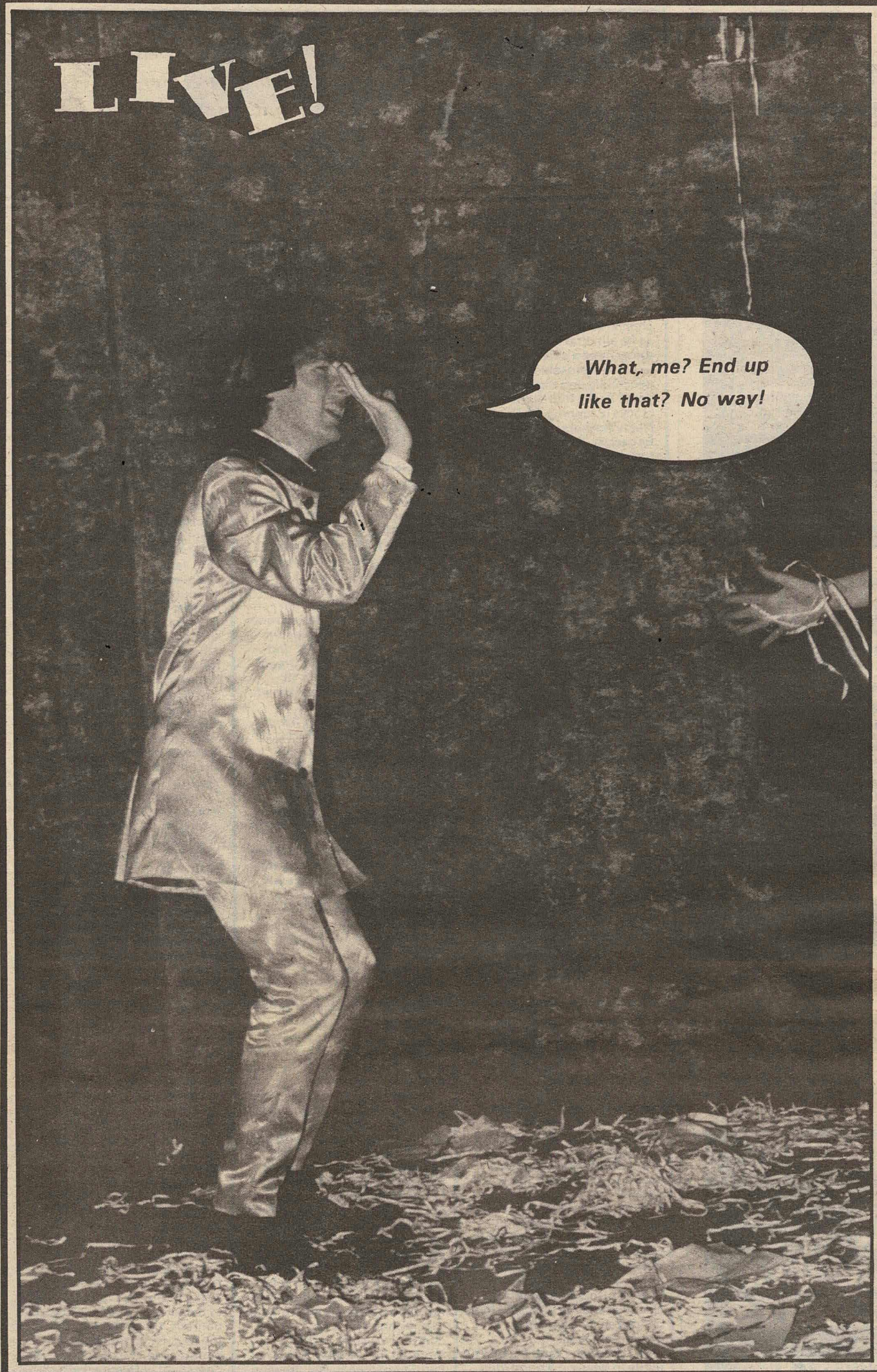
For his next project he is renting an absurdly crisp flat in London S.W., formerly the home of Warren. The piece itself is called Krull. Setting is another planet, sometime henceforth. It's about a prince, a princess and an all-powerful dark one.

"It's about a future that's much nicer than the one we seem to have in store for ourselves in that they're still wearing interesting romantic clothes and are still dancing around on horses and using swords and axes."

Embedded in the plot-line is the theme of "loss of balls and the triumph of pomp and circumstance."

A commentary, I wonder.

"All films are in some ways a commentary," he confirms. "I just hope no-one will notice."



Mood Six fan. Pic: Peter Anderson

Mood Six
High Tide

London Dungeons

I COULD have opened this comment directly with some trite, *New Standard*-ish remark like "the London Dungeons aren't the place to take a bad trip", and it would still be true. One of the scenarios in this tour of gore in Southwark is an amputation session in which a blood-like liquid flows permanently from a monstrous gash in the amputee's leg. Other jollities would have to include the sausage-like entrails hanging out of stomachs, the cook being boiled black in a cauldron, and the priest having his nails torn back.

Fortunately I didn't take enough acid for these tableaux to become troublesome. Nor enough, less fortunately, to make any difference to the very dull music served up in the name of psychedelia by Mood Six. I would like to see the minds of bands like this expanded, and do believe hallucinogenic drugs to be a suitable means of expansion.

So I can't say I had very much to dream at all on Saturday night. This revived scene is neither Swinging London '66, nor Flower Power '67, nor Bummer In The Summer '68. A variety of clothes-horses paraded their wares before me, occasionally offering joss-sticks but on the whole just downing the usual amount of pale ale consumed at such gatherings of young people. Dr Mix at the turntables managed to play his way through virtually all four sides of "Nuggets' and not very much else. Nobody freaked out. Nobody even got very excited.

Most of the new psychedelic bands are, of course, old mod groups in emperor's new clothes. That goes for all six unmoody members of Mood Six, who play a straight mixture of Speakeasy-style r'n'b and nostalgic *Smashing Time* cine-pop. Bands like these seem set on paralleling the exact course of Pop in the 60's, a rather futile ambition. First mod, then psychedelic pop; in a year they'll probably revive Rock!

The fact that Mood Six play a very mediocre version of 'Shake Some Action' — though their rendition of Socking Blue's 'Venus' isn't bad at all — is in itself significant. Just as today's "salsa" connoisseurs somehow managed to ignore Richard Williams' pioneering attempts to introduce that music into this country six years ago, so these awful trend-hoppers somehow forgot to buy that seminal psychedelic-punk Flamin' Groovies LP in 1977.

Psychedelia is merely the mods' twee transplantation into a new romance with fashion — the best they could do in the circumstances. Mood Six — especially overweight guitarist Tony Conway (formerly of Security Risk) — looked silly, if happy, in the museum-pieces wrapped round their shoulders.

THE BIRTH

But these were a perfect visual complement to the cheap beat pop of 'It's Your Life' and 'Memories Of You'. As for 'Insanity', this is schizophrenia a la Steve Strange — pure corn: *"I see a madman in the mirror/He's waving back, he looks like me. . ."* Only 'Plastic Flowers (Remind Me Of You)' has an inkling of irony about it. File under Fad.

Support group High Tide are slightly different, having made the jump from punk, not mod. They seem capable of darker entries into the genre, though these are not yet being demonstrated. Apparently drawn to psychedelia through Joy Division and the Cure, they conjure a far less self-conscious, cinematic sense of the period than Mood Six. Although organist Andy Warner dresses like the waxwork of some Victorian mass-murderer, the others look untainted by nostalgia. More important, their repertoire consists of original songs, including the single 'Baby Dancing', all sung in Chris Hepple's expert Lou Reed vocals. Even so, they will have to start taking proper drugs if more lines like *"Walking along/A long-haired girl like you"* are going to be stopped from slipping through the net. But 'Season Of The Witch' might have come from the club sequence in *Scream And Scream Again*, and 'Electric Blue' was perhaps the only really psychedelic song played all evening. Nothing real yet, but possible development.

The problem is that like a lot of bands at the time (1966), too many mod or punk bands are going to find it relatively simple to adapt to, and exploit, this style. Until a "new psychedelic" band reaches the heights of 'Astronomy Domine', 'White Rabbit,' 'Pushin' Too Hard', 'I See You', 'You're Gonna Miss Me', or 'Eight Miles High', (and that may mean taking drugs seriously again), this movement is going to remain as mundane a hype as the unlamented mod craze.

Barney Hoskyns

Grateful Dead

Rainbow

IT MUST be a resurrection year if the San Franciscan pensioners come over twice to play. No danger of saturation for the faithful, though. Saturday night saw the Rainbow sold out and bursting with the dogged followers of Uncle John's Band.

I have a passing fondness for some of the driftwood in the vast Dead catalogue, and it's no especial pleasure to confirm the stock standing of the Gratefuls (why doesn't anyone call them the Gratefuls?) in 1981; outplayed, outmoded. Not on the way out. They're probably limbering up for the millenium already. The reasons for their general valuelessness instead involve a touch of irony.

I would say the Dead haven't been so sprightly in years. On their countrified numbers like 'Tennessee Jed' and an almost swinging 'Big River' they motor along pretty sturdily; on traddish rockers like 'Promised Land' and 'Alabama Getaway' they at least muster a cohesion normally absent from collapsing revivalist excursions.

Yes, a rather efficient rock'n'roll unit — and that's what slowly bleeds them of interest. The recovery of the Dead as a major live force Stateside has lent the old groaners an air of professionalism that might become a collective of clowns like Styx or REO Speedwagon but is hardly fitting for the would-be brawny backwoodsmen in the Gratefuls. Sloppy and indulgent they may have been, but the waywardness in the company was such that it could sometimes produce something arresting — the strange, brooding (and forgotten) 'Wake Of The Flood' was perhaps the last genuine example. This seems a very different group.

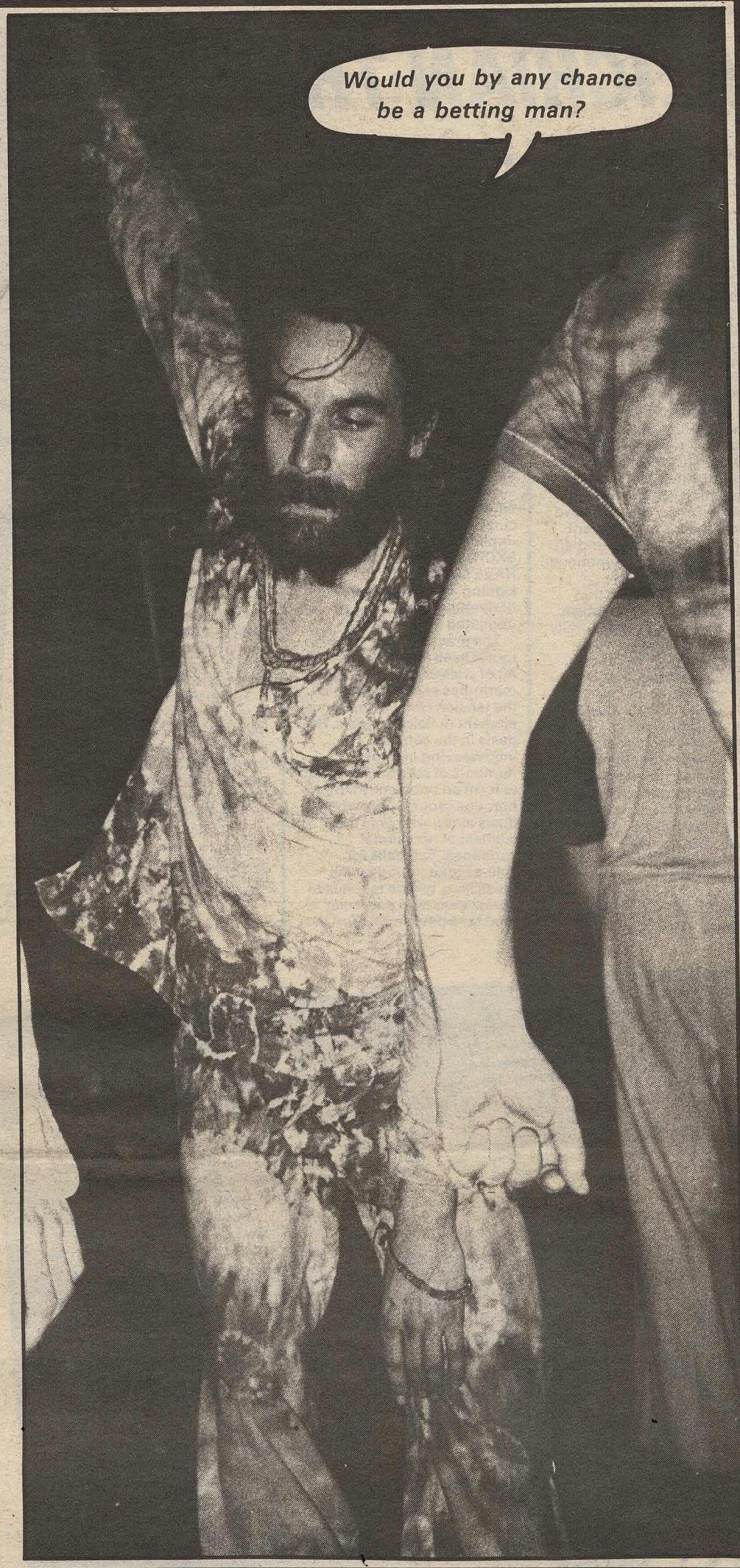
Bob Weir is the single major casualty. Instead of the urbanised country accents he helped to father he now twists most every line into a sub-Seger snarl, cheap AOR aggression. Instrumentally, the weakness in the rhythm section still rankles. Phil Lesh's bass is weirdly random and the worst offenders are Kreutzmann and Hart, but slothfully lacking in enterprise. I started wondering what it would be like having a drummer like Billy Ficca behind the traps but that can be put down to having to breathe in an atmosphere stifling with ganja smoke, man.

And they stretch things out too long, of course. Weir's affectionate 'Looks Like Rain' was pointlessly overrun, while 'Estimated Prophet' (probably their last worthwhile song) drivelled and disintegrated into the interminable 'Terrapin Station'. So is there still anything special about the Gratefuls?

Easy. It's Jerry Garcia. Static, porky old trouper he may be, yet it's Garcia's inconsistency and fallibility that make him interesting. There's no pretence about the limitations of his voice — a joke compared to, say, Springsteen — it's just that on the right sort of tune it can sound movingly vulnerable. This is no era for a guitar hero either, but Garcia's style, always breaking up lines with those stunted half-notes and oblique switches of emphasis, is something all his own. Choose the right moment and you can hear a sequence that most crab-fingered rock players couldn't dream about playing.

Some things about the Gratefuls will never change — the length of their sets, for one. I expect there was lots more to come when I called it a night after some three hours. You'll know what they played; if you don't you won't care anyway.

Richard Cook



Grateful Deadhead Pic: Peter Anderson

Hold the revival! The first lot's not dead yet!

OF THE FOOL

Comsat Angels
The Sound

York T.A. Centre

BE AN angel? Wait quietly in this cold, hidden shack for the chance to crowd around the pop group? This is some venue. The guns and military armour that sprawl in this Territorial Army bunker by day now peer out from behind screens, barrels aimed at the punters. Blondie would drive in from the street on a Chieftain tank and leave it with all the others. How do the Comsats compete?

But first, The Sound take over from the vinyl being juggled through the sound system. The group look like zeros and the dry ice smells of fly spray. Factory meets Zoo and the punks pogo. 'Unwritten Law'. The musicians dance to their own show and the sound speeds up. War is in the air. 'Missiles' (cause damage) builds on the momentum; 'Missiles' (leave carnage) gets frantic.

The Sound go through their album but pass no comment. The titles roll: 'Brute Force', 'Fatal Flaw', 'Skeletons' . . . Sure, the guitarist sweats and plays the high notes but there's no fire, no threat. 'Heyday' would have completed the rock set but The Sound walked away leaving the sticky white mist to disperse the crowd. Maybe they should have used CS gas.

Like a rainswept CND rally, they seemed satisfied with their performance, safe in the knowledge that they'd challenged nothing and upset no one.

More fly spray, but this time divine intervention — start spinning to the clattering drums of the second album. Of course it was loud! The Comsat Angels come from Sheffield (but they did warn us). 'Goat Of The West' leads the fightback. Steve Fellows screws up his eyes and sings. Love songs or war songs? The Comsats sing anthems. They comment — the endless analysis of the revolutionary.

'Dark Parade' grows, grey and ugly, only to fall apart . . . only to close ranks and march again. The early singles get cheered and then the last 7", a miraculous gem. The Comsats keep pushing; the Angels dance. A band to fight for — Steve slips in an old joke in his Yorkshire accent and York's lumpen angels laugh at the Comsats' friendliness.

This is a rock gig — thank god they're back.

ENOUGH OF THE NEW CONSERVATISM! WE'RE WINNING BACK GROUND WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE GIVEN AWAY!

The Comsats don't hide, they defy. The noise slams and dives; this group are no moderne conscripts, they fight on their own terms. No comparison, no time to compare as the bass and metal boxes pound for the last song. 'Waiting For A Miracle' is real.

X.Moore

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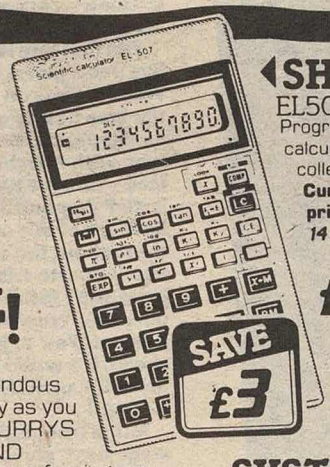

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Steve Reich

Queen Elizabeth Hall

THE APPEAL of legendary American minimalist Steve Reich's elaborately intertwining waves of sound rests gently in the areas of head and heart. YOU CANNOT DANCE TO IT. Not easily, anyway; there just aren't enough limbs on the human body to make this a feasible course of action.

The Queen Elizabeth Hall has *very* comfy seats. These came in quite useful.

But why *watch* people playing music? Aren't the ears enough? Where do the eyes enter into this experience?

Bit of a tricky one, this, and the root cause of the recent swing by increasing numbers of bands towards promotional videos rather than live appearances. The fact that most of them have as little to say visually as they do aurally is purely by the way; what matters is that a lot of, ah, *artistes* now recognise the contradiction at the heart of the concept of "live music".

Many groups try to compensate for lack of ear-interest by adopting some kind of theatrical antics, formerly the crass but mildly amusing rituals of pomp or heavy metal outfits, and more latterly the glorified fashion-show imitations of previous eras' trappings.

Fair enough. Nothing wrong with that (although the recent elevation of that dullest of cultural endeavours The Musical to a position of fond memoriam speaks volumes about the creative bankruptcy of current pop music). If I go to see Devo or The Cramps, I expect to be entertained on a theatrical level; the music is purely incidental, a secondary thing.

Steve Reich's 22 musicians all wore very slight variations on a theme of white shirts and grey flannel trousers. The only props were the assorted organs, marimbas, wind and small percussion instruments and a dense forest of mike and music-stands and functional chairs. Not a single pose was struck, nor an attitude danced — nor even a shape thrown, whatever that most inane of current rockspeak teminology implies. IT WAS THE MOST EXCITING PERFORMANCE I HAVE EVER SEEN. No kidding. One and a half hours of rivetting grace and tension, undiluted by distractions.

The grace lay mainly in the music itself and in the balletic flit of criss-cross arms over marimbas and glockenspiels; the tension came from the risk element in Reich's music. He deals in the complex interweaving of large numbers of constituent parts to form an apparently simple, homogeneous whole which flows along with only the subtlest of occasional variations. This calls for split-second timing by the musicians, whose task it is to repeat their own particular (and far from simple) part in perfect co-ordination with the other umpteen musicians, whilst still retaining enough conscious control to alter their part when the time arrives.

Given the deeply hypnotic, trance-like nature of the music as a whole, this is undoubtedly more difficult than it might seem — the temptation to slip into a kind of rhythmic auto-pilot must be overpowering. But the slightest falter or hint of a bum note would stand out like a Black Panther at a bar mitzvah. The concentration radiating from the stage was unbelievably intense, sweeping the audience like some infection of anxiety. I used little but the edge of my very comfy seat.

This is where watching a Steve Reich performance differs from just listening to a Steve Reich record: to the listener, Reich's assertion that his intention is "to facilitate closely detailed listening" seems absurd; surely the music's point is more mesmeric, more meditative?

To the watcher, able to locate specific points of instrumental interplay by matching movement to sound, Reich makes perfect sense. His music may be mainly acoustic, but his atmospheres are electric.

Well, that's my gig of the year, by a long chalk. How about you? Been to any good gigs recently?

Why?

Andy Gill

Divine, your Michelin guide to the evening's "entertainment". *Pic: David Corio*

"Dear Andy,

Someone has some explaining to do. I rolled up at the Lyceum, to find I wasn't on the guest list as promised. Fine. Ten minutes later I approached Bill Gilliam of Alternative Tentacles, the manager of the Dead Kennedys, who says NME have already covered the group. I tell him I was instructed to do the review on Friday, and that I was told I'd be on the guest list. He instructs John Curd, the promoter of the gig, to throw me out. Curd hands me over to the bouncers, who physically eject me into the street. The concert is sold out, so I cannot review it. End of story.

Yours, Barney"

Mr Gilliam denies that he instructed Mr Curd to eject Mr Hoskyns from the premises. Mr Curd, however, agrees that the substance of Barney's account is correct and that he was, in fact, manhandled out of the gig; he adds in extenuation, though, that he'd been caused no end of trouble earlier by the countless hordes of supposed NME writers trying to lig their way in. How odd. No one here but Barney wanted to go to the damned gig in the first place. . .

Jello Biafra, a man who always needed a good kick up the bum. *Pic: Peter Anderson*

HI THERE, BIG BOY!

Divine

Heaven

WHAT WERE we to expect? An unholy cross between the dying Elvis Presley and Wayne County? Danny La Rue taken to the very very edge? An ice cream sundae *sans* nuts and heavy on the chocolate sauce?

Whatever, we had to sit, stand or pose to the appalling Drowning Craze first with their 'My, What A Handsome Devil I Am' singer intoning junk lyrics to vaguely danceable tunes like last decade's Peter Perrett. Dead Or Alive aren't playing tonight, despite an early billing, and it becomes apparent as the evening wears off that we are in for a series of 'surprises'.

The first one is that wine has gone up by five pee a glass; the second, that the John Waters' films on show upstairs are occupying the area of a small postage stamp on a large envelope; the third is bumping into a young man with marshmallows stuck all over his face — are we twigging something here? The 'artist' responsible informs me that there will be more of this sort of thing going on throughout the evening. What next? How about potato crisp make-up or, even better, an ashtray facial complete with cigarette butts and crushed Marlborough packets? Answer 'Yes' to both. Get the picture? It's cheap, it's weird and it's Noo Yawk Decadents my deah, or, if this is Monday, it must be Heaven!

Mime troupe This And That take the main stage next, playing with fire to the extent of nearly razing the entire divine establishment to the ground. Fire-eating apart, they're a fairly competent automata quartet hamstrung by the limitations of the concept. Few surprises here.

A quick gander at *Pink Flamingoes* to get into the mood and then back downstairs for the Man-Girl itself, who bursts through a hastily-erected paper screen like Mae West on Steroids. launching into 'The Name Game' (which is nearly all recorded back-up) and a couple of well-heeled stories about the making of *Pink Flamingoes* and *that* scene and a few revelations about the sexual life of our own dear Queen (HRH, not Q. Crisp) — even Corgis started small!

Running out of ideas he quickly went into the 'Any questions?' routine which brought a flaccid response — he wasn't telling about Tab Hunter — and then a lively rendition of 'Born To Be Cheap' with a wiggle of the hip(po)s and a microphone between the legs and that's your lot for the first set; barely twenty-five minutes of mismanaged puerility.

The Lemon Kittens then proceeded to do their nearly naked thing for a bit, wanting to enchant but succeeding more in creating mild interest among the blokes trying to catch a glimpse of Dax's tits. For all their Roussea/tribal naivete they are clearly a bunch of art students with a feline frontperson, weird wood-nymphette Dax, who is a curiosity more than a star.

Still, even they make a refreshing break between Divine's two appearances, the final one before a severely depopulated crowd of stop-outs. This one had him compering a 'Sleaziest Couple' contest which provided the one genuine hilarious moment of the evening when one of the rather more intoxicated contestants naughtily snatched the wig from our hero/ine's noodle revealing a bald pate surrounded by a neat grey fringe. A beefy bouncer more in keeping with Dingwalls than Heaven was despatched to deal with the troublemaker, and the contest ground to its weary conclusion.

Some people find this kind of cheap schlocko entertainment funny and Divine himself a rather endearing figure. It was nothing. Neither gross enough to be offensively funny not desperate enough to achieve any kind of pathos. The last surprise of the evening was the poverty of Divine's talent. Cheap is right. Poodle shit doesn't even smell funny any more.

Neil Norman

LITTLE STARS

The Twinkle Brothers

Rainbow

MASH UP it ain't: the Rainbow is threequarters full for The Twinkle Brothers' first-ever London appearance, but there's still plenty of room to move. Not that there is a vast amount of movement taking place, though; most of the assembled company are engaged in simply *watching* while The Twinkle Brothers present an awesomely well-drilled performance, so slick and rocky that you could dump them in front of 20,000 stupefied Bob Seger fans anywhere in the midwestern United States and they'd probably get an encore.

They even have a hyperactive little guitarist so enthusiastic that he'll leap into the spotlight and play even an eight-bar phrase with his teeth: evidently Junior Marvin has a lot to answer for. Norman Grant still fronts from the back, delivering half the numbers from behind his drum kit and the other half bounding about at the front like some Rasta version of . . . Bob Seger.

Presentation points aside—and considering both that Norman Grant is not so much an imposing, inspiring presence as an effective entertainer and that the lead guitars were seriously out of control all night — The Twinkle Brothers were good value: Scott writes a good tune or several and the collective way with texture and rhythm is singularly attractive. If the latest batch of rumours concerning the final surrender of the United States to the force of reggae music turn out to be confirmed, then The Twinkle Brothers could well make rather a lot of money, becoming to rock what Third World are to soul.

At the end of the evening, an announcement was made pointing out (a trifle self-righteously, it must be noted) that no record company had given its support to The Twinkle Brothers' visit. This state of affairs should prove somewhat temporary, which is ultimately all to the common good. Anyone in a position to help purge America of REO Speedwagon and Molly Hatchett deserves some small measure of support.

Charles Shaar Murray

Maximum Joy

The Folk House, Bristol

BRISTOL HAS, despite itself, become the centre of the afro-music revival, with the debris of The Pop Group spawning Pigbag, Rip Rig and Panic, and now Maximum Joy. Experiment or die!

A group of people who seem to spend most of their days either as Pigbag or Maximum Joy amble on to the stage and make a few noises. This I suspect, is the "experimental" part of the evening. It fails, and I wonder how a virtually new band can get away with charging £2 and not even bother to come up with a decent attempt at a support. Presumably the enticement is the late bar advertised on the poster. . .

. . . However, 10.30 closing on a Friday is not what I would call a late bar. "Sorry mate, too many coppers around this area," says the barman prophetically.

Maximum Joy attempt to liven up the tiny audience with their fashionable blend of tribal Afro rhythm and free jazz. Fashionable in the nicest sense of the word — it could well become a major force in the coming year's music.

If it does, though, MJ will have to work very hard to grab a slice of the action. On the Afro side, they have nothing to fear, thanks to the superb rhythm section of Charlie Llewellyn and former Pop Group bassist Dan Katsis.

These two have a distinguished past ranging from Glaxo Babies to Gardez Darkx, and tonight they are faultless. It's great to hear drums with a sparing use of cymbals, and the two of them made the task of standing still impossible.

Sadly, the free jazz side was not so hot. Unlike Pigbag, MJ (and others) have to seriously consider what they hope to place on top of those excellent rhythms. The saxophone and guitar seemed improvised without being innovative — and without wishing to sound cruel, the vocals and percussion were laughable.

Just before midnight, some gentleman from Her Majesty's Constabulary suggested the volume be turned down. The volume was turned down, then for some reason it was turned off. The band began to improvise acoustically, and everybody joined in with the spirit of the occasion. Ironically, it was the first time the band actually lived up to their name.

David Cohen

Midnight Oil XL Capris

Narrabeen, New South Wales

MIDNIGHT OIL occupy a unique position in Sydney rock. They have never achieved major chart success, yet the crowds they draw in Sydney are second only to those of Cold Chisel, widely considered to be Australia's top band.

Seven o'clock; the car park is filled with roughly equal amounts of punters and broken glass. A guy runs up and down the twin queues: "There's no way you people will get in — the doors will be shut soon — you might as well go somewhere else." No one moves; neither does the queue, much. It's announced that the band have decided on a return engagement in a fortnight. The car park smells of beer and the salt wind off the surf.

Once inside, it's hard to move, or to see for more than a few feet. The air is dense with smoke and the floor runs with spilt drinks between the smashed glasses and empty cans. It's not pretty. The atmosphere tastes of sweat and beer. But the energy and anticipation are there.

XL Capris played two short, tight sets — just over half an hour each — and their professionalism won the hostile crowd around. They entered to cries of "get off" and had them clapping by the end of the first set — a minor miracle (even if they do have two drummers).

But. But — Midnight Oil, a grotesque phenomenon, the razor's edge, the no-man's land between straightahead rock and sinister snarling. Bass riffs that threaten. Peter Garret's twisted moan. It can rend, when it wants to.

Midnight Oil came on. The shirts came off, fans were hanging off the pillars, the crowd was heaving. They opened with a blistering 'Cold Cold Change', and the pace never let up.

Peter Garret started the set dressed like a modern seer in a huge black hooded waterproof jacket, stripped to a voluminous khaki shirt, then to a black singlet and camouflage pants. The spotlight followed him from one end of the stage to the other. His movements slipped from deliberation to frenzy, and back. His face twisted and sweat poured from his shaven head.

It was one time when an encore was understandable. They deserved it.

Trudi Hollinsworth

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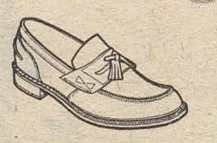

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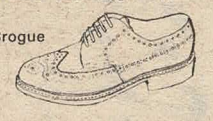

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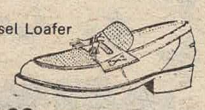

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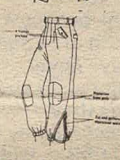

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L.P. DUR DAUGHTERS WEDDING Target for life/Red alert/Lawnchairs/Dance.floor/No one's watching (I) (P) 4.99
7" ADAM & ANTS Prince charming (gatefold pic) 1.25
7" TOYAH Thunder (Pic Disc) Due for release in October. . .
L.P. JOY DIVISION Still. Release delayed until mid-October. . .
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7" ABBA Super Trouper (Square cardboard record with picture on it) (deleted limited edition) (I) 4.99
7" ADAM & ANTS Stand & deliver/Beat my guest (gatefold sleeve,totally diff pics to Brit + lyrics) (Jap I) 2.50
12" JAM Eton rifles / Start / Going underground / Entertainment (Splendid collector's item in picture sleeve) (I) 3.99
(Slightly smaller biggies in other sections)

SIOUXSIE & BANSHEES & SIOUXSIE & BANSHEES

7" CREATURES (Siouxsie & Budgie combination) DOUBLE 7". Mad eyed screamer/so unreal/But not them/Wild thing/Thumb (gatefold nude sleeve + lyrics) 1.99
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L.P. SIOUXSIE Scream (+ Hong Kong garden) (I) 5.99

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12" HI GLOSS You'll never know (E) 1.99
12" OTTOWAN Hands up (P) & D.I.S.C.O. (E) each 1.99
12" LINX So this is romance/Rio mix 1.99
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12" MSO Columbia/Music man 2.50

CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT 45

12" U2 Out of control/Stories for boys/Boy girl (Released in Ireland only in 1979) 3.75
12" DEPECHE MODE Just can't get enough (6.41)/A. Sec (5.43)(P) 1.99
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EDDIE AND SUNSHINE

■ FROM PAGE 21

something more than a Batley Variety Club show. Places like Richard Strange's Cabaret Futura broadened the realms of pop entertainment to embrace performances as disparate as wild, erratic Event Group, Richard Johnson's poetry readings and Eddie and Sunshine's subtle show. For a while it worked fine — until it became just the latest fashionable watering hole and Strange sensibly closed it.

Since then, Eddie and Sunshine have placed their modern cabaret in different contexts, notably this Ultravox tour, and its effectiveness can be judged by the intimacy they manage to create in the large halls Ultravox are playing. Their slyly traditional mode of address helps — its playfulness has a purpose beyond the initial joke of trying out showbiz cliches on a young audience.

"The thing is," says Sunshine, "that all those sayings had some meaning once, which they've been divested of through over-use. Essentially a cabaret performer is someone who tries to put himself across on a more human level than a concert performer, who accepts all the barriers. A cabaret performer, even if he's a big star, always tries to understate his stardom by using all those phrases — 'You've been a great audience', etc — because a lot of people are into performance cliches. Though we're trying to put back some meaning into them by playing around with them, some people obviously take them at face value, which is probably why the staff in the halls like us!"

Whatever the trappings, Eddie and Sunshine's sincerity is obviously felt by many, and thus they don't feel the need to justify their actions to roots purists who only equate grubby dourness with authenticity.

"What we're doing is born from inside us," confirms Eddie. "It's an extension and growth from ourselves and that's the only way we could play the roles with any truth."

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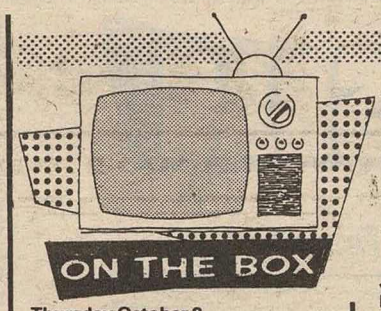

Thursday October 8

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (Fielder Cook 1976). Hit or myth? The famous love-will-conquer-all legend here made and updated for TV, with the great George C. Scott and Trish Van Devere (try saying that after two too many) as beastie and beaut respectively, I guess. None of our encyclods say a thing about it, but Big Hearted Monty Smith (our man with the preview theatre ulcer and rolled up copy of Paul Schrader's *Transcendental Cinema: Uzu, Dreyer, Bresson)* hazily recalls a "turgid" closing half-hour. Not that it has anything to do with this or any other movie, mind you, but God he will keep on recalling them: "Well, the landlord was jush putting the towels on the tapsh . . ." **(cont. BBC 2).**

JAWS (Steven Spielberg 1975). Deeply offensive screen adaptation by souped-up whizz-cod Spielberg of the best-selling Lewis Carroll novel. A great white shark terrorises the apple pie serenity of a Long Island seaside resort, and innate social hypocrisy is exposed for all to see or flee. 'See or flee' also seems to be the reaction of the great cross-section of cinema-goers: Is it sublimated (submerged?) rape fantasy? A farcial case of *vagina dentatis?* An above-average Hollywood harum scare 'em? The first big break for non-script-reading filmstars since Lassie? Whatever, ITV's coup-de-gross seems like a bit of a pyrrhic victory — they've squandered the schedule on an apparently nondescript October evening and, besides, hasn't the "video revolution" rather taken the sting out of this sort of thing? The sting is there for TV through chancing films like, say, Karel Reisz's *The Gambler* — which the IBA had such a hiccough over recently. What's more horrifying — a little bit of "bad" language, or a lot of shark's teeth? Those in charge of what's broadcast obviously go for the former — and have scoured the "fuck" out of many a good film. **(ITV).**

Friday October 9
THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN DEADLY SINS (Graham Stark 1971). Flat example of the hop-skip-jump "showcase"; seven sketches for tons of cameos — Bruce Forsyth, Harry Seacombe, Leslie Phillips, Harry H. Corbett, Julie Ege and Spike Milligan to name but seven. Probably seemed like a good idea in the bar before *Parkinson* . . . **(BBC 1).**

Saturday October 10
DEADLY STRANGERS (Sidney Hayers, 1974). Standard dodgy "psychological thriller", as they say. Trouble is with this sort of cheaply-shot cheap-shot, it's all obviously-worked-out thriller and no psycho scare. Hayley Mills acts out one of her standard parts — wide eyes, no decisiveness, no brains. *Go on* — get yourself a video! **(ITV).**

JOHNNY FRENCHMAN (Charles Frend 1945). Stony Ealing comedy — bringing together some salt-of-the-earth "fisherfolk" from both sides of the Channel to purge the Nazis from their social system. "Stereotypes gaulore" *(City Limits).* **(BBC2).**

I WAS MONTY'S DOUBLE (John Guillermin 1958). No, no!!!! I won't — none of the obvious jokes! I mean, I know I'm stepping into Monty's shoes writing this column, but . . . **(BBC2).**

Sunday October 11
CABIN IN THE SKY (Vicente Minnelli 1943). I can't face this. The BBC synopsis I have in front of me commends this musical's treatment of "coloured people" — it is an "all-negro" and "delightful" treatment of the Faust legend. I can't *believe* this! "Previous all-negro pictures had tended to be somewhat patronizing." CABIN??? In The Sky? I can't wait. **(BBC2).**

WOMEN IN LOVE (Ken Russell 1969). BBC 2's Glenda Jackson "season" is as ridiculous as their Burt Lancaster, er, "season." They both fit themselves to such a diversity (divine or dung heap) of roles that a . . . oh God, "season" makes next to no sense whatsoever. This is the second "Ken Russell" in the "Glenda Jackson" season. And this particular "Ken Russell" — starring "Glenda Jackson" — would have been better marketed under a "Nude Wrestling Scene" season. Next: the Sam Kydd Cameo Season. **(BBC2).**

THE MOVING TARGET (Jack Smight 1966). Convincingly caustic re-telling of the private eye tale, with Paul Newman as the down-at-heel dick and Lauren Bacall as the sort of the character Lauren Bacall portrayed in *The Big Sleep.* Listen out for the wicked script. **(BBC 1).**

Monday October 12

A MAN CALLED HORSE (Elliot Silverstein 1970). Richard Harris in a typically overwrought performance. Telling that the most this film is renowned for is Harris' made-up nipples being pulled asunder. The "Real" message is the White Man meshing with Red Indian Culture; directed by someone called Silverstein? **(BBC 1).**

PLAY MISTY FOR ME (Clint Eastwood 1971). Yet another showing for Clint's directorial debut — and a chilling one it is, too. Everything fits together, except, perhaps, the ropey pastoral love scene, which is the somewhere - over - the - rainbow corny side of horny. But the climax is as horribly sharp as can be. **(ITV London).**

Tuesday October 13
THE MIDNIGHT MAN (Burt Lancaster and Roland Kibbee 1974). The Roland Kibbee season continues apace with a convoluted thriller straining for psychological complexity. Burt Lancaster does a lot of hard staring, which he's entitled to since he co-wrote the damn thing. **(BBC 2).**

Wednesday October 14
CARRY ON SCREAMING (Gerald Thomas 1966). Yeeaahh! Get that E180 in there and relive British comedy's finest hour. Harry H. Corbett joins the regulars in a horror film pastiche hammered home with great relish. **(BBC 1).**

Ian Penman

LATEST reports reach us on the condition of *NME* scribe Liam Penman. Mr Placemat was ordered to bed on Monday afternoon following the ingestion of 'the best part' of a bottle of Pernod. (The phrase 'the best part' is believed to include the liquid portion. "That", Liam would say, "is the best part.") It is believed that Mr Pinwheel had been depressed over the ironing of his trousers. "Whatever dry-cleaners I use," he told friends shortly before this suicidal attempt, "the crease is always wrong. Last time they ran it around the waistband — I ask you!" Through the worsening haze of his sickness, Liam valiantly tried to assemble an *In The Can* column for his dear friend Flint Smith. A colleague told us: "Nobody knew he was even ill. He was so brave, smiling at everyone. If only we'd known. When I think of all the times we screamed at him for being so slow and careless . . . why couldn't he have told us? Why couldn't he just say 'Monty, I'm pissed out of my brains . . . I can't go on'. He knows I, *of all people,* would've understood. Now it's too late. We're stuck without our column inches. But that's not important; the inches that matter are those forty-four ones that make up my poor sick friend."

Mr Penchant is expected to be back to work tomorrow. *You listening, pal!!!*

NEXT WEEK

HEAVEN 17

Ian Penman penetrates the nation's discos on the trail of Sheffield's hottest combo since the one we went on about last week. Then he falls asleep.

DEAD KENNEDYS

Gavin Martin in pursuit of California's hardest punk combo since the one we go on about this week.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

The horrifying truth behind Australia's weirdest combo since The Seekers.

LAURIE ANDERSON

The New York performance artist you *can* relate to between meals — without losing your appetite.

PLUS! Very, very few mentions of August Darnell . . .

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

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Photomontage by Miss "It can't be sexist if I did it" Moss.

HEGEMONY — THAT'S WHAT I WANT

GETTING some stick aren't you? Let's face it, though, *NME* has become shallow and a haven for trite, egotistical journalists, unsure of any human direction other than their own selfish whims. Take Penman *(Please! — Ed.)*, Mr Shock of the New — what's happened to him? Remember the stylistic experiments, the reggae flirtation and the genuine rush of enthusiasm? What have we got now? Big 'Hi!'s to the jet set, caviar, cocaine and August Darnell fawning. Penman boasts of 'Morley-Penman Inc' but fails to see the irony in this true reflection of the *NME's* own particular human recession.

What of the 'Hegemony'? Remember the countless new bands and pleas to look outside London? What now? The most appalling sycophancy/lusting over Kim Wilde product, the still memorable arrogance of the Garcia interview and the impertinence to interfere with the only real music journalist left — John Peel. Too soft in his choice of selections? If Morley was to become any narrower in his tastes he'd be able to thread a needle with them.

The problem, however, is not so much the ever-changing variety of 'evanescent cults', or even the rich and trendy lifestyle that you all admire so much, but the huge ego masturbation that continues to swell each week that hurts. Hurts enough to write, remembering the humour and passion of your rag that seemed to die with the exit of *Thrills* and the three dots . . .

Presumably others have just given up, not bothering to write, judging from your hard-sell covers of Wilde and Sting. Tune in you lot, this is the age of events. You pose socialist sensibilities yet you play the very personality games that Tony Benn despises the media for.

This is not a political broadcast but a wish for the *NME* to get beyond the personality cult of the writer and into the music. It says something when last year's model and non-image of 1981 gets the best piece of journalism seen in your paper for a long time. Yes, Lynn Hanna, you can stay. Otherwise, it's time for a new broom.

Yes, Mr Penman, the *NME* does need new blood but it needs to rid itself of the soulless vampires first. Start a dialogue with your readership again — we're fed up with the trendy monologues.

Stuart Sheach, Emsworth, Hampshire.

The dialogue begins here: "I've a sister in Toronto who's a nurse, and I've had a bit of bother laying turf . . ." — M.S.

CONSCIENCE PRICKERS

Thank God *T-Zers* has been wrested from megabore Errol. Let's hope it will eventually find its way back to the person/people who were writing it up until about a year ago. Then it was obviously in the hands of someone who knew *everyone* in the record business and could present first class gossip, scandal and rumour in a most humorous manner. In fact, during its heyday it was the best part of *NME*.

F. LaGuardia, New York, New York.

Ah, Penman's favourite address. Even so, your opinion will find little favour around here because you're American and what do *they* know about what's funny? I mean, who have you got to draw on besides Mel Brooks, Woody Allen, W. C. Fields, S. J. Perelman, Robert Benchley, Lenny Bruce, Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Steve Martin, Phil Silvers, Billy Wilder, H. L. Mencken, Carl Reiner, Groucho Marx, Gene Wilder, Sid Caeser, Tex Avery, Chevy Chase, John Belushi, Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd, W. C. Fields again, Laurel and . . . (cont. p72 of *National Lampoon*). — M.S.

Whilst Errol made a mere 52 references to himself and other *NME* staff (19.9.81) he did manage to mention the rather threadbare tapestry of rock outside Carnaby St on a WHOPPING 22 occasions. Congratulations. White Russians all round. Chuffed also to see that my newsworthy chums on the *NME* staff generated enough interest to fill 12 out of 15 letters in *Gasbag*. Unfortunately the issue was slightly marred as Danny Baker wasn't reviewing *himself* in the Singles column.

NME Writers Fan Club (Yawn), East Dulwich, London SE22.

Rest assured, for this gross breach of protocol Mr Baker has been severely reprimanded — M.S.

'FASCISTS' AND 'STUDENTS'

Regarding Leyla Sanai's review of our Moonlight Club gig *(NME* 26.9.81), at no time did I say New Order were fascists. What I said was "Groups are busy adopting trendy fascist names like New Order." Go verify your facts, Leyla. I've got more important things to do. This is the jazz age minus the jazz.

Rob Chapman, Transmitters, London SW9.

The worst thing about being turned away from The Passions at Leicester Poly for not having an NUS card was standing in the rain, watching hundreds of students who had probably never heard of the band (and just gone for the bar) enter the hall, thinking to myself "I'm subsidising this!"

I don't know who to blame — Leicester Poly, The Passions or the government. I shan't bother inviting any of them to my party!

Dave, White Horse, Oadby, Leicester.

Blame the students. Down my way we've recently blamed the students for not winning at home the last three games, for Corn Flakes going up 3p in Tesco, and for all that rain. You'll feel better for it. — M.S.

POLICE STATE

I was interested to read Sting's appalling misinterpretation of behaviourism in *NME* (26.9.81). It is extremely naive of him to blame behaviourism for the actions of totalitarian governments; governments of every description have systematically dehumanised the proletariat for thousands of years. Governments have to do this in order to function; they must take our lives away from us so that they can sell an image back to us.

Behaviourism simply *describes* a few of the many processes that those in power have used over the years to keep us in line. Sting doesn't seem to realise that the slickest experiment in the 'brainwashing' he despises so much is . . . yes, the music business. His record company used the whole range of 'behaviourist' tricks to promote *him*, his image and his music as a commodity to be passively consumed. How tiresome of him to feel pressured by the mere thought of all those kids (not really a sub species) waiting to buy his record! This system tells them what to like, what to buy, how to enjoy it and even that waiting for it is cool! Where's your spiritual man now, Sting? How come you feel no shame?

When we've got stars like Sting who needs totalitarian governments?

Pete Sanders, Wigan, Lancashire.

There's nothing like keeping things in perspective, is there? Anyway, what do you expect from a pop star, for Chrissakes? The only ultimate truth is that Crewe will lose again this Saturday; the rest is so much blancmange. — M.S.

SCHOOLGIRLS IN CHAINS

The Rev Prof Moelwyn Merchant is, of course, right — for the wrong reasons. Most of Radio One *is* little more than aural pornography; listening to it is like being slowly beaten to death with a wad of dough. And if one were to challenge Simon Bates or Mike Read or the semi-literate Paul Burnett to defend his position as a DJ (which is, ultimately, just a person who plays records to other people for a living) he would say it was only 'good, clean fun' or, worse still, 'giving people what they want'.

What pious apathy! It's not what I, or any of my friends, want. When do you ever hear on Wonderful Radio One a record by, for random instances, John Coltrane, Beefheart, Piaf, The Roches, Archie Shepp, Gene Vincent, Kevin Coyne, Lightnin' Hopkins, James Brown, Bessie Smith . . .? Make up your own list; make it as obscure or as challenging as you wish (I don't think mine is particularly 'obscure' anyway). But one thing is certain — you'll hear such music on National Radio One once in a Liberal government.

Why, for God's sake? Why can't I turn on my radio and hear a wide, diverse selection of music, ancient and modern? This might sound far-fetched, nay hysterical, but I honestly believe that Radio One and its controllers do as much damage to the minds of the nation as do the National Front or the Tory party.

The easy way out is to tell me I can switch off. But that's no answer. Dieases are contagious, even when you live in the sticks.

Chaz Morrow, Heaton Mor, Cheshire.

Your list may not be obscure, but are you sure it's legit? I mean, a 'Smith', a 'Brown', a 'Piaf'? Life's OK without Radio One, you know; ever tried Radio Three? — M.S.

WOODY ALLEN v. THE REAL WORLD

Dear *Smash Hits*,

Here's a reply to the letter from that wingeing, wet liberal in some obscure part of the country, that you published last week. Dear Doomed Species, if I had wanted to carry on amusing tame bovines like yourself, for a living, I would have stuck at it with *Punch* and their hacks, and never had to think again. I was under the impression that the *NME* had picked up a fairly intelligent readership with the ability to work out for themselves the forces that shape our society and the necessity to start discussing the best ways of altering the direction in which they are leading us all (by the nose, in many cases). Recent developments and letters from intellectual pigmies like yourself prove how wrong I was, yeah? Here's a joke for you, Cecil. Every cloud has a silver lining. Go and see how many laughs you get with that one in . . . . (fill in the blighted urban area of your choice).

Roy Lowry, Manchester.

Toyah Willcox theems to thspeak alright to me.

Daffy Duck, Burbank, California

Yeth, me too. — Leon Schlesinger.

Putting a foot down: Monty Smith.

Shake a leg to us at: Gasbag, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PG.

BOB & CAROL & PEARL & DEAN

I realise I'm very much second wind, but I'd just like to echo a 'Right On!' to Fergus MacLellan's excellent letter re *Silver Screen (Gasbag* 3.10.81). For too long has this important and politically sensitive column been allowed to be a capitalist plaything in the hands of your Monty Smith. I attended film school with Mr Smith in Canada some years back and at that time he was an aware chap realising that 'films', as he now calls them, were not just so many hundred feet of exposed celluloid.

Indeed, I recall having long rambling conversations — a Canadian pun — with Smith on the relevance and ritual of where one sat in the theatre. For instance, I argued that to be fully appreciative of Hitchcock one needed to be in seat 36, row BB. For Tashlin it was F6 in the grand circle. However, for a master like Wajda one really needs to simply cruise by the relevant cinema in an open-topped number 176 London bus while wearing the NFT programme notes open on the head in the manner of a flat cap.

Monty invariably found such discussions invigorating and once confessed, tears streaming down his face, that one August afternoon he'd viewed Negulseco's *Humoresque* from "the south Exit door — through the gap — and then only through squinted eyes." Ultimately, though, the experience had left him 'unfulfilled'. And this from a man who wrote that Jack Lee's *The Captain's Table* was quasi-religious in its use of tiny circles to indicate that the reel was coming to an end!

Really, Monty — get back to your roots. Re-read your own symposium on 'Ice Cream Ladies: Their Relevance And The Crucialness Of Their Entrance To Medak's *Ruling Class'*. I quote:

" . . . the first time I saw *(Ruling Class)* I believed it to star Peter O'Toole. On this occasion, the ice cream lady made her appearance before *and during* the Pearl & Dean ads. The following week she had a large queue and actually overlapped the film's credits by some 34 seconds. It was during this viewing that Medak's clever usage of King Cones became clearer. Ruling Class = King Cones; what could be simpler? But a third viewing, this time at a matinee, led me to believe that Arthur Lowe was even less 'the butler' and 'even more' The Jew. Ruling Class = King Cohen. I sat through the film twice and, oversleeping, was rudely awakened during the late-nighter — a double bill of *Fists Of Fury* and *Arrest Bulldog Drummond."*

Ah, Monty, you were brilliant back then. And no bloody Yankeeisms either!

Mervyn Day, London E5.

Monty would've been delighted to answer these queries himself but he's presently re-seeing Alexander Kluge's masterpiece *Artists At The Top Of The Big Top — Disorientated.* They don't make 'em like that anymore! — Chris Bohn (deputy editor, *Silver Screen).*

LISP SERVICE

Dear Paul Morley,

Re Stimulin article (26.9.81): I now understand your feelings/opinions/(stance?)- Why couldn't you have explained yourself sooner? (It would have saved me a lot of confusion.)

Soul Honesty, Anerley, London SE20

Ah, but Paul's art has been painfully ripped from the very bowels of his own confusion; so of course it's taken some time for his feelings/opinions/(stance?) to formulate. And some of you thought he just bashed down his words willy-nilly! (In fact, we *all* did — how wrong can you get?) — M.S.

Only 15 minutes left till the end of the world.

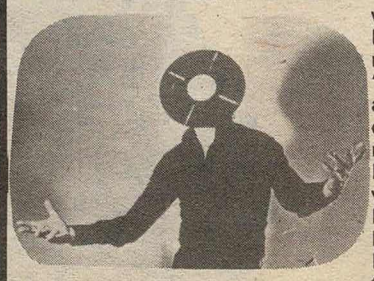
I can still be famous.

King Keith, Newcastle upon Tyne.

'King hell. — M.S.

PERFECT COUPLES, first in a T-Zers series of 412 featuring people who have absolutely No Discernible Reason to be photographed together . . . Pictured wearing "warrior chic" wedding dresses trimmed with last year's Dandy Highwayman guipure lace and carrying bouquets of orange blossom and popular acclaim are Mr and Mrs Adam Ant. Interviewed afterwards the blissfully happy bride revealled that he was none other than Rick James, he of 'Give It To Me Baby' fame. And below, we have the very famous James "Jimmy" Honeyman-Scott playing "let's pretend" with a real American superstar called Bruce Springsteen. . .

T'ZERS



COME ON, let's not all pretend like we don't know why we're here. My name's **Eddie Power**, sometimes Ted, and every so often these suckers ask me to bounce around three columns.

Yeah, beats the hell outa me too. But there we have it so let's have no sauce or I'll be round to give your nose a lesson in bloodletting that'll have the leeches standing on their back legs and applauding. Alright nurse, wheel in the first one . . . What? You say what? It's happened. One week we knew there'd be no material and this is it. Well that's fine, that's just dandy. Someone has taken all the stuff and scrammed up to his column. Tremendous. Well folks, let me tell you what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna make it all up, howdya like that? Every word of it just straight ahead lying, yes sir. Here we go:

Peter Gabriel, former lead singer with **Genesis** and flop, is a fully qualified football league referee. Pete passed his final exams a fortnight ago and was in charge of Saturday's Hull v Tranmere fixture. Afterwards a plainly rattled Pete said: "The first thing you notice is that the ball travels a lot faster than it does on telly. I tried not to be too finnicky and frankly thought Tranmere's winner was a kilometre offside but, in the final analysis decided to let it stand. The paying public do like to see issues decided I think." Pete was later waved off at the station by some two thousand unsmiling Hull fans. "We think it was blimmin unfair but we accept that the ref's decision is final, if fantastic." said their spokesman. Were they aware that the official was a former pop idol? "No, really? I must say he did pretty well. But now you mention it, I did comment to my friend that it was the first time I recall seeing a fourth division tie played in three feet of dry ice — I thought it was something to do with the 'three points for a win" system' . . .

Congratulations to **Sting** whose one-man coin-op laundrette has just opened to rave reviews in San Francisco. "When I was struggling I always felt frustrated at the chronic lack of good rock'n'roll washing facilities in London. I mean, where can you go once the pub's shut? Hopefully this one in San Francisco is just the beginning, we plan to launch the London one before Christmas and a couple should be able to go out, get a reasonable double wash and final spin — with powder — for about three quid. Too many stars never put their money back into the system." Here, here . . .

Who was that sharing **Blaine** 'Tuxedo Moon' **Rheininger's** taxi after the **Stiff Little Fingers** gig? None other than **Mick Box** of **Uriah Heep**. Sources close reckon that wasn't the only shared item that night. The pair allegedly wore the same blazer and took it in turns to pronounce the word 'cliff-hanger'. Asked to comment, Blaine just snarled, "You people make me sick" . . .

The Place To Be Section: Among the crowd at the **Dead Kennedys'** weekend bash were **Abba, Rick Springfield, The Jolt, Mike Summerbee, Jack Howarth, King Zog** of Albania, **Leadbelly, Tobe Hooper** and **Ken Brown,** manager of Norwich City. Brown was watching **East Bay Ray** but left before the second encore apparently unimpressed and *still* with midfield headaches . . .

To Russia where **Ultravox** are filming their new album for a BBC Arena special. The album, hailed by Kettering's *Evening Telegraph* as "their first since the 'Vienna' LP" will be performed in mime.

Explains **Chris Cross:** "It's a tough slog. So far we've only successfully managed to interpret walking-against-the-wind and being-stuck-inside-a-glass-box and none of these particular songs require those lyrics. **Midge** has come up with an idea involving subtitles of backwards writing but that would involve watching the programme via a mirror and, let's face it, people just aren't gonna bother are they?" . . .

Second Time Around: Re-makes in production include *Meet Me In St Louis* this time with **Wendy Craig** and **Alfred Marks,** *The James Dean Story* with **Bruce Lee** and tentatively titled *Enter The Ginger,* and a big-screen adaptation of **Solzhenitsyn's** *Gulag Archpelago* with **Lily Tomlin** and **Frank Gorshin** called *Those Movie Madmen.* Also a production of *Woodstock,* this time as a musical . . .

Birthdays this week: **Bill Strange** — brother of **Richard** and **Steve** — is thirty. **David Bowie** is forty-one "although I only consider myself about twenty two and three months." **Bob Dylan** is eighty, though in the light of being born again he is, technically, two. "It's great for my tax-returns," he bubbled, "though I have difficulty convincing traffic cops that I am able to operate the car efficiently" . . .

Last week's *Dangerous Visions* had the name **Gavin Martin** left off it. This is a miniscule gaff compared to the time we ran an **Alice Cooper** cover story by **Nick Kent** and only ran the picture caption and Nick's byline . . .

HELP! While **Squeeze** were on stage last week someone broke into their dressing room and left two Gibson sunburst guitars and a Hammond organ. Later the same person drove his brand new Ford Transit van round to the stage door and then ran away leaving the engine running and a full set of drums in the back. Spokesman **Chris Difford** said "Anyone with any information please ring 439-8761. We're desperate. A lot of the articles are obviously of great sentimental value to this person. We are dealing with a lunatic here." . . .

At the Marquee last week a nasty fracas erupted that involved **Claire Hammill** and **Beverly Martin.** The fury began after an exchange of words concerning who was the most inconsequential . . .

Drinks all round for rock writer **Miles** who last week delivered a bouncing six pound baby book. "It's my tenth," beamed Miles. "I believe in big advances," . . .

Neil Young's *Rust Never Sleeps* opens this week at the prestigious Edinburgh Playhouse (October 10/11). This is true. It is a simultaneous premier that is a first for worldwide techknoledgey. At the precise moment the spools roll in Edinburgh, so too will they at the Scouts Hall Wallamaloo, Australia, where that movie theatre's sixty seats sold out within five weeks of the box office shutters going up . . .

Leeds band **Musical Differences** have broken up. When asked why they replied "Are you kidding?" . . . Furthermore **The Plimsoles** have split, **The Legs** have fractured, **The Royal Oaks** have gone into two splinter groups **The Royals** and **The *Other* Royals** . . .

And finally in this action packed week spare a thought for **The Beat.** During a videotaping of the amazingly funny *Tiswas* show they were served with a writ on behalf of the alphabet! That's right. **Dave Wakeling** takes it up: "This guy just barged up and slapped this paper in me hand saying he represented the eighth and twentieth letters. Apparently our album 'Wha'Appen' is in direct breach of semantic rights. It's all quite legal. The same law has brought two 'Alphabetti Spaghetti' firms to their knees already this year. We're worried. He represents **Adam Ant** so let's face it he's not going to settle for anything other than full recompense, though quite frankly I can't see how we can financially re-imburse two letters. It's absurd." . . .

You're damn right!

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